A Midwestern Family

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Vogelsang Forest

Vogelsang (Birdsong) Forest, where grandfather was employed. Most of the trees seen are of beech, but Catherine and Johnny Hauberg are beside a large white oak. Picture taken by JHH in 1926.

A MIDWESTERN FAMILY
1848-1948

The account of John D. Hauberg and wife, and their descendants and in-laws covering a Century of time in the New World.

JOHN HENRY HAUBERG, *Editor.*

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How short is a hundred years. Several members of our clan have themselves lived more than eighty of them. Our grandparents, John D. Hauberg and wife came over in 1848 and set a pattern which has been projected down to our day in all its original freshness. Someone reading this book will be saying it is a case history in heredity.

Among their other qualities they were church people and civic minded. So are we. They would never for a moment have considered spending the time and money to get out a book about themselves, but in our reunions and now our book, the effort has been to bring to our attention their virtues of industry, thrift, self reliance, purpose and success and at the same time get something of a word picture of their part in extending westward the march of the white man into the Indian country, in which they and their children had a part, for it was quite a different world hereabouts a hundred years ago.

1354401

As for the rest of the book, loaded as it is to the gunwales with our own present day tales of this, that and the other, let us hope they will lend a bit of encouragement to continue the quest.

Rock Island, Illinois, August, 1950.

FAMILY GROUPS

The Clan has accumulated such a wide assortment of names, that to make identification possible to the uninformed, we are listing them in family groups, showing their respective connections, e.g., Mark D. Hauberg and all his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren and respective in-laws; then the Jergen D. Haubergs and all their group; then the Stilz connections, and so through the list.

However, in the book itself, the John Detlev Hauberg children first appear in the order of their age, i.e. Mark; Jergen or "Dave"; Stilz, Bracker, Walther and Schroeder.

The next division has John D. Hauberg's grandchildren's stories.

After the respective stories of the grandchildren you will find those of the great grandchildren.

Following the line of the great grandchildren are to be found the great, great grandchildren of John D. Hauberg.

The book opens with John D. Hauberg and his wife and a number of chapters on a variety of subjects, and closes with a miscellaneous lot of items, as follows:

Part I

The new home at Sugar Grove.
Origin of the name "Hauberg."
Visits to the Hauberg ancestral country.
Schleswig-Holstein history.
German contribution to American greatness.
John D. Hauberg.
Grandmother Hauberg.
Grandfather's lands.
The big barn.
Indians.
Background and kin folks.
Our reunions.
Report of first reunion.

Parts II, III, IV and V

Marx D. Hauberg
Anna Margaret Frels (Mrs. M. D.) Hauberg
    Amelia Hauberg Schmoll and Will Schmoll
        Hazel Schmoll
    Emma Hauberg Fairhurst and Albert L. Fairhurst
    Anna M. Hauberg
    John H. Hauberg

  - Sue D. Hauberg
    - Catherine Hauberg Sweeney
    - Edward C. Sweeney
      - Susanne D. Sweeney
      - Edward "Teddy." C. Sweeney Jr.
      - Philip M. Sweeney
      - Harriet Sweeney
    - John H. Hauberg, Jr.
    - Anne G. Hauberg
      - Fay Westbrook Hauberg
      - Sue Bradford Hauberg
      - Mark Denkmann Hauberg
  - Rosena Hauberg Furland and Eli Furland
  - Louis D. Hauberg
- Elnora Hauberg Lyford and Edward Hall Lyford
    - Helen Lyford Simpson
    - Virgil Simpson
      - Edward Simpson
    - Ada Mary Lyford Burke
    - James R. Burke
      - Cynthia Burke
      - Janet Burke
      - Frederic James Burke
  - Ada Hauberg Furland
  - John E. Furland
- Jurgen D. Hauberg and Wiebke Messer Hauberg
  - John D. G. Hauberg
  - Luther T. Hauberg and Nellie Yale Hauberg
    - Priscilla Hauberg Brence and John Brence
      - Phyllis Ann Brence
      - Betty Lou Brence
      - John David Brence
  - Herman M. Hauberg and Maybelle Mahana Hauberg
  - Dr. George D. Hauberg and Emma Rydell Hauberg
    - Mary Hauberg
    - Ann Hauberg
- Dorothea Hauberg Stilz and Gottlieb Stilz
  - Helena Stilz Warnecke and Emil Warnecke
    - Jessie Warnecke Stuhler and Dr. Louis H. Stuhler
      - George Stuhler and Adrienne Bullard Stuhler
      - James Stuhler

  - Mary Stilz Brandt and Henry Brandt
    - Clara Brandt Conrad and Clarence Conrad
      - Leslie Conrad
      - Roberta Newman Conrad
      - Sharon Conrad
  - Walter Brandt and Frances Lamb Brandt
    - Joan Brandt Johnston and Raymond Johnston
      - Douglas Johnston
  - John Stilz
  - Odelia Stilz Kuhn and Rev. Albert Kuhn
    - Elizabeth Kuhn
    - John Kuhn and Helen Campbell Kuhn
      - Don Kuhn
  - William Stilz
  - Elizabeth Stilz Heath and William Heath
    - Stanley Heath and Leola Roberson Heath
  - Dora Stilz

- Anna Loisa Hauberg Bracker
- Dedrick H. Bracker
  - Herman D. J. Bracker
  - Katherine Bracker
  - Margaret Bracker
  - Emil M. D. Bracker
  - Ada D. Bracker
    - Lt. Donald Bracker
    - Betty Bracker
  - Mabel Bracker Johnson, and Lewis Johnson
    - Frances Johnson Schmoll and John Schmoll
      - Frances Claire Schmoll
      - John Henry Schmoll
      - Donna Schmoll
      - Kathleen Schmoll
    - Phyllis Johnson
    - Mabel Johnson Colvin and Donald Colvin

- Catherine Hauberg Walther and Charles G. Walther
  - Edgar J. E. Walther
    - Lloyd Walther and Florence Perkins Walther
      - Patricia Ann Walther
  - Goldie A. Walther
  - Katherine Walther

  - Clara Walther Schafer and Albert Schafer
    - Walter Schafer and Imogene Rinck Schafer
  - Clarence C. J. Walther and Bessie Yale Walther
    - Content Walther Lathrop and John Lathrop
      - Content Lathrop
      - Joan Lathrop
    - Carl John Walther and Jaan Inthout Walther
      - Charles Walther
      - Jaan Walther
      - Wynanda Walther
  - Lillie Walther Cook and M. Arthur Cook
- Margaret Hauberg Schroeder and Frederick H. Schroeder
  - Clarence John Schroeder

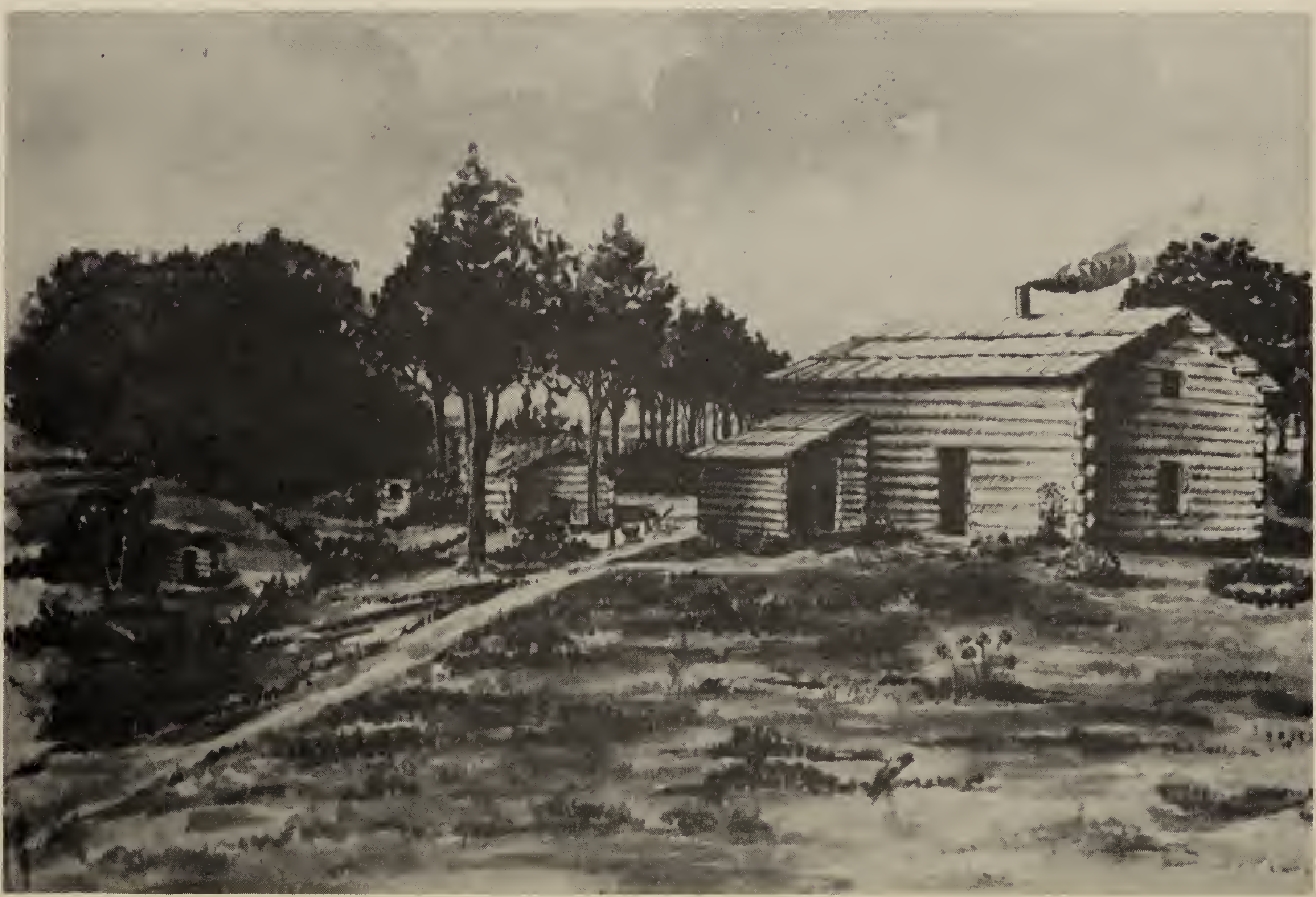
PART VI

WAR LETTERS AND MISCELLANEOUS

Lt. Don Bracker Leaves Record of His Sacrifice
Letter from a Rising Lawyer — Luther T. Hauberg
War Letter from Edward and Catherine Hauberg Sweeney
Pilchuck Ranch to Become Tree Farm
War Letters from First Lieutenant John H. Hauberg Jr.
Arctic Mountain Range is Named after Rock Island Family
At the Fair
Sue D. Hauberg Entertains a Son of the King of Sweden
Pioneering in Nebraska, 1879
Blackhawk Museum

PART I

John D. and Grandmother Hauberg and General History



A New Home at Sugar Grove
The Hauberg Log Cabin at Sugar Grove 1853. The Sugar Grove log home, church singing school, social center, bachelors' club and recreation center in the Civil War.

A NEW HOME AT SUGAR GROVE

It is a time to pause in reverence. A new home is to be built. Grandfather is back at his old calling, back in the forest. This time it is his own land, his own trees. He selects those of proper size to be fitted together into a house. Four men are working on the project: Grandfather, Henry Knock and the latter's hired man Henry Kahler, and sixteen year old Mark Hauberg who serves as chief cook, turning out huge pancakes, which with "speck" and coffee, and some of grandmother's personally baked bread filled each work period with new strength and courage. It took them two weeks to assemble enough material. "A man's house is his castle" was an axiom in law, and Webster's dictionary amply explains what a castle is. This one was on an elevation, facing south to the creek a few rods below which was the spring, and on the other side the creek, the forest largely of great sugar maples, which were scarred "as high as you could reach" where the "noble red man" had sugared off.

At another point two neighbor men, hitherto strangers, are busy too, and again we pause in admiration as they bring together a party of men who know of their own experience that it takes a strong back to handle logs and fit them together. The heartwarming aspect of it is that they are ready to drop their own work at home and come to the aid of what promises to be a new family in the neighborhood. There was curiosity, too, because this time the newcomer speaks a very broken English, and unlike themselves he was born and reared abroad. Will he fit into the general picture?

And now the house raising. Afoot, by horseback and by ox team come the neighbors, every mother's son of them, themselves living in log cabins.

There were Isaiah Marshall and his four boys, Joe, John, William and Brice; Joe Martin and his three boys, John, James and Dave; John Walker and his son Tom; Hiram Walker and his son Sam; Hiram Cain, John Marshall, Alec Abbott, Tom Fowler and Thurlow Garrison. Some of them brought their dinners, but I got dinner for all of them. Everybody was happy. We got the house almost finished — put on the rafters, laid the floor joists, sawed out the door and windows. They used no nails, just pegs. They got all the whisky they wanted to drink and nobody got drunk. Everybody went home happy. That house-raising created a friendship that lasted as long as they lived. They christened father "King of the Dutch." — So reported their historian.

Rafters and floor joists had been cut and split from some of the tall straight grained maples, some of which were four feet in diameter.

"Almost finished" — in ONE day! It is breathtaking!

The gathering of the neighbors for Grandfather's houseraising was a notable event for both neighbors and for the Hauberg family. First impressions were mutually favorable and it remained only to see how the new woman in the neighborhood —

Mrs. J. D. Hauberg, would fit in. But she too proved that she had the proper qualities and for a century these same people and their descendants have lived in good neighborly contact with no serious misunderstandings.

Since the standards for a good livable house are today so different we will include a description of the old log house. Mrs. M. D. Hauberg who lived in it from the time of her marriage in 1862 to the time of their moving into the new stone house in 1866, left us the following description:

"The house was one full story and an attic with one full window and a half window downstairs and a half window upstairs. Both half windows were at the east end of the house. The full window was at the north side. There was only one outside door to the house and that was on the south side. There was a partition made of wide boards toward the west end of the room and that made our bedroom. It had no window in it. A plain ladder led to the attic where the side walls were about two feet high. Here the hired girl, Trina Hauberg, (afterward Mrs. James Stoltenberg) and the hired man slept, their rooms being separated by quilts hung up."

"Lumber of oak had been purchased at Port Byron, from the saw mill of Fred Gates' father (great grandfather of Mrs. Harry Truman, presently mistress at the White House) for flooring and partition."

The M. D. Hauberg "Memoirs" carries the description further, as follows: "We had wooden door hinges, a ladder to go upstairs; a wooden doorlatch, the string outside. We had no lock and the log house in all its days was never locked. We had an augur hole in the door frame and when we all left the house a peg was stuck into the hole to keep the door shut.

"We moved to the farm about the middle of April (1853). The furniture and family were in a wagon drawn by oxen. Margaret, the youngest of the family, was four months old.

One of little Margaret's sisters was Anna Loisa — "Lizzie" who recalled in her later life the trip from Moline to the new home at Sugar Grove, as follows: "We moved up in April and I can remember it very well but most of all I remember getting stuck in the mud about 2:00 or 3:00 in the afternoon at the old Henry Saddoris place. They carried us children out to dry land and unloaded part of the load and then pulled out." "Lizzie" was in her fourth year at the time.

"Among the furniture were a couple of chairs we had brought from Tennessee — splint-bottomed, high-backed, the bottom being of split hickory. Then we had the old iron kettle and long-handled skillet, also from Tennessee, and a stove and other things. Father made all the furniture needed in the home, such as table and stools, etc. from boards and timber."

The log house at Sugar Grove came to be one of the most popular buildings on the High Prairie. Both Uncle Mark Hauberg and his sister Aunt Lizzie Bracker recalled that their family had left behind them, as they moved up from Moline, a lot of friends of German birth and that these would come up to Sugar Grove to visit them, and in this way became acquainted with the lay of land and began to make purchases. The first to move up were the Kramhoefts, followed by the Kahlers and Struves, the last two families being related to each other; then the Wieses who had come over on the same ship with the Kahlers. Then there were the Hauschilds and the Hahns and the Winterfeldts, all this was the beginning of something of a German settlement scattered among the Kentuckians, New Jerseyites and others.

It was this neighborhood of Lutheran Germans which attracted the Rev. F. C. A. Walther, the patriarch of the Missouri Lutheran Synod, and caused one of his missionaries, the Rev. C. A. T. Selle to come to the Sugar Grove cabin where he preached to them — the beginning of a Lutheran congregation; followed in time by a singing school. With this, Grandfather's log house became at least a semi-public institution. Some of the others, however, relieved the Haubergs and would have the service at their homes, but it was never a question where headquarters were. Not only the religious service, but it fell to the Sugar Grove cabin to entertain all the ministers through the years which followed as long as Grandfather lived there. So it was a hotel too?

With Father, Mother, four young daughters and two sons, when at home, and all in a one room log house with an attic, where did the preacher sleep? Maybe they packed him upstairs and watched him as he precariously climbed the ladder, candle in hand. One after another these men included Rev. Selle, Rev. G. Chr. Friedrich, Rev. Gruber, Rev. John Friedrich Doescher and the Rev. C. A. Mennicke.

Monday morning probably saw one of the boys yoke an oxteam to return the minister to town to catch the stage — or maybe he rode a horse on these missionary journeys.

Of Pastor Doescher it is written in "Palimpsest" an Iowa Historical publication, for November, 1948, that "he was one of the few (German) Lutheran pastors who could speak in the English as well as in the German language, so it was presumably he who held the services which by that time had been transferred to the new little "Bluff School," with one service in English for all the settlers, and in German for those whose Bible tongues had been trained in that language. The "Palimpsest" article says that Doescher "was very enthusiastic about his work and his field and revealed an almost fanatical zeal in his mission endeavors. He knew how to deal with the common people, and soon won the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact."

With these college and seminary trained young ministers there could be but one influence, and that for good in the community, to say nothing of lifting the Hauberg household and keeping the family informed with what was going on in the world at large. Incidentally, that was the day too, of the Jew peddler with a great pack on his back, starting thusly at the bottom and later opening his store at Rock Island or other sizeable place, to go down in history later as one of the successful businessmen. Whether peddler or preacher it remained a tradition down to the time of the writer himself that "Haubergs keep people overnight," and neighbors solicitous for the welfare (?) of travelers who roamed the country in those days excused themselves, but were sufficiently obliging to tell them where they could find entertainment. It was never commercialized, but was a case of throwing bread upon the waters, which we may agree has through the years been returned in a variety of blessings. At least, the members of those Hauberg households lived as long and as happy and as prosperous, as others less hospitable.

Throughout all the years, whether at the log house or at other residence sites, Grandmother Hauberg was looked to as the one who would respond and serve if, and when, a neighbor needed health service or a new arrival was due in a family. She had her own line of home remedies and some of the old neighbors related to the writer that all the children of their respective families had the service of Grandmother "Hubbard" at the time of their birth.

Meanwhile the spinning wheel occupied all extra time with the young daughters carding the wool and getting it in readiness for spinning. Knitting scarfs, stockings, mittens and wristlets; making all the clothing worn by children and husband, all in addition to what might be considered the main employment — the preparation of food and bedding. It was this kind of activity which led to the saying that "A man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done."

Religious services were moved to Bluff school after 1856 or 7, and in 1859 the log house saw a change: Our grandparents gave the cabin over to their two bachelor sons, Mark and Dave, who with sister Lizzie as housekeeper took over. With only young folks in charge, it was natural that social gatherings became the order of the day. All-night dances with accordion, mouth harp or even a comb for music.

Then too, the cabin became the rendezvous for the young men who having come to the New World were serving as hired men on the surrounding farms, some of them well educated and some in addition had done their military service before coming over. It was settled that the log cabin was home to them and since it was never locked, they came and went at will. As the Civil War loomed it became a principal topic of discussion, and when it broke, the following named went forth from this cabin home to serve: (This record, like most of the whole story is from M. D. Hauberg's "Memoirs"): Henry Kahler, Joe Gravenhorst, ... Landau, A. B. Shanks, Gustav Stromer, Charley Roberts, Claus Steffen, Fritz Wandschneider, Peter Wiese, Jim Kahler and Henry Miller — the last named a boy of seventeen years. Two others who lived under the log cabin roof while employed by the Hauberg brothers during harvest and who enlisted were Charles Shuler and Nick Gumber, both from Rapids City, Illinois. We do not know of any other place, whether log cabin or mansion, with such an outstanding record of enlistments.

All told, the cabin served but a total of thirteen years, but in it Mary Hauberg was born, who died in her young girlhood; here Gottlieb Stilz courted 15-year old Dorothea Hauberg, (and married her); to this door came the hungry Indian to be served; here came neighbor Wesley Cain when the smallpox had come, and he stood outside at a safe distance, as Aunt Lizzie used to tell, and shouted and asked if anyone had died—he had seen Grandfather with a spade digging, and wondered if he were digging a grave.

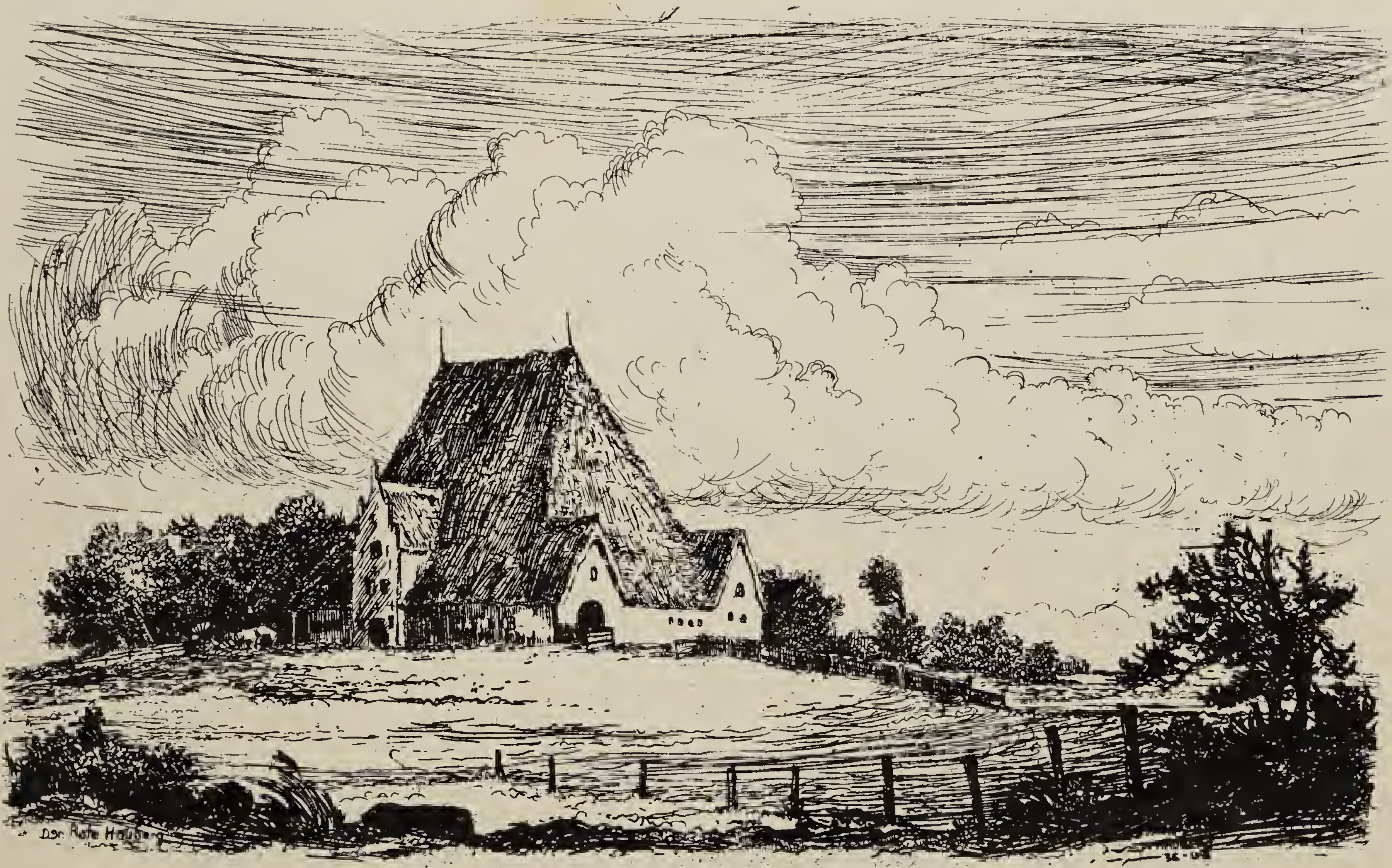
On September 15th, 1862, bachelor Mark took on a bride, and for the second time the cabin had a "lady of the house." Amelia and Emma Hauberg were born here, and by that time other plans were maturing. Uncle Mark had planned to build a new house beside the old, but was notified that the place did not belong to him. He knew of grandfather's sale of the east eighty, but had supposed that he had reserved the lot on which the log house stood, for himself. Not so, and so Mark walked west over the hill, into his oats field, and selected the spot where the stone house stands today.

The year 1866 saw the log house abandoned. Aunt Margaret used to tell about its condition toward the last — some of its logs had decayed, causing the house to lean, and neighbors would say, "You better watch out or the house will fall down on you."

One time when the writer and his father, Mark Hauberg, were walking about the barnyard, the latter picked up a piece of hard oak board, with the remark: "That's a piece of the floor of the old log house," whereupon the writer took it away with him and used it for frames for pictures of the old log cabin.

The spring from which the Haubergs secured their household supply of water has long since dried up.

A bit of the old-time atmosphere was restored for a brief hour or two when in 1925 the Hauberg Reunion group prepared the noon meal on the spot where the house had stood, and Aunt Katie and Uncle Mark entertained the company with reminiscences of the time when they were growing up here, and when it was a home in every sense of the word.



The "Rote Haubarg" Etching by Werner Hauberg. Who does not know the Rote Haubarg? It is situated by Simonsberg, near Witzwart, an hour's walk from Husum.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME HAUBERG

Believe it or not. That is your privilege, but one of our German cousins, Werner Hauberg, descendant of Grandfather's brother Jochim, etched a picture of the very building from which — according to tradition, our name stems. Tradition is a fearful and wonderful thing and anything can happen "According to tradition!"

"Who does not know the 'Roten Haubarg' at Simonsberg, near Witzwort, reached in an hour's walk from Husum" — so begins the story, to be found in "Das Gesicht der Heimat," by Theodor Moller, Kiel, 1922, page 124. — "Situated on a commanding elevation it forms the main part of the Asmus-Waldsen foundation or institution of the city of Husum. The stately gables over both doors remind one of the etruscan forms, giving the structure a lordly appearance.

"There is many a tradition connected with the Roten Haubarg in the surrounding country. In the great vaulted cellar are oak posts with the iron collars and chains which were necessary requisites in the days of the dreaded viceroy or governor who carried on his despotic rule, one of whom is reputed to have lived here.

"The house has one hundred windows, the one hundredth of which — the little round one in the gable over the door — having its own strange story.

"Near here, lived a rich bauer — farmer — who had a beautiful daughter, and a young handsome employe. That they fell in love with each other was no wonder, but that the father should have said aye and amen to the match would have been a wonder! His answer was short off — No! But he softened the answer, which did not rob the young man of all hope — but a hope which was less than nothing — should he become the lord of a stately place he might return and renew his request."

The house under consideration is said to have originated in Holland, and we continue with the story: "Now Holland was in distress, and distress leads to expediency, and this in turn leads men on evil ways." The lovers were at their wit's end!

In those days Satan, just as in the days of Job, was "Going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it," and came upon this hapless couple and entered into a bargain with them: he would build them the desired dwelling in exchange for their souls, and moreover, he guaranteed he would build it in a single night and have it finished before the cock crows in the morning. There were a hundred windows in the building, which was complete except for glazing a little round window in the gable over the door when the first signs of dawn were appearing and, with only this slight detail, the little round window left to complete the contract, the maiden overwhelmed with the prospect of their terrible bargain before her, rushed to the chicken house and grasped the rooster which, awakened so rudely out of his sleep, and all excited, the first thing he did was to crow. Satan, realizing the defeat of his agreement, now fled through the little round window opening. He realized the truth that a woman can outwit the devil, but at the same time he was able, before leaving, to get the pair to consent that they would never glaze that little window, so that he would go in and out of it at will.

This was the great Rote (red) Haubarg from which our clan took its name, and as a result of the condition agreed upon by the original contracting parties, the old devil is still free to come and go requiring vigilance on our part. The story of this remarkable house uses the names "Haubarg" and "Heuberg" interchangeably. "Heuberg" is a great pile of hay, and refers to the unusual capacity for hay storage in the "Rote Haubarg."

You ask: "How do you prove the truth of this strange story?" In reply, we have only corroborative testimony: The picture — etching, drawn by Werner Hauberg — and our present day beautiful brides and handsome bridegrooms. Proof enough!

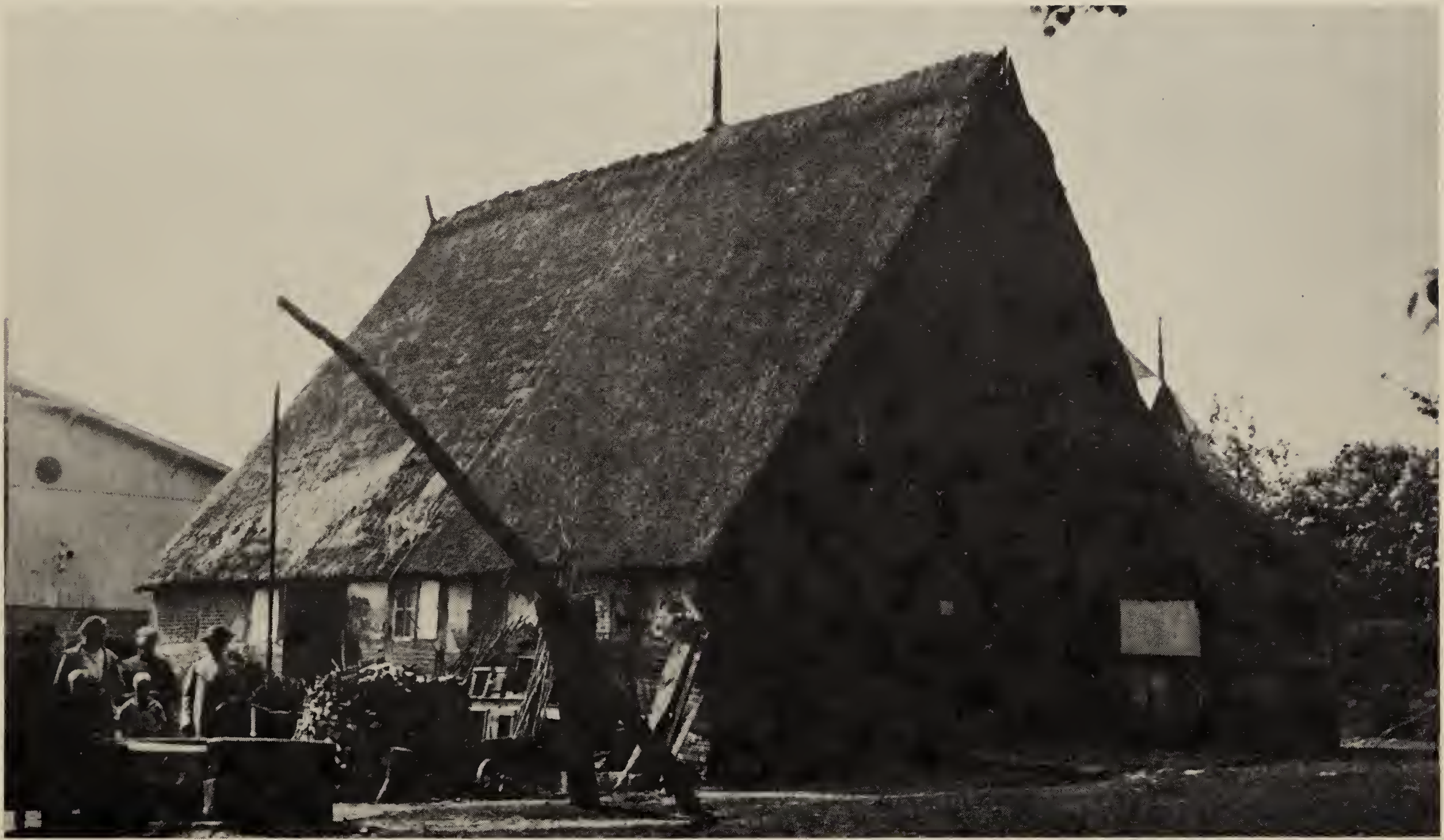
VISITS TO THE HAUBERG ANCESTRAL COUNTRY IN HOLSTEIN, IN THE YEARS 1900, 1924 AND 1926

You take the main auto road from the large city of Kiel, where most of Jochim Hauberg's descendants live, and head southeastward. The first is a suburban city of Gaarden where you find Heinrich Einfeldt, grandson of Jochim, at his extensive dairy and grain business, and continue the same direction, soon picking up the village of Elmschenhagen, Grandmother's old home; then Lustigen Bruder (Happy brother) where M. D. Hauberg was born; then Raisdorf where Grandfather and his two brothers, Marx and Jochim lived, and from which village our grandparents moved in 1848 to come to the New World; next we come upon Vogelsang, 'Birdsong' Forest where Grandfather was employed as forester; and then to Preetz (pronounced Praytz) where the church is to which our folks belonged and attended. This pretty well ends the course which has our special interest, but to continue a bit farther on the same road in the same direction you come to Plon, and a bit farther to Eutin (Oyteen) — both the latter on very beauiful lakes amid forest, and on a few miles farther and you strike the Neustadter Bucht which is an arm of the Baltic, where you find some of the finest salt water beaches. Thus far your course has been along rolling farm country, forests and lakes and the fine little Swentine river, and here and there perhaps a view of what at first we thought was a meadow of red clover in bloom but which proved to be heather — quite attractive not only in itself but also because it is located in a patch of sand, bordered with white birch and the deep green of stunted pines forming an unusually beautiful composition.

As stated above, the writer first visited here in November and December of 1900, and again with wife Sue in 1924, and again in 1926 when our party was made up of Sue and myself, children Catherine and Johnny and sister Anna Hauberg.

The first visit was the more interesting because all was new — new to me, but very old in point of history and style of farm buildings. There were the large rambling brick farm houses, thatch covered, and instead of the kitchen stove there remained in many if not the most of these, the hearth — the fireplace — where, with a few handfuls of twigs, the family cooking was done. The great thatch covered all the room required for family, the cattle, horses and poultry, and of course, the hay mow and farm equipment and granary. Incidentally, cattle and horses radiate heat which is welcome in winter, but it should be added that all was so clean and well kept that you did not so much as have odors from the stable part. In only one of these did we see pigs, but they, too, were kept as neat as a pig can be. Usually pigs were kept in some other building. But the general landscape, with all these ancient-looking buildings, was so much like scenes familiarly seen on Christmas cards that I wanted to photograph them all.

At Raisdorf was an old thatched cottage built not for farming but for village



In the village of Raisdorf, in Holstein, said to have been the house in which Grandfather's elder brother, Marx, lived. Picture taken by JHH in 1924, Sue Hauberg at extreme left. It seems strange that a place so evidently ancient should exist down into our modern day.

living, i.e., no live stock included, and said to have been the home of Grandfather's brother Marx. It had the usual fireplace for cooking and baking; there was no chimney, which seemed to be a common situation, the smoke having to find its own way out, but a sort of overhead archway to arrest any stray sparks. The ceiling at the time of our visit was festooned with hams, sides of bacon, sausages, etc.—in short, this house was serving as a community smoke house. We were taken into the rear room and asked to find the bed. We gave it up, whereupon a curtain flush with the sidewall was drawn aside and revealed a little alcove which contained the bed. And now, by way of contrast, this ancient cottage was electric lighted! Outside was the well with the pole for helping to ease up the pails of water, and the walls of brick and its straw thatch.

Another similar cottage was at the edge of the village, once occupied by the family of Jochim Hauberg. It had a lean-to next the front door; and incidentally, when our grandparents built their log house at Sugar Grove they added such a lean-to — something unusual for American log houses, which suggests that they brought this idea from Holstein. In the field adjoining the Jochim Hauberg cottage a farmer was driving a "tankwagon" — the "tank" being a hollowed log. The plug was pulled, and as he drove over the field the barnyard liquids, rich in fertilizer values, splashed out on the ground.

I visited the village of Schoenkirchen, and was shown their ancient church said to have been originally built A.D. 1212, but the wood carved altar was placed A.D. 1653, a rather crude carving of saints at the 20-ft. high altar. In a side room were 26 coffins containing the remains of nobility. On top of two lay swords to indicate that they were the last of their respective lines. The coffins were in none too good repair. In spite of signs of elegance, all were tarnished, corroded, wreaths dead, and broad ribbons in shreds. The janitor pulled one out of his coffin and said, "See, all embalmed and turned to leather, feel of it." It was December 14th, 1900 and the streets were shoetop deep in mud. Next morning I found that my hostess had gotten into my room while I was asleep, taken my shoes, and had returned them neatly cleaned and blacked. That was their custom.

It was fortunate that I was there in 1900 because the principal landmarks in which I was interested were still here — the smithy of Grandmother's father at Elmschenhagen; the ancient school building which the two elder sons of our grandfather attended; the Marx Hauberg and the Jochim Hauberg residences, and particularly the interior of the old church at Preetz. For when we came in 1924, with the First World War behind us, Grandmother's old home was off the map and a fine residence building had its place; the old schoolhouse was gone and the church interior had been "improved," i.e. all its quaint charm — the closed pews, the latticed box-like pews intended for the nobility had all been torn out and in their place were pews such as are common in all American churches today. What was more, the country was dotted on all sides with new houses until you would never guess that it was the same place.

The year 1900 was only 52 years since our grandparents bundled up their family and left the scenes, and I met a number of old timers who remembered them very well. Evidently Grandfather had been one who was sought out, when there was trouble, for advice. One elderly man remembered when young Marx broke his leg. One said they had a piece or two of the furniture which they had bid in at the auction sale which Grandfather held before sailing.

It was June 13th, 1924 when Sue and I took the train from Hamburg to Kiel, hired a car, picked up Mrs. Augusta Dahl, a daughter of Jochim Hauberg, and were off on the above-mentioned "Preetzer chaussee." At Preetz whom should we find but the two Einfeldt couples — father Christian Einfeldt and wife and son Heinrich and wife, out on an errand of buying cattle, but when we met they dropped all other matters and together we drove to Plon, to the lake region which they call the "Holsteinische" Switzerland. Here we feasted on a certain kind of fish of unusually good quality. Mesdames Dahl and the senior Mrs. Einfeldt were sisters. It is an interesting comment that while all this beauty — forest and lake so near to where our grandparents lived — was enjoyed by the present generation, we never heard either our own people nor anyone else of the old-time emigration from there, so much as mention them. The conclusion may well be that in their day it was all work and no play, with little, or no time to visit beauty spots.

In 1926 we were here again, and on August 22nd attended service in the old church at Preetz, Holstein, in which our forebears had worshipped, and where Pa, as a youngster, had sung in the boys' choir. The dates on the church were 1726-1913, and the great linden tree measured over fifteen feet around at breast height, but the interior of the church was spoiled by their "improvements" as mentioned above.

The language situation is amusing. Plattdeutsch — low German, is Schleswig-Holstein's own and everybody speaks it as we do the English, but let a stranger or someone of special pretension come and they at once bounce into high German which is the standardized language of culture for all Germany; the language taught in all schools from elementary to university; the language in which books, magazines, etc. are printed unless one wants to say something which sounds funnier in Plattdeutsch, or a local poet like Claus Groth.

Plattdeutsch, however, is not a joke, at least, not historically speaking. It is the nearest to English of any non-English language, which is natural because the Angles, Saxons and Jutes came from this general area and the English historian, Green, says on the first page of his first chapter that "Angle, Saxon and Jute all belonged to the same Low-German branch of the Teutonic family and it is from the union of all of them, when its conquest was complete, that the English people have sprung." As you know, the Angles got the better of Saxon and Jute in the British Isles, with the result that the country came to be known as "Angleland" — or England for short though we still speak of the race as "Anglo-Saxons."

Schleswig-Holstein is in the same latitude with England, Ireland, Labrador, Hudson's Bay and British Columbia.

A BIT OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN HISTORY

From time immemorial the country north of the Elbe had been the battle ground of Danes and Germans. As long as any one knew, Schleswig of the old days of feudalism, was a Danish fief. Holstein, on the other hand, was just as surely German (P. 75, Vol. 20 Ency. Britt.), but for some strange reason the two held together, as if a Dane had married a German; and as far back as 1460 a Danish king was induced to sign a charter recognizing their "Indissoluble union" — which has continued to the present day — nearly five hundred years, but their history reaches a thousand and more years further back. Twice, at least, the country "swarmed", like honeybees swarming and seeking a new hive. The first of these began in A.D. 449, when the Angles, the Saxons and the Jutes from this same area migrated to the British Isles as mentioned above, and founded England. What may be called a second swarming was the emigration to America. We are told over there that entire villages were depopulated, all of them going to the United States. Davenport, Iowa, got its share of them, as is true of all of the county — Scott County — in which Davenport is located. It was Davenport where our own grandparents left the steamboat to settle in these parts. Herman Bracker who conducted the Inn at Rotenhahn, in Holstein, had hanging on the wall of his Inn a lithograph of old Davenport, Iowa, possibly sent him by his brother Dietrich.

The principle of "Indissoluble union" resulted in a long train of trouble because when Denmark ruled them the German Holsteiners resented the thought of being called Danes, and when the Germans took the dukedoms over, the Danes of Schleswig did not want to be called Germans. All they wanted in this wide world was to be just "Schleswig-Holsteiners" and nothing else.

In 1848 the two duchies broke out into insurrection against Denmark which had governed them for ages. They had had their first battle the day that John D. Hauberg and family were leaving for America, and Grandfather's brother Jochim had been in the battle (P. 9, Memoirs M.D.H.) but even with Prussian aid the duchies were unsuccessful.

In 1863, while we were in the throes of Civil War in this country, the duchies again tried for independence, and with Prussian and Austrian help, succeeded in breaking away from Denmark and placing the "rightful heir," the Duke of Augustenburg, Frederick VIII, at the head of their united country, but it was a case of "jumping from the frying pan into the fire" for Prussia annexed them and to this day they are part of Germany.

We are interested in a letter which Grandmother's brother, Jurgen Clements Gries, wrote to our grandparents, dated Kiel, April 29, 1864, in which he speaks of the war for separation from Denmark. The Danish king who had acceptably ruled the duchies had died, leaving no heirs. This was used as an excuse for dissolving the bond, and electing a ruler of their own — the "Rightful heir" as they asserted, the Duke of Augustenberg, Frederick the Eighth.

Our great uncle Jurgen Griese was in the wood and turf business in Kiel, and added that the Duke had taken up his residence in that city and was buying fuel from him.

We wonder if Uncle Jurgen made the acquaintance of little Augusta Victoria, daughter of the Duke? When she grew to marriageable age, she was taken over by the son of the king of Prussia, thereby tying Schleswig-Holstein the closer to the Germans. Her husband, in time, came to be the well-known Kaiser Wilhelm II, of first World War notoriety. One time when the writer was ambling along the Unter den Linden street in Berlin, Empress Augusta Victoria came leisurely by in her carriage. We lifted our hats to her and had in return a pleasant nod and "Guten tag," for she was a friendly sort.

GERMAN CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICAN GREATNESS

Like most other nationalities the German contribution in volume, quality, and variety is beyond calculation but it contains in addition elements which were indispensable if our democratic institutions were to flourish.

Also the floodgates of blood opened on Prussian battlefields contributed to our territorial expansion.

The first above mentioned refers to Dr. Martin Luther who successfully opposed the universal rule of the Pope. Others had tried it, John Wycliffe of England who was permitted to die a natural death when his body was disinterred and burned at the order of the Pope (Ency. Britt.) in 1384. Then John Huss the Bohemian tried for liberation and was burned at the stake for his trouble in 1415, but Luther not only lived through it but won his point as he stood before the higher powers on April 17, 1521, at Worms, Germany and defied them with the words: "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise, God help me." The Scotchman, Thomas Carlyle in his "Heroes and Hero Worshippers," p. 134, is quite prodigal in his praise, viz: "The diet of Worms on the 17th of April, 1521 may be considered the greatest scene in modern European history. The point indeed from which the whole subsequent history of civilization takes its rise. . . . English Puritanism; England and its parliaments; the Americas and the vast work of these two centuries; the French revolution; Europe and its work everywhere at present; the germ of it all lay there. Had Luther in that moment done other, it had all been otherwise." He also said something to the effect that there had to be a Luther before there could be a Washington.

The second blow in the contest fell with such terrific sacrifices on the part of the Germans that historians appear to agree that it set Germany back two hundred years in its progress. It began when the old church attempted — in 1618, to force the Protestants back into the fold by the sword. It failed, but it took thirty years of resistance. The German Protestants were about whipped when the great Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus came down with an army and on the field of Lutzen, defeated the Catholic army, but was himself killed in the battle. Had Protestantism lost, the United States — for better or worse, would in all probability be predominantly Catholic today. Presumably, could we trace our ancestry back, we would find them as participants in that war — the Haubergs, Stilz, Brackers, Walthers and Schroeders all having come down through the years as Protestants. With this, let the subject rest.

The other time, when the Prussians helped us, was when Russia and Austria attempted to penalize Frederick of Prussia for entering into a field which they appeared to think was their prerogative — i.e. taking territory away from other nations.

At that time English colonists held only our Atlantic border, and France held from the Mississippi to the Appalachians, Canada and all, and the two were not only quarreling, but actually fighting for possession of these vast wilderness areas, England having the advantage at sea, but France the stronger on land. France probably would have won, but there were too many women involved — Maria Theresa of Austria; Elizabeth of Russia, and Madame de Pompadour whom Frederick had insulted — and she "Governed both her royal lover (Louis XV), and France" (140 Fight with France for North America). Instead of attending to the real business of whipping England, Pompadour sent the French armies to help the other ladies against Frederick. Says the same authority, "If then she had lavished one half — nay one quarter of the blood and treasure in America that was idly squandered on European battlefields who dare say in what colors the map of North America would now be painted."

William Pitt of England saw his opportunity and sent men and money to Frederick who valiantly held his own against overwhelming numbers, and "England rang with his triumphs and . . . the scoffing freethinker (Frederick) became the 'protestant hero' in both church and taproom" (289 id).

After seven years of fighting they quit where they had begun — except in North America where France had neglected her holdings, which were now taken over by England — 1762-1763. The colonists from this time on, did not need any English army to protect them against French aggression and in the short time of thirteen years, they signed a Declaration of Independence, and the U.S.A. on this side the Atlantic proceeded to run its own affairs.

Another contribution of importance was in the winter of 1777-'78 — the year of Valley Forge when Baron Von Steuben came over and joined Washington's army. Steuben was of the staff of Frederick the Great of Prussia and after the seven years' war was made an instructor in Frederick's war college. Steuben now gave the American army under Washington the benefit of the latest Prussian tricks in the business of war, and it was said he changed an undisciplined mob into a real army. "This new birth of the Continental Army as a trained fighting machine is Steuben's contribution to the history of the War for Independence." (161 Gen. Von Steuben-Palmer)

Steuben was not only Inspector General on Washington's staff but he commanded troops in the field and at Yorktown, the last battle of the war, he received the first overtures (id. 292) of the British for their surrender.

JOHN D. HAUBERG

Grandfather John D. Hauberg, born in Holstein, January 29, 1808, married in 1835 to Miss Catherine Margaretha Griese who was born in Holstein, July 26, 1811. He died at his home in Coe Township, Rock Island County, Illinois, March 13, 1886 at the age of 78; and his widow died October 10th, 1896 at the age of 85. Both are buried in the Lutheran cemetery, in the southwest corner of their original farm which included Sugar Grove.

John D. Hauberg was our ancestor. A common approach to this sort of subject is to play him up as a whale of a man, of such stature that he still stands head and shoulders above his puny descendants. Fame or money, or both, are revered. Our grandfather bequeathed us neither. His was the arm and hammer brand — the rolled-up sleeve. He left us good health in mind and body, and a good name. He set an example that diligence and thrift will yield any reasonable American a good and abundant living, full of adventure with a "pot of gold," plenty big, "at the end of the rainbow."

Do we know this or are we only talking? Read the stories of his children, his grandchildren and some of his great grandchildren, which are contained between the covers of this book, and draw your own conclusions.

There was a Herr Niergaard a "Gutbesitzer" with an ample estate. Like many another Schleswig-Holsteiner, the America-fever overtook him. He sold his lands for $50,000.00, and made preparations for the great overseas adventure. He had purchased some thousands of acres of lands at the west edge of the Blue Ridge in Tennessee. Fancying that good artisans were scarce in the new land, he selected a blacksmith, a carpenter, a shoemaker, etc. to go with him, and since part of his new holdings was in timber, he felt it necessary to take with him a trained forester, and, accordingly, made his selection.

John D. Hauberg was that forester. He had been employed at Vogelsang, a publicly owned forest located between the cities of Kiel and Preetz (pronounced Praytz). Conducting a forest included the handling of poles, timbers and logs for all sorts of purposes, tanbark, fuel, etc., etc., and also a nursery in which to start young trees to take the place of those cut out.

We have a word picture of those days from the lips of the late Henry Plambeck, of Davenport, a former Holsteiner, as follows:

"Father was a tanner. I was only a boy at the time, and we would drive to Vogelsang forest to get tanbark for the tannery. This is the same forest over which your grandfather Hauberg was superintendent before he came to America. One time I went with the men to get bark. They used a four horse team and wagon. The left hind horse had a saddle and here the driver rode, having reins for the lead team. I asked permission to ride the other rear horse but he was lean and sharp and by the time we got to Preetz I was pretty sore.

Mrs. John D. Hauberg, first lady of the house in the old log cabin.

"The bark we got at Vogelsang was hauled to a big windmill at Preetz where it was ground up into what was called 'Loh' and it was then ready for use in tanning the hides. For his tannery, father imported hides from Pernambuco, Rio de Janeiro and other South American places and he had a boot and shoe shop and exported part of his output to Baltimore and other American cities."

From this we may judge that in that day, 1848 and before, there was an exchange of ideas, and a tickling of the imagination to scenes beyond the seas.

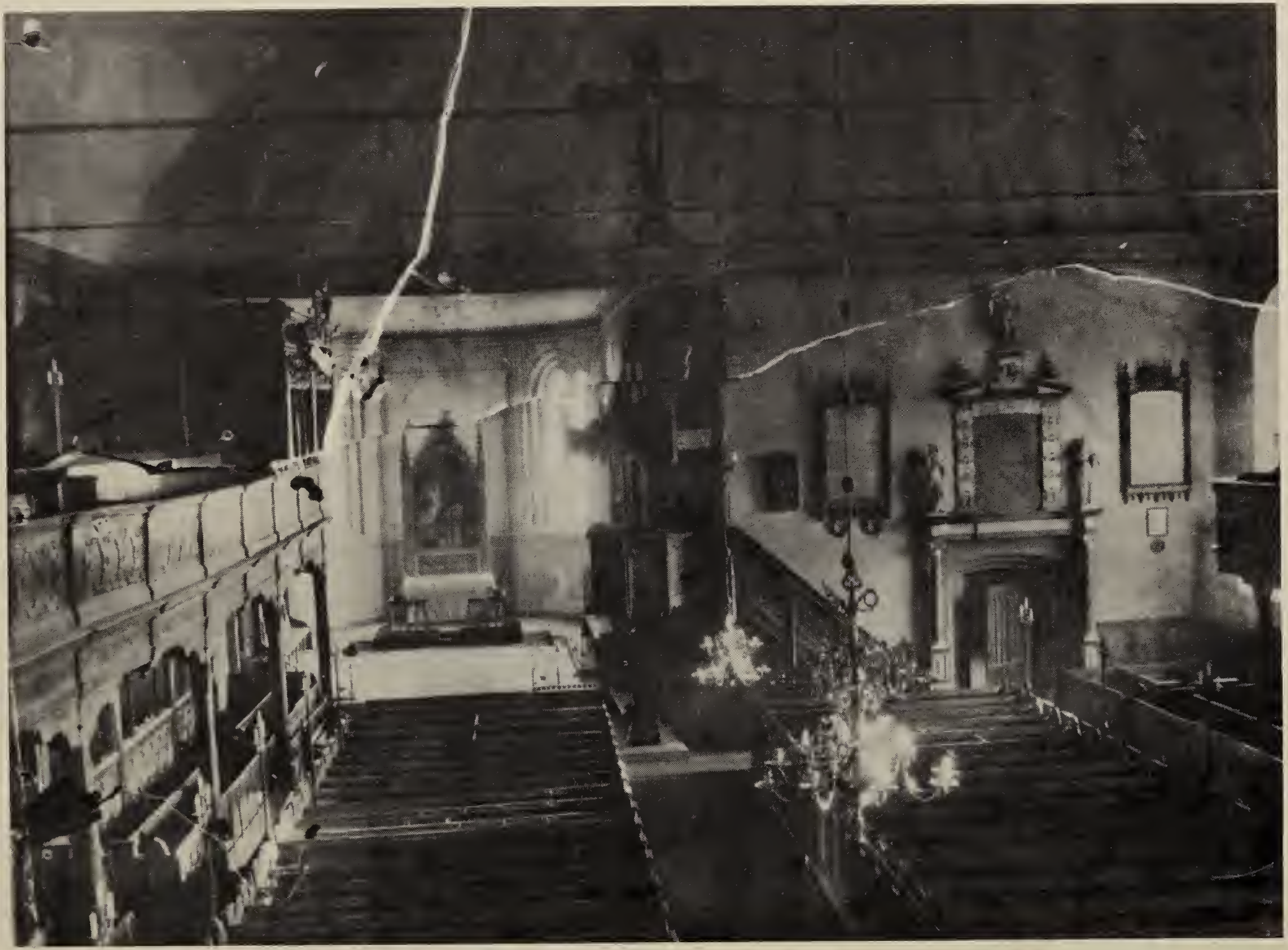
John Detlev Hauberg, born January 29, 1808, was the second son of his parents, Marx Hauberg and his wife, nee Anna Margaret Henschen. He had a sister who married Wolf Liitt, and three brothers — Marx, Detlev, and Jochim.

We know little of their childhood, but there are stories they used to tell which, for the most part, went in one ear and out the other without being written down The history bug had not caught us. Grandmother used to tell of her horror one day when she was but a child, of looking in the window of a barber shop. There lay a man, his face all white with lather and a man beside him with a knife — a razor. She did not know but that a murder was in the making. One time when a child, they attended a dance and the youngsters amused themselves by pouring water under the foot of the musician. He kept time with that foot and every time it came down the water would splash!

Grandfather when a boy would hide behind the hedges with other boys to watch the Russian and the French armies march through their country. One day the Frenchmen kidnapped his father, together with two other men, and compelled them to serve as hostlers, marching along with the army toward Russia, but after a couple of weeks when their master was drunk they escaped and returned home.

The writer has no account of how Grandfather spent his younger teen-age years but, in time, in common with all able-bodied young men, he was obliged to report for military service. This was at the historic old town of Itzhoe, "the oldest town in Holstein," founded around the castle which was built A.D. 809, and having a church, the St. Laurance (Ency. Britt.), built in the 12th century, and a convent founded in 1256. How innocently we read the dates: 809, and then after 300 years a church, and another hundred years, a convent. Then almost six hundred years are added to the town and along comes John D. Hauberg, for his military service!

Grandfather was inducted into a Dragoon Regiment, sometimes mentioned as mounted infantry, but after all, one of the branches of their cavalry. As we knew him he was slightly bowlegged which, it was said, resulted from his cavalry service in Holstein. Tradition has it that he was a non-commissioned officer and was given charge one evening of a group of his comrades who were to attend a dance in town. The non-military sons of the town presumably were hard pressed to get their share of attention from the young ladies since it is an axiom that a uniform is irresistible to young dames. Be that as it may, when a sword of one of the Dragoons caught in a young lady's dress and tore it, the local youths concluded that that was one too many and started a fight. The soldiers all wearing their swords used them. Let



Interior of the Church at Preetz, to which our Grandparents and family belonged. This picture was taken in 1900. When we returned in 1924, their "improvements" had wrecked practically every feature which had caught our admiration in 1900.

Photo by JHH.

us hope that they used them broadside. If so, maybe it was not sufficient and as a result a local young man was killed, whereupon all the soldiers were locked in jail until the guilty party could be identified but there was no such luck. The soldiers told no tales on each other, and were dismissed.

We have no other facts about his service, but in 1900 when the writer was in Holstein, a nephew of Grandfather's, Frederich Hauberg, who had just been mustered out of his cavalry service, told of his being mounted on a horse in the beginning of his service, and said he: "Our horses ran with us, up hill and down hill and over steep banks, going like the devil. I didn't expect to get through alive." It is to be supposed that this was old stuff to the cavalry horses, though something entirely new to the raw recruit, and that Grandfather had some of the same medicine.

Grandfather married in 1835, at the age of 27, his bride, Miss Catherine Margaret Griese, being 24, and they set up housekeeping at the tiny piece of a village called "Lustigen Bruder" — Happy brother. Here their first children were born: Hans, who died after a few months, and Marx Detlev, born September 29, 1837 who lived to be past 90 years; in that term of years he saw all the rest of the days of his parents, and he became, preeminently, the family historian, writing his "Memoirs" in 1923, a book of 200 pages. He says that when he was but a year old his parents moved to Raisdorf. This was a larger village, of straw thatched dwellings, but a few minutes walk from "Lustigen Bruder."

Here Grandfather became a forester. Writing of it his son says: "Father worked mostly in the timber. It was called the 'Vogelsang' (Birdsong) forest. The land belonged to the Government. The last three years we were there I helped Father plant young trees. Father was in charge of the work and when more men were needed he superintended them."

In 1926, the writer and his wife and children, Catherine and Johnny, and his sister Anna visited Vogelsang and took some pictures, one of which we present herewith. It shows a grove of mostly beech trees, though the large one at the center, with Catherine and Johnny at its side was a white oak. By this time three-quarters of a century had passed since John D. Hauberg left, and it could be possible that the big oak was one of his tree plantings.

It is anybody's guess how it all happened. In our own mind's eye we see Grandfather, in from his work, all excited, and exclaiming: "Greten" — his diminutive for Margaret, "we can go to America!" "Niergaard came to me today and offered to take me as his forester on his new estate in Tennessee. He will pay all traveling expenses, and when we arrive there we will be on his payroll. It is an opportunity that we cannot afford to let go by."

Grandmother was not enthused. Her historian son says she "took it hard" when they said goodbye to her brothers. What was it she feared — wilderness? Indians? No civilized opportunities for her children? Illness and no doctors? Leaving a place of security for one of uncertainty? Had letters from friends in America been unfavorable?

It is true that immigrants to the New World, just as those who in later years went "out west" from Illinois, learned that there was no easy way. You must sweat for everything you gain, and they hesitated to encourage their friends to come for fear that they might be accused of misrepresenting the true state of affairs. Possibly Grandmother sensed undue hardship. If so, she was right, but they had the health, the faith, the perseverance and unflinching determination to go on through with it.

We are concerned now with getting ready, in this springtime of 1848, for the great adventure to America. First, an auction sale to get rid of unnecessaries. The spinning wheel is a must wherever they go and will be taken along. It had been her mother's . Another item of Grandmother's old home was the big trunk which had come down from her great great grandmother. This was packed tight for the trip. Then there was the old Magdeburg·Bible, including the Apocrypha, and a leatherbound, silver-mounted Lutheran hymn book printed in 1809, a gift from her brother Jurgen Clement Griese. Grandfather came off with a cane which had belonged to his own grandfather. It has a curved grip — for identification. These were some of the items still accounted for among their descendants. Another matter of importance was their proper discharge from the church, and a certified abstract of christenings of their children, and eventually, their departure by rail to Hamburg, the port of embarkation, where a small boat took them out to the seagoing sailing ship which stood out from the city in deep water.

Their own family party had seven persons in it, little and big, vouched for by an official church certificate, that to Johann Detlev Hauberg and his wife, Margareta Catherina (nee) Gries, were born and baptized the following: (Marx D. Hauberg's certificate — born September 29, 1837 — is from the Elmscenhagen — Grandmother's home church, while the others are certified from the Preetz church) —

(1) Jurgen Detlev, born 1839, the 22d of September, and baptized the 29th inst.

(2) Dorothea Maria Margaretha, born 1842, 20th of January, and baptized 30th inst.

(3) Magdalena Dorothea Henrietta, born 1847, 11th of January, baptized the 24th.

The certificate has a wax seal — the "Preetzer Kirchsiegel," and is dated April 14th, 1848, which may indicate the approximate time of their leaving the fatherland. Someone on this side wrote upon the above certificate the name "Anna Louise Hauberg, baptized 8th July, 1849." She was later Mrs. D. H. Bracker — our "Aunt Lizzie" who was born in Moline, Illinois.

As to vaccination against small pox, that had been attended to previously. Uncle Dave's certificate reads as follows: "Vaccinations — Attest. No. 36, 1840, That Jurgen Detlev Hauberg, of Raisdorf, age one year, on the 10th of July in the year 1840 was vaccinated, and passed through the regular and genuine abortive smallpox, I hereby certify the 18th of July, 1840. W. Ahrens."

"We came in a sailship to New York (from Hamburg) in 35 days. One night during the voyage a terrific storm took the top off the hatch and water just poured in on us. Before they could get the top on again we were in two feet of water. There were from three to four hundred passengers down there, and if there were any who had never prayed to God before, they prayed that night" (Mems. II).

They were landed at New York, and were now in a bustling throng of immigrants from all countries, with Germans and Irish probably in the majority. A free country; free alike to the just and the unjust, the latter in the form of swindlers, smooth talkers, who made it their business to separate the immigrant from his roll of money in one way or another. Grandfather's first indication of having imbibed the new free spirit consisted in threatening to bruise the noses of these crooks who had come too near him and his companions. There was a delay of several days for Grandmother's young sister was ill and kept in quarantine.

Now off for their destination — Kingston, Tennessee — where their employer had purchased 3,000 acres of land. There was a succession of different kinds of railroad travel alternating with canals as far as Pittsburgh. Arrived here, it was open river all the way to Kingston, except at Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee where 40 miles of primitive railway was used to pass the rapids. What a panorama! Over mountains, by settlements both old and new; great cities of today, but at that time small struggling towns; boats of all shapes and sizes and of all capacities, loaded with people like themselves "going west"; Cave in Rock on the Ohio, where was the hideout for robbers who relieved the smaller outfits of their goods and money, and too frequently, their lives. At first the bordering fields were of corn, cultivated by industrious white farmers. This, as they ascended the Tennessee, turned to cotton plantations worked by negro slaves; on past Pittsburgh Landing and Chattanooga, later to be counted among the sites of some of the greatest battles of this country.

While still on one of the canals, an international war broke out among the immigrant passengers who were enjoying the luxury of deck passage. It was a contest between the "Dutch" and the Irish, for supremacy. The difference between the two nationalities was illustrated when the Irish women took a hand alongside their husbands in the onslaught. So far as the writer knows, history does not record the outcome except that the boat management built a partition between them with soap boxes.

While in Pittsburgh, the German women made an astonishing discovery! The Americans had a way of mixing eggs with flour, drying the mixture and selling it as meal. "We will have some of that right off," said they. It proved to be yellow cornmeal — a food to which they were not accustomed — and therefore, they did not like it.

On the 23d day of June, 1848 they suffered a very sad loss. Their baby, one and a half years old, died as they were aboard the Steamboat "Pickaway," running on the Tennessee river between Chattanooga and Kingston. Her name was Magdalena Dorothea Henrietta Hauberg. She was buried the next day in the Presbyterian cemetery "in the vicinity of Kingston," with Rev. George Yost of the Methodist Protestant Church officiating. The child probably had had the services of a doctor for in the minister's certificate he says that Dr. Edward Goetz, a native of Germany, gave the facts of her death — and that she was born January 1, (should be Jan. 11) 1847, "of German immigration."

This death with all its sadness was to be deepened when Grandmother's younger sister died. Two deaths within a year in the new country was not calculated to give our grandparents any great amount of faith in the healthfulness of America.

They were still in the confusion of their arrival when a new note in their adventuring came on — a journey across country — not very far, only twenty miles, but with three mule wagons with six mules hitched to a wagon, and having to ford a river on the way. This took them to the village of Wartburg where the next three weeks were spent. With nothing to do there, Grandfather and his friend Pender went to the larger center of population at Knoxville, a town sufficiently progressive to have a public water system. They were laying "Pipes" from a spring some distance from town, and the two men secured employment, boring holes lengthwise through logs, from one and a half to two feet in diameter. These hollowed logs, laid end to end, formed the pipe line to carry the water to town.

Now Mr. Niergaard arrived and was ready for business on his own account; and since he was the man who had brought them here it was necessary to follow him ten miles up-river from Kingston where was his $30,000.00 investment in lands; 3,000 acres made up of bottom lands, islands in the Tennessee and mountain country, the last-named believed to be rich in metals, including gold. A ferry — Penrock ferry, was part of the outfit.

The Hauberg family passed their apprenticeship in Americanism, as of that day, in Tennessee. "We all lived in a log cabin with a big fireplace and a large wooden chimney. Everybody cooked and baked in the fireplace in a kettle. Our chimney caught fire twice while we lived there and we had to push it over to keep the house from burning up, and build a new one. It was built of split sticks and plastered with clay." While these were lessons in the American way of life, we will recall that in Holstein itself, they had been doing their cooking and baking in the fireplace, so the change was not too revolutionary.

There was nothing pressing on the forestry side of the proposition so Grandfather was set to work superintending the farming operations, showing other employees how it should be done. He also operated the ferry, and the blacksmith Pender, having more than he could do alone, Grandfather became his helper.

They had been here some nine months when one day a pair of moonshiners came driving along. They somehow had gotten the notion that the world and all that was therein, the cattle on a thousand hills were theirs; and to prove their mastery they drove their wagon, drawn by six horses, squarely against a wagonbox which the blacksmith, Pender, and Grandfather were working on — a rare joke on these foreigners; and when they were bold enough to ask what the big idea was, one of the moonshiners sprang at the blacksmith to further initiate him to the idea of foreign inferiority. The blacksmith threw the man into a rail fence, skinning him up; and the result was that they had both Grandfather and the blacksmith arrested for assault and battery, committing great bodily injury, and attempt to commit murder. The case dragged through the weeks, finally coming to a hearing at the County Seat at Kingston. Both men were acquitted, but a German doctor who was serving as interpreter suggested that while they were at the County Seat, it would be a proper thing to take out their first papers for citizenship, which they promptly did, and this was their undoing in the eyes of their employer Niergaard.

Mr. Niergaard, the employer, still harbored the "Old Country" differences of caste. The American slogan that "All men are created equal" had not entered his mind. He was still holding to the difference in grade as between employer and employee, between master and servant, and would not tolerate — not yet at least — the American ideal; and in his first burst of rage that his hired men should assume to be his equals before the law, he discharged them forthwith. Next day, having had cooling time, Grandfather asked if he really meant to discharge them. Niergaard felt it necessary to be consistent and replied that the agreement for service between them was ended.

The two men were now free, honorably discharged from their obligation to remain with the man who had paid their way to the New World, free to go where they wished. Grandfather had kept up a correspondence with his sister, Mrs. Wolf Liitt of Rock Island, Illinois, and they were soon on their way. Pender went with them as far as Paducah, Kentucky where he remained while his erstwhile helper continued the steamboat trip into the Upper Mississippi country.

Travel costs money. In the case at hand it was a sort of hop, skip and a jump — traveling a ways — stopping to earn enough for another stretch, and then aboard another steamboat. Fortunately for the family, they were able to do the entire distance by the comfortable steamboat.

Speaking of their means of livelihood as they progressed, M. D. Hauberg, in his "Memoirs" says, "I remember mother baked bread on the river bank in an iron kettle. She set the kettle on the hot coals, turned the lid of the kettle upside down and put hot coals on top. We had two tripods; we did all our own cooking on our travels." (We still have the kettle.) "Our boat took us to St. Louis where we were transferred to another boat by the name of 'Wisconsin.' We did not go on shore at St. Louis as they had the cholera there." (Pg. 25, Mems)

They finally landed at their destination, arriving at Davenport — "About midnight. We had all our household goods and a dog. We lit our pitch pine torches, we brought a good supply with us from the South, and made our beds, crawled in and went to sleep. Next morning at daylight mother told me to get some dry wood. Below us, down where the St. James Hotel now is, at Front and Main Streets, was timber. We had no matches and we made our fire by using a steel, a flint and a kind of tow. We would make a spark that would ignite the tow. We had sticks dipped in sulphur and touching them on the glowing tow they would burn like matches. This same morning there came to our little camp, a man named Beyer — a fellow Schleswig-Holsteiner from Preetz, whose brother-in-law had once lived in the same house with our grandparents. Beyer had come over in 1847, the same year that Grandfather's sister and her husband had come, and he knew all about the community and how and where to find the Liitts — over on the island of Rock Island, employed at the Bailey Davenports.

A rowboat was secured, and Grandfather and his older son, Mark, were off on a scouting trip — to Davenport on the Island. They were advised that Moline was the busy spot of the Tri-City community. The hop, skip and jump was now near its end, with seventy-five cents still left in the till. Since the cost of ferrying to Rock Island was $1.50, the Haubergs landed on Illinois soil seventy-five cents in debt, but Grandfather had arrived in the land of milk and honey, with which you will agree when we recount that he had landed only the night before, and before sundown next day he had found a place to work for wages. His new employer sent his team and wagon to move him across the river; unloaded his stuff in a shanty which had four walls and a roof. In other words, Grandfather, in less than twenty-four hours was "sitting pretty" — a job and a resident of the great State of Illinois, where he was to spend the rest of his life!

Doubtless we little realize how much the waterways were used by immigrants to the midwest. The Firsts and Plambecks, and other neighbors who had attended the same church at Preetz, came ALL the way to the Tri Cities by water — Hamburg to New Orleans by sailing vessel, and the Mississippi for the rest of the way by steamboat — all on water. While the Haubergs came via New York they still did nearly an all-water route since there were canals between New York and Pittsburgh, which relieved the railway by that much. The following shows the distances done by all-water travel, (not including the canals).

Hamburg to New York	3705 miles
The Ohio, Pittsburgh to Cairo	967 miles
Paducah to Knoxville On the Tennessee River	652 miles
Knoxville, back to the Ohio at Paducah, Ky.	652 miles
Mouth of the Ohio at Cairo to Tri-Cities	500 miles
Total	6476 miles

Compare water travel with land routes with their covered wagons, and you have a striking difference: The ship and the steamboat provided practically all the comforts of the home, all the way. No search for an overnight campsite; no scrambling for a roof in case of rain; no mudholes; no broken wagon; no sick horse or ox; no human illness without a physician; a reasonably comfortable sheltered seat while mile after mile, hundreds — thousands of miles of interesting panorama unfolds, visiting the while with some fellow traveler who has proven himself congenial.

Whole villages in Schleswig-Holstein, as well as other parts of Europe, were depopulated, all in exodus to the land of promise, for many of whom the trip was but a matter of time, not hardship, and besides water travel was low in cost and baggage, too, was less of a problem on ship or steamboat. Not only Europeans, but adventurers from the eastern states found the waterways convenient. The late

S. W. McMaster, of Rock Island, tells in his "Sixty Years on the Upper Mississippi" how he embarked at Herkimer, New York, and proceeded up the Mohawk Valley to Buffalo, by canal boat; then on Lake Erie to Cleveland, Ohio; from Cleveland by canal to Portsmouth on the Ohio; and from there down the Ohio and up the Mississippi. Like the Haubergs, he ran out of cash and stopped enroute to earn enough to continue the trip to his destination. This was as early as 1833.

The last part of Grandfather's water trip was from Davenport to Rock Island on a horse ferry — a horse on each side of the boat, walking the tread power which turned the paddle wheels.

Of course a hundred years should make a difference. The crossings of the Missisissippi between Davenport and Rock Island in 1949 were 8,000 per day over the Centennial bridge and 17,300 across the Government bridge, per day as an average; meanwhile 20,433 trains crossed the Government bridge during the year, and there were 1,143 openings of the draw span of the last-named bridge to let boats through!

Now three miles through the woods to Moline with only one farmhouse along the way, that of Billy Brooks; the trees so close they threatened to brush the furniture off the wagon; and then straight to a vacant shanty which stood beside the Mississippi between present 20th and 21st Street, Moline. We quote again the family historian, M. D. Hauberg: "The shanty was about eight by twelve feet. Our furniture filled it. We had a big chest about six feet long and a big box, one bed and a trundle bed and two chairs. That filled the shanty. We had no stove. Mother did the cooking and baking out doors. When it rained we stayed indoors and ate our grub cold. Father and Mother slept in the bed and we three children slept in the trundle bed. I was eleven, my brother Jurgen Detlev (we called him Dave) nine, and my sister Doris, five years old. During the day we pushed the trundle bed under the other bed or there would be no room to get into the shanty. We ate from the big box. Father and Mother sat on the chairs and we children stood around the box. The shanty was boarded up and down with batting, with board roof and slabs over the cracks."

Any mother would ask, "What were the provisions made for the arrival of the new baby?" — Anna Louisa, born July 8th, 1849 — not too long after their arrival at their castle. And any housekeeper would ponder what a feast could be spread when Grandfather's sister and family would come over from the island for a Sunday dinner. One would cast about for an extra box or piece of log."

Yes sir. "Land of milk and honey" did you say? and "Sitting pretty!" It is to laugh. No, no, to weep! Dear descendant how can you ever look the World in the face with such ancestors? — a one room, eight by twelve shanty, not even room for a cookstove granted they had one. Sitting on boxes, not chairs — and Work? — Seventy-five cents in debt; not a cent with which to pay his way into a labor union to protect him from being exploited by a capitalist. No physical examination to see if Grandfather is fit to work. No promise of sick benefits; no paid vacations. No insurance of any kind. He could die. Who would bury him? No rent control.

Grandfather could have set on a log all the rest of his life waiting, in vain, for a Federal Housing Authority to come and build him a house fit to live in. No unemployment compensation; no social security; not so much as a suggestion of socialized medicine; no pension to look forward to; no Salvation Army lass to do slumming and bring them a basket of food. No Police Matron to report she had discovered within the limits of the town, a family of five — and another expected any time soon — all in a situation of impossible crowding!

We do not know how long these conditions continued but what Grandfather earned in the sweat of his brow was his own to do with what they wished, and on January 18, 1850 he purchased a home on the hillside of Moline, between 14th and 15th Streets and between 7th and 10th Avenues. It was a tract three rods wide and sixteen rods long and had a house with a leanto, a basement, an upstairs room, and it was paid for — cash in hand — "The receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged." It was only Fifty Dollars, but it was $50.00 whether that was much or little — and this only six months after the family had alighted in Moline. But we are ahead of our story, let us go back to the beginning:

Grandfather was soon employed at his former life work — in the timber, opening a real highway between Moline and Rock Island — now Third Avenue, Moline — grubbing out the trees and stumps. This time it was forest destruction in place of conservation, for "They grubbed the trees so they would fall in a pile and burned them. If there was a good sawlog, Dave Sears got it. Bill Davis and another man would come with a crosscut saw and two or three yoke of oxen and take it away." The pay was one dollar a day. "Everybody in Moline had a cow and one or more hogs. The cattle were pastured on the island of Rock Island where the caretakers complained to the War Department about them but with little, if any, effect. They made wild hay where East Moline is today, with snakes so numerous the boys would take them by the tail and throw them at each other. East of Twentieth Street, Moline, at the foot of the bluff, was a cornfield. One winter they did not get the corn out, the snow being too deep, and the wild turkeys came from the woods on the Bluff to feed on the corn. Many wild turkeys were shot there that winter, and also a deer."

Taking contracts for cutting stove wood was another of Grandfather's activities. The proper training of children, always something of a problem was done by stern methods. Young Mark hired out to help at breaking prairies in Scott County, Iowa. The admonition his mother gave him as he left home was: "Now you mind and do what they want you to do. If they turn you off and you come home, I'll get after you with a stick and drive you back." On going to school the instructions from Mother were: "Don't fight." Grandfather agreed with her, but as to fighting, he added positively, "If they start a fight with you, don't come home licked." From Mark's version, Grandfather's admonition suited him perfectly. He said that when about fifteen years of age he would rather fight than eat. Such conclusions are seldom if ever arrived at unless victory habitually comes your way — and the teacher would tell him to pack up his books, go home and stay there!

Grandfather himself was not slow in a fight. The family historian says they were invited to a two-room house over in Davenport, for a party. In those days the "bully" was an established character, more or less country-wide. He could invite himself; help himself, and do almost anything short of murder. There was one came to this party. "He took Father by the shoulders with both hands and bumped his head against the door frame. 'You don't belong here; you're from Illinois . . . get back there or I'll, etc.' He hardly said the last word when Grandfather knocked him down. Then, when Grandfather asked him — and he did not answer fast enough, he knocked him down again. The bully was so done up he lost his prestige — he left town."

We have no tradition that Grandfather ever picked a fight for the love of it, but his daughter-in-law, Mrs. M. D. Hauberg, used to say he had a temper and was awfully quick with his fists when people talked about "Niggers and the Dutch."

Five years have come and gone since they set foot on American soil at New York. It is the year 1853. Moline has a population now of 1500 souls. John Deere has prospered until now he has twenty-two men on the payroll. Mark Hauberg has worked for him at twenty-five cents per day and board himself. William Jackson, later one of the county's outstanding lawyers, also worked for Deere, and when the June rise was on, he stood inside a washtub, at his work bench, to keep the Mississippi from wetting his feet.

Never in its history has there been such a stir in the air in the Tri Cities as in 1853. Real estate prices are rising sky high; everybody is filled with expectancy. Stage coaches have had to be multiplied to take care of the mounting passenger traffic. All because the LaSalle & Rock Island railroad was being built, with its destination in Rock Island — the first railway to reach the Mississippi; and February 22, 1854 saw the great banquet in honor of its completion.

The Haubergs are filled with excitement of their own. They have been city dwellers, at least village and small town dwellers, all their lives up to this time, but the itch to be landed proprietors has them conquered. Grandfather had bought a quarter section in 1851, and now in all the thrill of the time, he and his sons, Grandmother and the four daughters — the latest arrival, Margaret, being only four months old — load the ox wagon at their 13th Street hillside home, and jog their way to the river road — the old historic first road of the county, which they follow some seventeen miles beside the Mississippi to Port Byron where they leave it, and turning uphill are soon in a hinterland where regular roads are still strangers, and finally they arrive at their new home — a log house on Sugar Creek in the northeast part of Coe Township. The "Memoirs" heretofore mentioned tell of what had transpired here — the first such in the wake of the former claimants — the Indians.

"About the middle of March, 1853," so the narrative goes, "we started to the farm father bought of Elihu B. Washburne to build a log house. There were four of us that went: Henry Knock and his hired man, Henry Kahler who was six months younger than I, Father and myself. We had two yoke of oxen. After breakfast next morning we started to look over the farm. We had not gone thirty rods when our two dogs chased up a deer. We had not gone ten rods farther when they chased up two more, and when we got up the hill east of where our house stands now they chased out another deer. We were about two weeks getting the material ready for the house, then I went back to Moline to get provisions for the house raising. Isaiah Marshall and Joe Martin, living some two miles or more southeast of us, had been over to see us and they had invited the men for the house raising. Everybody in the country was there."

In passing, all these families were themselves living in log houses at the time; all had left home and friends and had come into the wilds of a new community where they had met each other; all with high hopes for the future in their new homes. Not any roads yet, and no school nor church; some of them still getting their meat supply with the use of a gun — venison in plenty and wild foul everywhere — families from Kentucky; from New Jersey; from Pennsylvania and Ohio — and now one from "Germany." Will they fit in? — and when these men on their return from the house raising reached home the question their wives asked was "What are they like?"

Grandfather had a pretty good start, everything considered. His historian son says: "We had two yoke of oxen of our own, we had raised two steer calves now three years old and well broke. We had three cows and seven head of young cattle, three sows and poultry. We broke prairie and Father planted corn on sod the first year. Some of our fences were of rails, but we also made ditch-and-bank fences like we had had in Germany. In making these fences we would dig a trench about two and a half feet deep and about three feet wide. The sod that we dug up was set on the edge next the trench with another row of sod about three feet from it, and between these two rows, dirt was filled in, with crab apple or other thorny brush on top. It made a fence which turned cattle very well."

There was science in selecting a home site, then as now. First, you would locate a spring if at all possible, for it would yield cool, clear water for household use, without having to dig a well. A creek was wanted where the livestock — the domestic animals — could find their drink. Timber was a must. Early writers spoke of "uninhabitable prairies," and a Rev. Montgomery who settled on a treeless prairie farm in Edgington Township, in Rock Island County, was called "insane" because of it. Timber was needed for fence rails, posts, poles for the cattle sheds, fuel and of all things the cabin itself. Sawmill lumber was too expensive. Wood and water! Grandfather had all these, together with fertile soil, in abundance. In addition, the sugar maples yielded syrup and maple sugar.

The first threshing machine was what they called a "Beater" — an "improved machine" as you see. But it had only the cylinder of present threshers and when the grain was run through it, the straw and threshed grain fell out on the ground together where it must be picked up with fork or rake to shake them apart and throw them into the wind for cleaning. Now another greatly "improved machine," the fanning mill, which was operated by a crank which one man turned while another kept the hopper filled with the mixed grain and chaff, and took away the clean grain at the bottom of the machine while the fan blew the chaff away. Forty to sixty bushels was a good day's work mixed with plenty of sweat and swallowing of dust.

Oxen were used exclusively by Grandfather for the first three years on the farm. He drove to Como, in Whiteside County, a distance of 25 miles, to have wheat ground for household purposes; sold his 1854 crop in Moline, and by 1855, with the LaSalle & Rock Island Railroad in operation, Geneseo was favored by local farmers as a place to haul their grain which now moved east by rail in place of south by Mississippi river steamboat. Shipment of freight to Chicago and farther eastern points by railroad, thereby taking the business from steamboat interests and St. Louis and farther southern points, was the one and only cause why the Rock Island Bridge case, following the Effie Afton disaster at this bridge, was so bitterly fought — not merely by a steamboat owner against the bridge company, but between interests at St. Louis and Chicago themselves, for the future of these cities was directly involved.

Grandfather had a hunger for more land, much of which was still government-owned, and with the U. S. Land Office at Dixon, Illinois, some forty-five miles away, he made two trips there during the first season at Sugar Grove — one in August and the other in October. On one of these trips he made what was doubtless a record walk — to Dixon and back within a twenty-four hour day — a distance, round trip, of ninety miles!

Grandmother, meanwhile, did many a walk of her own. The neighborliness of the men who helped build the log house was not extended in vain. She was handy with home remedies and became the one to be sent for if, and when, a new baby was to come into the world. Her services in this respect, all gratuitous caused her to be looked to as one who would, without fail, come and help them through. One of these ministrations brought grief into her own little log cabin home. A woman living on the farm next south was down with smallpox and Grandmother and Mrs. Kahler felt responsibility for her care. Those of her children born in Holstein had been vaccinated, but not so the three daughters born to them in Moline, and the three came down with the disease. They recovered, but with faces badly pock-marked. One of these daughters, Mrs. D. H. Bracker, telling of it said she looked into a mirror and with her heart breaking said she never again wanted to have a pretty dress. She also said that the woman died and that everybody was fearful of catching the disease, so that the husband — now a widower — was obligated to attend the rites and the burial all by himself.

Some years stood out more prominently than others. The year 1853 as mentioned above had the erection of the log house; moving to it and two important trips to the U. S. Land Office at Dixon.

Another unusual year was that of 1856 when five separate and distinct items occurred:

Grandfather graduated from oxen to horses.

He took out Naturalization papers.

A church was organized at his log house.

He was elected school director for the first school of the neighborhood.

Rock Island County adopted Township organization.

Again, the year 1857 was outstanding because of two public items of progress—the prospect of a railroad to which Grandfather and his neighbors subscribed, and the first township election in which he was elected a road commissioner.

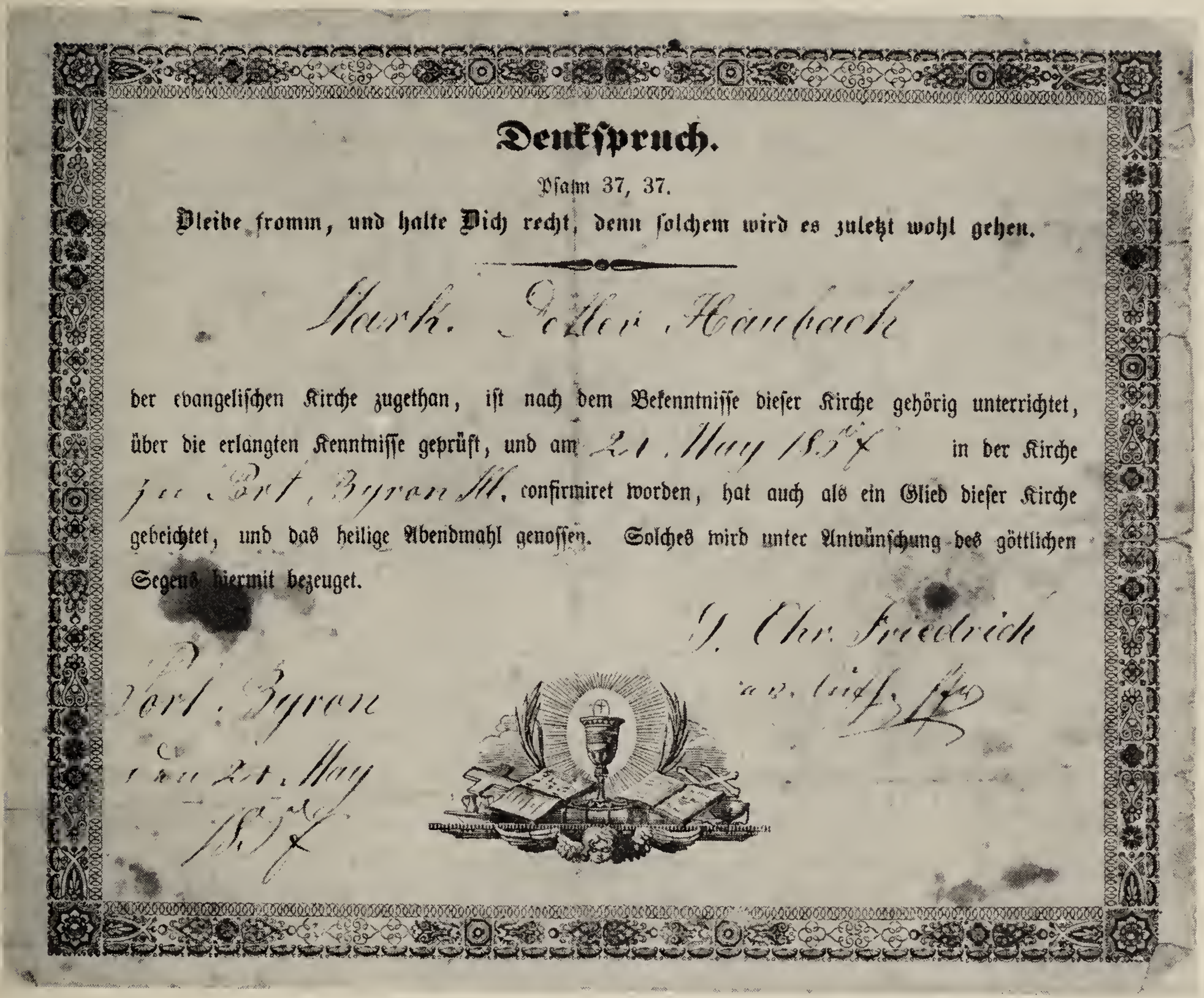
The naturalization event has its curious side: Grandfather, under date of May 8th, 1854, had gone to the Circuit Clerk of Rock Island County and made the following declaration: "John D. Hauberg, a free white man, declares on oath that it is his bonafide intention to become a citizen of the United States, and to renounce forever all allegiance to every foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty whatever." So far, so good!

Now on June 10th, 1856 he is back to finish the routine of becoming a full citizen. A form must be filled out. Frazier Wilson was clerk of the court and probably filled in the blank spaces. Grandfather signs and swears to it, and all looks to be in order until you look a second time when you find discrepancies, for example it says "John D. Hauberg, a citizen of Germany." Now, grandfather was from Schleswig-Holstein which was not Germany at all, but a Danish dukedom. Next, he forswears allegiance to every foreign prince, etc. and "Particularly to Frederick VIII, King of Denmark." Odd, isn't it, that a "citizen of Germany" should renounce allegiance to the "King of Denmark," and particularly "Frederick VIII" who was not and never had been king of Denmark, nor even of Germany!

Who cared who was king of what? All kings looked alike to the American clerk who may also have been a bit lame on European geography. Grandfather's only anxiety was to become an American citizen. Anyone with half an eye could see that he was a "Dutchman," and didn't the "dutch" come from Germany? George D. Bromley and Joseph Pershing testified that John D. Hauberg had resided in the United States five years, and that during that time he had behaved as a man of good moral character, and attached to the principles of the Constitution, and again we say, so far so good!

The next step in the proceeding was equally reckless. The judge made no record that John D. Hauberg had qualified and been admitted to citizenship. There is a whole record book full of the same kind of applications and certificates at the County Court House at Rock Island, with no record of actual admission to citizenship. Passports were refused some who wished to return to the Fatherland for a visit, on the ground that the record was insufficient to show American citizenship.

But Grandfather supposed that he had been duly admitted, and if he was it carried citizenship, also, for his two sons, Mark and Dave. If not, then none of the three were ever citizens of the United States, but right or wrong, they voted diligently the rest of their lives and all held public office. One of the sons, Mark, came very near being elected a State Senator, and it would have been a cruel joke had he been elected only to have some unsympathetic judge declare him non-qualified!



Denkſpruch.

Pſalm 37, 37.

Bleibe fromm, und halte Dich recht, denn ſolchem wird es zuletzt wohl gehen.

Mark. Detler Haubach

der evangeliſchen Kirche zugethan, iſt nach dem Bekenntniſſe dieſer Kirche gehörig unterrichtet, über die erlangten Kenntniſſe geprüft, und am 24. May 1857 in der Kirche zu Port, Byron Ill. confirmiret worden, hat auch als ein Glied dieſer Kirche gebeichtet, und das heilige Abendmahl genoſſen. Solches wird unter Anwünſchung des göttlichen Segens hiermit bezeuget.

G. Chr. Friedrich
ev. luth. Pr.

Port: Byron
den 24. May
1857

M. D. Hauberg's confirmation certificate, a product of the Sugar Grove Lutheran Congregation. (Notice the name is spelled as it is pronounced in Plattdeutsch — Haubach.) Dated May 24, 1857. The first German Lutheran Class in the county.

As stated above, others were in the same pickle — possibly more or less country wide; and an indulgent Court eventually handed down a decision stating substantially, that if an applicant had fulfilled the requirements of the naturalization laws, he must be considered a citizen; that there was no regulation specifying in what form a judge's decision was to be expressed, or what record, if any, must be made by him. You may look it up for yourself in the "American & English Encyclopedia of Law," Vol. 16, page 25, note 4. With this we conclude the argument. Our verdict is that Grandfather honestly swore to what the Circuit Clerk prepared for him; that he honestly voted; and that according to the decision of the Court above referred to, he was actually a duly naturalized citizen of the United States — including his sons.

While we may consider that naturalization was the major event of 1856, opening Grandfather's way to every kind of participation, political as well as really making himself one with his "American" neighbors, he had already advanced another kind of step. It is told by his son Mark, in his "Memoirs," viz:

"Early in the spring of 1856 I drove to Port Byron to meet Rev. C. A. T. Selle, a German Lutheran home missionary. The roads were muddy from the spring thaw. The next day was Sunday and our friends and neighbors met at our log house for church services. We organized a church and arranged to have preaching regularly. The neighbors took turns having preaching at their homes, and if there was no other place they came to our house." (81 Mems.)

So it came to pass that the strains of Dr. Martin Luther's booming battle song, "A Mighty Fortress is our God," were first heard in the Upper End, pouring out of the door and windows of the little log house. Bach's, "Now Thank We All Our God" probably gave a greater thrill because of its novelty in such surroundings, than it does today in accustomed places.

After they got the church under way they added a singing school, under the direction of Rev. J. F. Doescher, and what is a Lutheran congregation without its school? Bible study and Luther's catechism, and in addition the three R's — reading, writing and arithmetic. This parochial school was kept at the home of Christian Kramhoft who lived on the place adjoining Grandfather's on the south — a farm which Grandfather had taken up from the Government. John Arp was the teacher.

Kramhoft's house was of such unusual construction that we include a description of it — posts set in the ground with cross poles fastened to them, on each side. The space between was filled with cornstalks plastered together with clay mixed with manure, all of it smoothed over and whitewashed inside and out, and covered with a thatch of bull grass. M. D. Hauberg's description which we are copying here adds, "it — the roof — looked as neat as shingles or neater. I do not think he had a nail in the house. He drove pegs to hold the poles together." One is astonished to see, from the Hauberg "Memoirs" that this first class had a membership of nineteen. Where did they all come from? They were confirmed May 24, 1857, the exercises being held at the Congregational church in Port Byron, the minister in charge, Rev. G. Chr. Friedrich. Certainly the log house and its influence was not being kept under a bushel. We have in our possession the confirmation certificate of M. D. Hauberg, issued as of that long ago date. It indicates Schleswig-Holstein influence in that name instead of being spelled Hau"berg", Rev. Friedrich made it Hau"bach", which is the way the Platt-deutchers pronounce the name.

The congregation prospered and outgrew log cabin capacities, and there now being a public building — the school house — the services were moved to it, with German preaching in the forenoon and services in English in the afternoon by the same minister, attended by neighbors of all origins. School and church were cementing a bond, the good results of which are being enjoyed to this day.

Perhaps it was unfortunate for the Lutherans that they created such a friendly community spirit. It caused the neighborhood to work as a unit, and when the Grange came along, Grandfather joined as a charter member. Then the Free Masons, the Farmers Mutual Benefit Association and the insurance-carrying Modern Woodmen of America came along one after the other, and the Haubergs were joiners alongside their neighbors. The Lutheran ministers spoke up and reminded them that the Missouri Synod had a taboo against all "secret societies" and you could not belong to church and such a society at the same time. The Hauberg group — in its second generation — clung to its neighborhood loyalties and since they had held the leadership, the congregation began to slip. Uncle Charley Walther's is a typical case: "I went to Rev. Winter and told him I had bought a farm and was in debt; that if anything happened to me my family would lose everything and I wanted to join the Modern Woodmen and take out insurance. He said, 'No, the church won't permit it, and besides, the Lord will provide'." Uncle Charley joined the Woodmen. Without exception, where the elder children of the second generation had been confirmed, their younger sisters and brothers were not. By the time they should have been "passing the hat" for subscriptions to build a church edifice, the leadership was gone. The congregation continued to have its services in Bluff School throughout a long, lingering death which occurred about forty years after its beginning at Sugar Grove.

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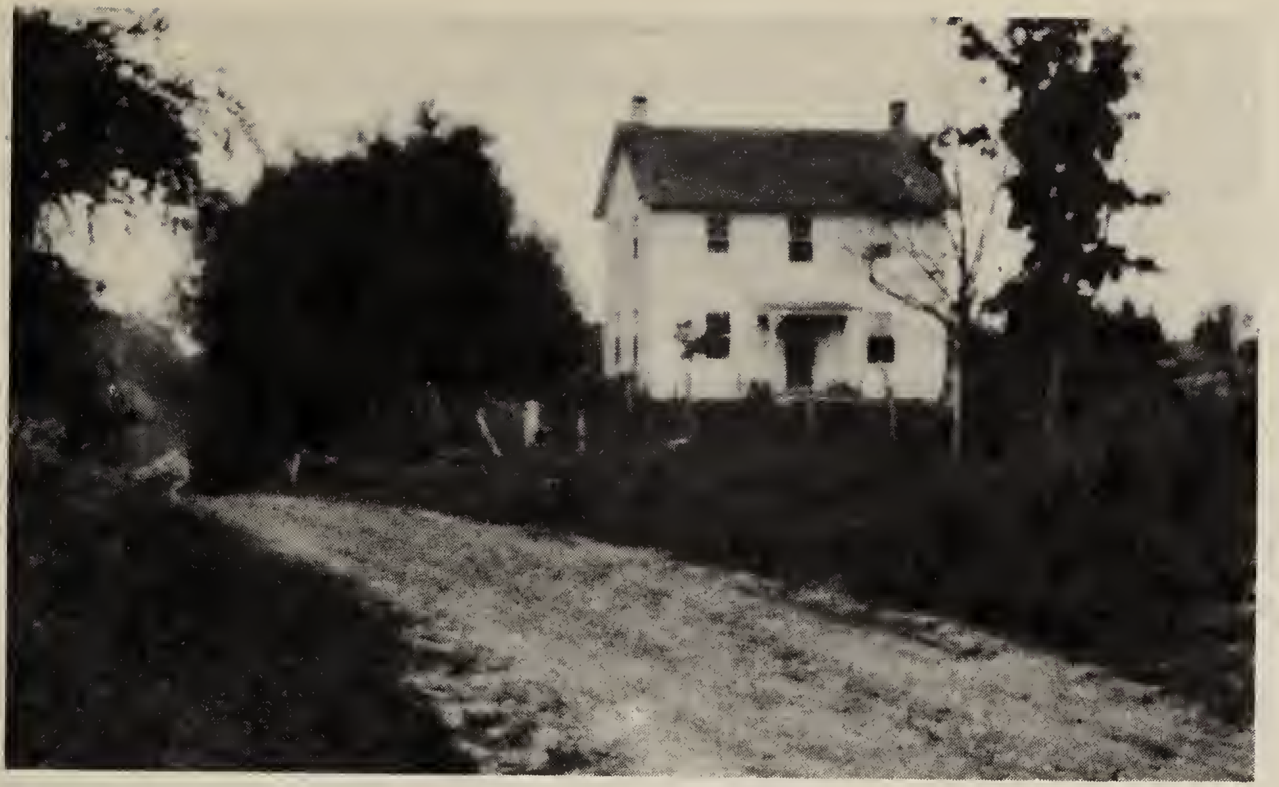
It is due, however, to say a good word for these loyal ministers of Christ. They were of the Missouri Synod, organized by a band from Saxony, Germany, including in its outset, five shiploads of adherents, the first sailing from Bremerhaven, November 3, 1838, and the fifth and last sailing from the same port, January 20, 1839. (p. 112, Dr. C. F. W. Walther by Rev. D. H. Steffens). All of them landed at New Orleans and headed in steamboats for St. Louis, all but the last ship, the "Amalia" which, after it left sight of land, was never again seen or heard from. The only explanation, the sea had swallowed them. Rev. Carl F. W. Walther was the recognized head of the church. Illinois was made part of the Western District of the Synod, and Walther conferred on the matter of their gaining a foothold in Rock Island (p. 7, 75the Anni, Immanuel, of R. I. by Ph. Wilhelm), as a result of which Pastor C. T. A. Selle sought out the Hauberg log cabin at Sugar Grove. It is said that he organized the first Missouri Synod Church in Chicago. Be that as it may, he was a diligent missionary, and he had the pleasure of ordaining Rev. J. F. Doescher, the man who in addition to preaching on the High Prairie, also started its first singing school.

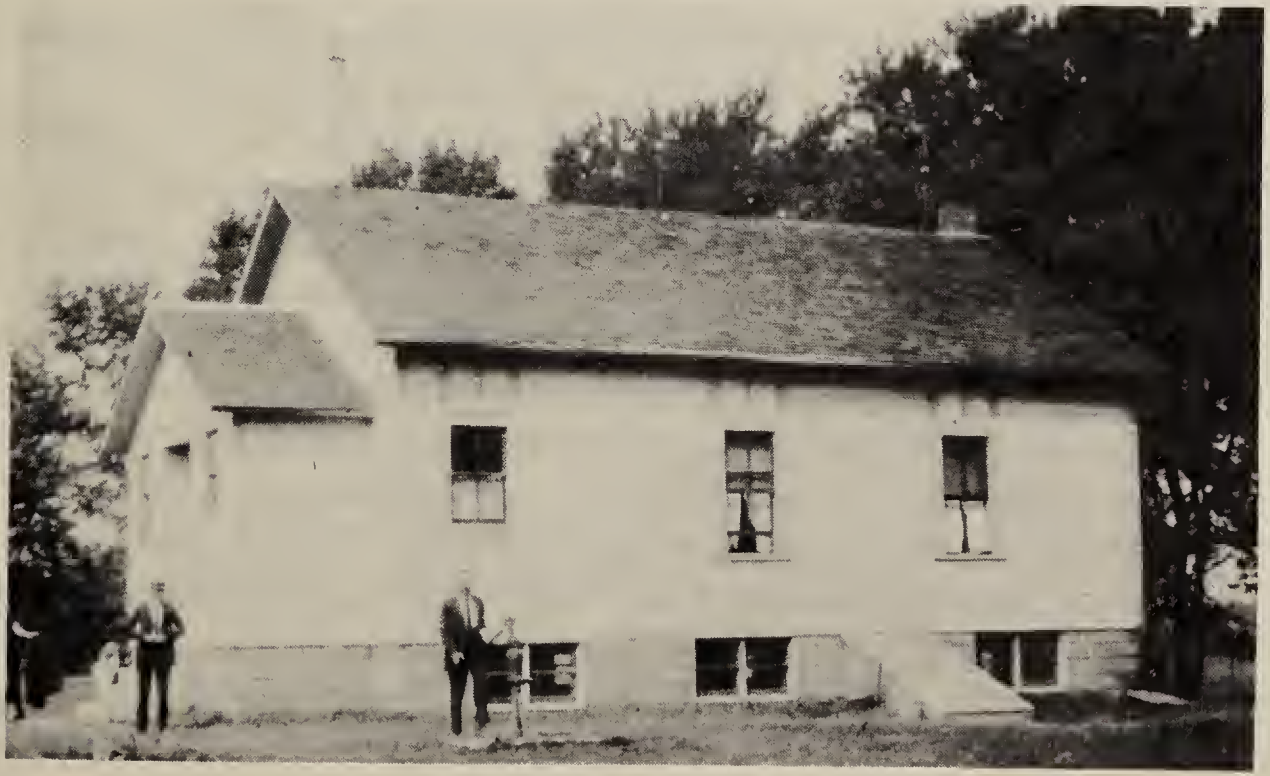
Martin Luther's reformation, dating from 1517, had brought about a vast amount of bloodshed, especially in the Thirty Years' War, 1618-'48, when Protestantism was compelled to defend itself against a determined attempt to put it down. The militant spirit of that day has come down to our own as evidenced when the late Alfred E. Smith, a Catholic, ran for president. In the "early days" there was a fear, not only on the part of the Missouri Lutherans but the New Englanders as well, that this midwest, originally Catholic French, would, unless it were not watched, become either Roman Catholic or pagan, situations which their religious convictions could not tolerate.

The other of the five principal events in which the Sugar Grove cabin contributed in this year of 1856 was that of getting a public school started. Up to this year there was neither church nor school locally. These adjuncts of civilization were to be found at Port Byron and Cordova, but the farmers were still driving oxen, and even with horses the roads were little better than trails, with prospects in any but dry weather that one would get stuck in the mud in every low place, so that going to town for church took a big share of the day; and as to school, it was impracticable for any but the older children who might go horseback. A petition was circulated. Sufficient signers were secured and the school was on the way. When Jim LaRue was solicited he replied that he'd rather buy a barrel of whisky for his boys than give the money for a school, but not all were like LaRue. Three men were chosen to purchase and to hold title to the proposed school property. They were Wesley Cain, Richard Torpin and "Lewis" Quick. They purchased from Paul Gottsche an acre of land in the southeast corner of the Northwest quarter of Section Eleven in Coe Township—a tract which Grandfather had originally pre-empted from the Government, October 12, 1853. The school lot so purchased was sixteen rods long, north and south, and ten rods wide, east and west; and here the institution of learning was established. M. D. Hauberg said it was a "little frame building about twelve by fourteen feet." Henry Quick said to the writer that he thought it was about a "14 x 16" building. Use the larger dimension, measure it out, and when you are told that it was often "crowded" on some occasion or another, you will wonder how a company of people in so small a space could by any stretch of the imagination be called a "crowd."

But now that they had the property, it was necessary to elect a Board of Directors to run the "plant." Three were elected: Amos Golden, Tunis Quick and John D. Hauberg. They hired Calvin Lambert, a likable young man to be its first teacher. A woman teacher was unthinkable for how could she handle "the big boys?" McGuffy readers were in common use at the time, and an important, in fact, indispensable part of standard equipment of the day was the hickory stick, which was kept prominently in view. One of the pupils in this first school — then in his old age told of "The worst whipping I ever saw anyone get." It was George



Here, a quarter mile north of present Bluff School, our Grandparents spent the last years of their lives — the only home that most of us remember. It was a half mile, too, west of the M. D. Hauberg stone house. From here Grandfather did his fishing, and occasional walking to Rock Island, 25 miles — unless he caught a ride with someone — to visit his youngest daughter, Margaret Schroeder. Many of us recall the Christmas celebrations here, with roast goose; the house packed with grandchildren of all ages; Santa Claus and the Tree, with loads of gifts.



Bluff School.

LaRue. Young George had undertaken to show utter contempt for order, respect or discipline, but unfortunately he had underestimated the teacher's capacity to wield the hickory. George, it is to be presumed, stood for his meals for some time after.

In Grandfather's family, Mark was now 19; Dave 17; Dores 14; Elizabeth or "Anna Louisa" as she was christened, was aged 7; and all these were in the original enrollment at this little school, and in later life delighted to tell what a fine friendly school it was.

The little school building served the neighborhood for ten seasons during which time more families had come in and more children in the families; and a site was chosen nearer the center of population for a new structure. This was a half mile south of the original school in the southeast corner of the Southwest quarter of Section Eleven — on the farm of Grandfather's son-in-law, Gottlieb Stilz. The date of the deed of conveyance is September 11, 1865, and to this day, "Bluff School" has remained on this site.

We return to 1856, Christmas time and a happy and contented family gathers around the festive board in the Sugar Grove log shanty. They have had a prosperous year — graduated from oxen to horses; been admitted to American citizenship; had a prominent hand in bringing church and school into the community; there are still wild turkey in the woods; Indians still are found mute and erect when the door is opened, right up to the door, motioning for food. All is well, and they are together — granted that Grandmother was not snatched away by some anxious expectant father who is now urging his oxen to a brisker trot, praying meanwhile that he will get her to the bedside in time to welcome another High Prairie baby.

An American-born person would probably overlook a point unless his attention were especially called to it, viz: That in the Old Country the things of the public were attended to by the State or sovereign. Roads, schools, church — all State matters, i.e. not to be bothered about by private individuals. Perhaps most immigrants throughout their lives continued to take it for granted that these things would be done for them, not by them. Grandfather early caught the American tradition: that unless you did it — or some other private person for you — it would not be done and your community would have the reputation of being backward — unprogressive.

Another condition should be mentioned: That a large percent of Schleswig-Holsteiners were agnostic or atheist, and not merely non-church, but actively anti-church. It may be said that the pioneering Americans of Upper Rock Island County were, as a class, religiously inclined, and that, therefore, Grandfather's religious convictions and activities fitted the more warmly into the approved life of the neighborhood.

The year of 1857 was another outstanding year. Within the family circle there was first of all the birth of Maria Dorothea, April 4th; christened June 14th, with Maria Bomberg and Dorothea Winterfeldt as godparents. Next came the confirmation exercises by which the elder children became members of the Lutheran Church. This class, as mentioned above was a *first* in the county. In October occurred the marriage of their fifteen year old daughter Dores, to Gottlieb Stilz — October 24th — the first of the family to marry.

And now to subjects of wider community interest. Rock Island county had originally been organized to have its affairs run by three commissioners. It was said to have been copied from the southern states — even to the extent that when they copied a system of taxation they included a tax on slaves! Now in 1856, with a total vote of 2,822 for the entire county, it was decided to adopt the Township style — the New England style of government, with a representative from each township, sitting on a County Board of Supervisors, the same to go into effect in 1857. Each township would elect its own Clerk, Justices of the Peace, Constables, Road Commissioners, etc. Of course there were demands for this, that and the other, among them the demand that the public stop driving anywhere, across farms at will, and that on the other hand there be definite roads established, to be kept in repair so that there would always be a chance, regardless of weather, of reaching one's destination without having to be pulled out of a mudhole. At this time stage coaches were still carrying fence rails used for prying the coach, not to say the horses themselves, out of mud; and they carried an extra kingbolt in case the bumps were so terrific as to break one.

The road commissioners chosen in the local Township Election were Henry Lascalles, Edward McFadden and John D. Hauberg, thus giving Grandfather another "first," locally.

Another matter which excited the whole Upper End especially was a railroad, the "Sterling and Rock Island Railway Company," which was promoted in 1857. It was to come from Rock Island, up beside the Mississippi, through Port Byron and Cordova where it would turn eastward and cross the 'Docia within but a very few miles of Grandfather and his neighbors, thus making the farmers of the neighborhood easy marks for those whose task it was to raise money for the road. Many of the farmers subscribed, giving their notes secured by mortgages on their respective properties. In fact, there is at the County Recorder's office a record book especially printed, bound and kept for the recording of these railroad mortgages. Among the neighbors subscribing and the respective amounts, were: Amos Golden, $200.00; Garrett S. Quick, $200.00; Jacob H. Marshall, $400.00; Calvin Goodrich, $500.00; Henry Saddoris, $500.00; "Billy G." Marshall, $500.00; and there were the more ambitious for the railroad, such as George E. Holmes, $1000.00; Nathaniel Dorrance, $1300.00; and Nathaniel Belcher, most anxious of all, $1600.00. These larger amounts were subscribed in Port Byron and among them were the Gates', (the family from which came President Harry Truman's mother-in-law,) George M. Gates who signed for a thousand dollars, and gave a mortgage. Doubtless, some of the above suffered financial reverses because of their zeal to promote the progress of their communities. All the above were signed up in August of 1857. The roadbed was graded, ties laid, stone abutments for bridges in place, but they were unable to secure the necessary steel rail for the track, and the whole project was abandoned. Today you may see the grade up above Port Byron and at Cordova where it turns east and crosses the 'Docia to Erie, parts of the grade being used today for a public highway. Grandfather subscribed for, but did not give a mortgage, for $400.00, and resisted payment of his note in the courts. Charles Quick, late of Cordova said, "My wife's father, Phillips, turned his farm over to "Billy G" Marshall to keep the railroad company from taking it, and as for my own father, Garrett Quick, they took the last cow he had." Among other neighbors sued by the railroad company were John Winterfeldt and Tunis Quick. Taking one's last cow, where the subscription was but $200.00, indicated how very tight money was at the time. It was a time of financial depression.

Grandfather's new world in 1848 was not the United States of today. There were but five states west of the Mississippi, and California, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona and part of Wyoming still belonged to Mexico. There was no Alaska on our map. However, a war was in progress with Mexico, which yielded the territory from which the states above-mentioned were formed. No railroad had reached the Mississippi river. Iowa was admitted to Statehood the year he came, but Wisconsin was still a territory. It was this year that James Marshall, whose relatives had settled at Cordova and Coe Township, discovered gold in California. The quarrel between the North and the South was getting hotter.

Even when, after five years he moved to the High Prairie to start his career as a farmer, Indians came annually in numbers to camp along the 'Docia and along Rock River, hunting and trapping and calling, meanwhile, at settlers' cabins for food or anything else that attracted them. While they were almost always peaceably inclined, there was, nevertheless, the continuing war farther west, for Indian lands, with the usual stories of atrocities.. The Indian reputation of the day was that he was a killer, and many a woman, when home alone with the children, would become deathly scared, barricading herself in the house when she saw an Indian approaching. Practically all settlers of that day, including the Haubergs, were visited by the red man, and had stories to tell which usually illustrated the fact that more or less fear and danger was believed to be involved.

John D. Hauberg amazes us with the speed with which he progressed in this new land of the free. They came from Holstein with but few possessions, having sold their goods and chattels at auction sale before leaving for America. The family historian, M. D. Hauberg in his "Memoirs" says that they remained in Tennessee about nine months. Counting from the date of the funeral of Magdalena, June 24, 1848, it may have been mid-March or April 1st, 1849 when they left Tennessee and started on their long river journey to Rock Island County, Illinois, stopping enroute twice, of a month's duration each, at Decatur, Alabama and Paducah, Kentucky, to earn money for steamboat fare for the next succeeding stretch. This could have landed them at the Davenport, Iowa levee around June 1st or the middle of June, 1849. They moved into a shanty in Moline. Grandfather and his boys went to work, and in seven and a half months time, they had enough cash on hand to purchase a tract of three-tenths of an acre, with a house a story and a half in size, and a basement, located on the east side of present 14th Street, Moline, on the side hill. It was purchased of George W. Bell and Maria, his wife, under date of January 18, 1850—Grandfather's first personal ownership of real estate.

Industry and thrift on the part of both parents and the two sons continued so that under date of November 17th, 1851, it was possible to purchase their first real farm land — the Sugar Grove Quarter Section in northeast Coe Township in Rock Island County, which remains in the family to this day. This land was purchased of Elihu B. Washburne and his wife, Adele Gratiot Washburne (two names prominent in United States history), the consideration being $255.00.

By continued aggressiveness, substantially added to by hiring out his two sons, Mark and Dave, through whose employment a steady income was provided, it came to pass that by September 29th, 1862, when the boys had grown up, he conveyed to each, a good farm with buildings, the consideration for which included an annuity, from each son, of one hundred dollars in cash and certain amounts of grain and hay per year, to run for the period of his life, and if he or Grandmother should die, the survivor was to receive half the amount. Thus, in about fourteen years he had covered the hurdles from scratch to financial independence and life-long security!

Mrs. Ketura Quick, widow of Garrett S. Quick, was telling of the days gone by and among other things she said: "I remember your grandfather and grandmother. I remember one time he had a buggy: It was something in them days to have a buggy. It was a one-horse buggy, and someone borrowed it, upset it in the ditch and broke it. He said 'They broked my bucket. They jumped the ditch in'."

While Grandmother spun, and knitted wristlets, scarfs, stockings and mittens for her ever-increasing number of grandchildren, Grandfather would be out in his or his son's pastures with a little axe, chopping out hazel brush which covered much of the land. In his later years, his hobby was that of walking to the 'Docia. He would have his willow fishpoles hidden in some hedge fence, take them out and fish for bullheads, pickerel, sunfish, etc., and if successful beyond their own powers of consumption, he carried them miles so the neighbors might have a change of diet.

While fishing was to his liking, we have no tradition that he ever carried a gun, either for self-protection or to kill game. We have seen above that when he visited his original farm, they scared up several deer but never a thought, apparently, of shooting any of them! It is our thought that he did not so much as own a gun.

Grandfather's descendants will know better than to think that at the age of 54 he was ready and willing to idle away the rest of his life playing, fishing and sitting around, waiting for the undertaker. An instance of how part of his time was spent is shown in an order from the Township Road Commissioners — Jesse Dailey, Mark Ashdown and J. B. Miller — dated May 27, 1868, directing him to "proceed to open the road on the Town Line between Coe Town and Canoe Creek, and known as the John Wiese road," etc. It is a hilly road and in our own day was crowded with brush. His last years were spent on a Forty, the house being on the roadside a half mile west of the M. D. Hauberg rock house.

Our grandparents, as the writer knew them lived a half mile west of the M. D. Hauberg stone house, and a quarter mile north of Bluff School, so they were on our path to school. Odelia Stilz was with them. We often scored on the cookie supply; the afternoon "coffee," and Grandfather on occasion would slip a quarter dollar into my hands with the admonition "Don't say anything about this." Our hired men would haul his fat hogs to market being amply repaid by a swig from Grandfather's jug, or glass. If the coal pile showed signs of depletion, the writer would be sent to Rapids City, usually with a bob sleigh, to secure a load from the coal mines there, sometimes getting stuck in deep snow on the way home.

If a severe electrical storm came on, the household would sit in chairs with hands folded in reverence and all silent as if to say "If our time has come we are ready."

One time at fishing, a fin scratched and poisoned his hand and it swelled, whether from this we do not know, but it all seemed to follow one after the other — Grandfather developed a bad carbuncle on his back which finally laid him low. A Port Byron doctor was sent for, and Aunt Maggie Schroeder said that when she heard that Grandfather had a doctor, she knew it was most serious. He died at his home. Our hired man, Harry Abraham shaved him but the A. H. Wendt hearse from Port Byron carried him to the little Lutheran cemetery on his original quarter section. The funeral was held at Bluff school, and Pastor Louis Winter conducted services through his tears. Possibly he realized that the end was near for the Lutheran congregation which had been started at the Sugar Grove log house, for he had personally had a hand in informing Grandfather's sons and son-in-law, that they could no longer belong to his church because of having joined organizations which to the church were taboo.

GRANDMOTHER HAUBERG

There was a member of Grandfather's firm whom we cannot pass over lightly — a woman, and what a woman she was — our grandmother! This book will reveal many a descendant who has been an influence in his or her community, but perhaps Grandmother outdid any one of them. She stood loyally not only by her husband through all the thick and thin of their life — and sometimes it was awfully thin, but she made herself a positive dependable member of her community who night or day would come to serve a neighbor in distress whether by want or illness or a prospective new arrival in a family, and with never a thought of compensation.

She was born at Elmschenhagen, a village but a little walk southeast of the large city of Kiel, Holstein, where her father, Marx Clement Griese, owned a parcel of ground which included the village smithy, with himself as the blacksmith (hufschmiede). The mother was Anna Christine, nee Kuehl. Grandmother was born there, July 26, 1811, and was christened at the local Lutheran church July 28, 1811, her godparents beings Anna Christine — (illegible), Dorothea Witt and Jochim Clement Griese. In this ceremony she was named Catharina Margaretha. She had three brothers, one of whom followed his father's trade at Hamburg, another who was in the wood and fuel business in Kiel, and the other owned a large livery service in Berlin. Grandmother had been the mother of five children when the family migrated to America — Hans, who died as a child; Mark, David, Dorothea and Magdalena. Four more would be added this side the big waters — Anna Louisa, Catherine, Margaret and Mary. Of these six daughters, Magdalena and Mary died young.

The writer has an old-fashioned "autographs" book, into which one of his Bluff School teachers, later a university professor, wrote the following maxim: "Hew to the line and let the chips fall where they may." Presumably, its author felt that he had given the world a fine rule by which to succeed in life — which is true — but at the same time it can be a very cruel habit. That our grandparents followed this rule is indicated by a story told by a neighbor of theirs, Mrs. Jimmy Guinn, a family of Orange Irish, living a half mile away. Said Mrs. Guinn:

"Yer grandmother said when her and her man came here — now maybe you won't like me to say this, but I'm going to, because yer grandmother often told it to me, and her girls didn't like her to tell these things. Yer grandmother said when her and her man came here to this county they had a kittle, and they'd take corn and break it up and cook it as they came along. She said she couldn't get a new dress. Well, in them times things was dear. The making of a sheet was one dollar alone. She said she'd put corn in a sack and broke it with a rock and cooked it, and she said it done pretty well. Yer grandmother was a fine old lady, a fine old lady entirely. We were great friends, and she said 'When I tell my girls that they don't like to hear it.' I says, 'it's no disgrace, and if they start poor and get rich it's all the more credit.' When her girls growed up they worked in a store in Rock Island and they'd come home and have parties — dances, and they'd dance in white slippers and yer grandfather'd think they was dancing in their stocking feet, and he'd tell them to go and put their shoes on. I'd laugh at them." (Interview, October 21, 1918.)

In her later years, her grandchildren tell of the more even tenor of her life: knitting, or seated at the spinning wheel which was kept gently purring, her foot on the pedal, her hands automatically feeding in the wool, while propped up in front of her would be a book on the History of the World, or perchance a newspaper so she could read while working.

She took a keen interest in politics, and also was always ready to discuss the Bible and its interpretation. She loved children, and it is the testimony of a granddaughter, Emma Fairhurst, that instead of playing with children she preferred to be with Grandmother. Nor was it the cookie jar which was the attraction, but which was kept supplied in case little hands made a call. The four o'clock "Coffee" was an institution, and we thought "Coffee Bread" was so named because it dunked so well. Turning a wayfarer from the door without food or lodging was foreign to their nature; equally so if a call came from a neighbor in distress.

All their surviving children married, and continued to live within walking distance: Mark married Anna Margaret Frels, born on Hampton Bluff, in Rock Island County; Dave married Wiebke Messer, of Holstein; Dores married Gottlieb Stilz of Wurtemburg; Elizabeth married Dietrich H. Bracker of Holstein; Catherine married Charles G. Walther of Saxony; and Margaret married Frederick H. Schroeder, of Hanover.

We have seen that our grandparents' children and in-laws were too independent to be dictated to, as to taboos, by the Missouri Lutherans, and that instead, they and their descendents joined with other worthwhile people, regardless of church or nationality, until today you will find them members of the Baptists, the Christian Scientists, the Episcopalians, the Lutherans, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and probably other Protestant denominations, and a roll call of the European nations whose children have intermarried with Hauberg descendants would include the Dutch, English, French, German, Irish, Norwegian, Scotch, Swedes, Swiss, and probably others.

John Detlev Hauberg died March 13, 1886 at the age of 78, and was buried in the Little Lutheran cemetery located on his original Quarter Section. Their home was now discontinued, and Grandmother lived with her daughters, now with one, and again with another. She was staying with her daughter, Mrs. D. H. Bracker, when on October 10th, 1896, she passed to her reward at the age of 85.

Mrs. M. D. Hauberg wrote her son John, under date of October 12, 1896, as follows:

"My Dear Son: This is a sad letter for you. Grandmother breathed her last, Saturday the 10th, at nine o'clock in the morning, and was buried at four o'clock

The "Kittle" as Mrs. Guinn called it. It is a heavy iron kettle and was used by Grandmother Hauberg both for cooking and for baking — a Dutch Oven as they called them — live coals both on the under side and on the inverted lid. A world of corn bread, biscuit and "light bread" was and is made, and of excellent quality, in the "Dutch Ovens."

These too, are from Grandmother's exclusive department: Wool carder and spinning wheel brought from Holstein as they came over in 1848.

Sunday. Rev. Brock preached the sermon at two o'clock Sunday at the house. There was a very large crowd, I think from seventy-five to one hundred rigs, as it seemed to me. The weather was nice and the family were all there but Lena and Emil and Mary B. The rest were all there.

"The casket was covered with flowers. The United Brethren singers (choir) sang. Tillie Liphardt organist.

"I was with Grandma all night. She suffered a great deal of pain the last three days and did not eat or drink anything, and did not seem to notice any of us, but before that she was easy all through her sick spell. The doctor was to see her last Tuesday; he gave her up. Last Monday I was there; she says to me 'Give my best regards to all.' Her mind was all right. Her last nine hours she slept and never woke up again.

"She looked real nice in her black dress and silk neck handkerchief, and a black lace cap. Mrs. Liphardt and I washed and dressed her. Rev. Winter and daughter was up Friday, but he was too late to give her communion. He was to come last Sunday but did not have time, so they did not want him to preach the funeral sermon. The pallbearers were Mr. Wesley Cain, Mr. Peter Mahlstedt, Mr. Henry Banker, Mr. William Mill, Mr. Alex Ashdown and Mr. Hans Brandt. John Liphardt had charge of the funeral. Mr. Wendt was there with his hearse.

Love to you, write soon,
Mother" (Mrs. M. D. Hauberg).

GRANDFATHER'S LANDS

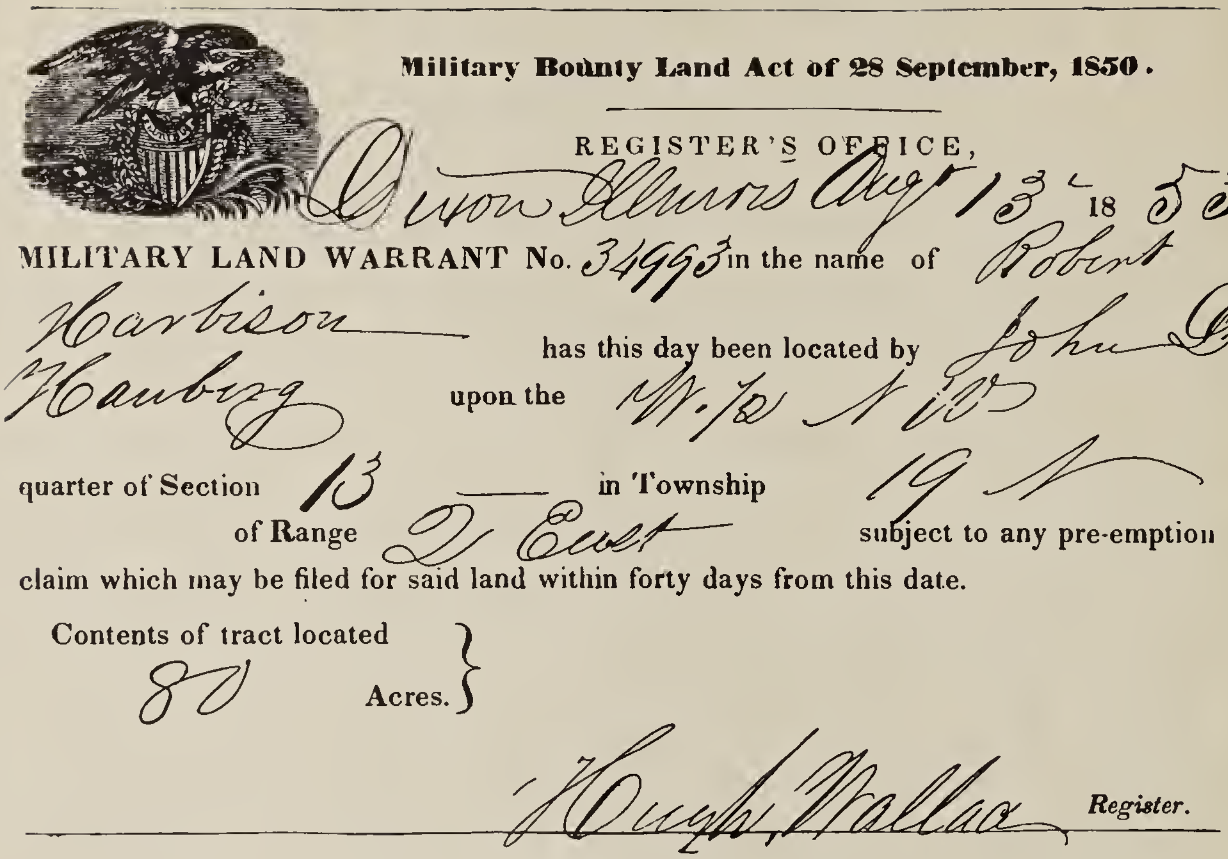
A Ninety Mile Walk In One Day

After four years of residence in Moline, Grandfather parted company with the home he had purchased of George W. Bell in 1850, and moved to the country — to Sugar Grove on the High Prairie, to the land bought of Elihu B. Washburne, of Galena, Ill., under date of October 17, 1851. An ox wagon conveyed his family up, in 1853.

Never again was he a city resident. While he was far from being the first to acquire a home on the High Prairie, he was, nevertheless, settling down on land never before occupied except as the Indian wandered over it in pursuit of game. The two civilizations or cultures, centuries apart in progress, were as vastly different. Instead of a hoe with which but a patch of ground was cultivated, there was used an ox-drawn plow which turned the virgin sod in comparatively large blocks of fields. Instead of depending on the wilderness for meat, there was the pasture; the cow yard; the feed pen with their domesticated animals; and poultry in place of wild fowl. That our ancestors too had come up from the condition of the Indian is abundantly proven by the artifacts in the form of flints found all over not only Germany, but England, France, the Scandinavian and other countries, and today exhibited in museums in Europe and in our own country, but that, of course was thousands of years ago.

When you speak of "land hungry" immigrants, the term fits Grandfather as a glove fits the hand. The year 1853 saw large tracts of government-owned land still to be had in the "Upper end" of Rock Island County. In fact, as late as 1860 land here was still being "entered" with the Land Office. Settlers of the Sugar Grove neighborhood wended their way to Dixon, up on Rock River, where Hugh Wallace, Land Registrar held forth, having to cross en route the "Meredosia" (Marais d'Osier, Lake of Willows), or "'Docia" as it was usually called — an anciently abandoned channel of the Mississippi river. There was ground near its center, high enough out of the swamps so one could cross with less danger of miring down and known as the "Middle Crossing." Here they would cross, with Dixon some forty miles to the northeast; and we have records of Grandfather making two trips to Dixon, the same year that he moved to the country — 1853 — one on August 13th and the other on October 12th; and both times filing on public lands — in one case under the Military Bounty Land Act of 28th September, 1850, and the one in October under the Preemption Right under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved September 4, 1841.

The "entry" of August 13th was for an eighty next south of Grandfather's purchase from Washburne. The same day one Henry S. Steele "entered" a forty which adjoined Grandfather's original farm on the west. Probably the latter had hoped to be the fortunate one to secure that forty for on that same date he paid Steele



Military Bounty Land Act of 28 September, 1850.

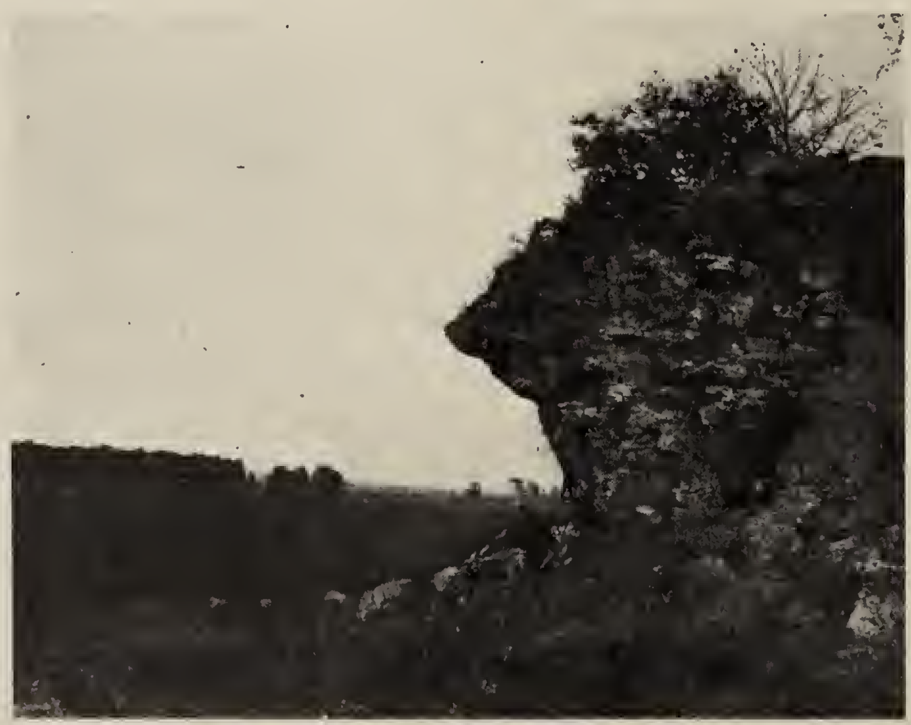
REGISTER'S OFFICE,
Dixon Illinois Aug 13th 1853

MILITARY LAND WARRANT No. 34993 in the name of Robert Harbison has this day been located by John D Hauberg upon the W. ½ N W quarter of Section 13 in Township 19 N of Range 2 East subject to any pre-emption claim which may be filed for said land within forty days from this date.

Contents of tract located 80 Acres.

Hugh Wallace *Register.*

Reminders of John Detlev Hauberg's visits to the U. S. Land Office at Dixon, Illinois. The above was for the 80 acres adjoining his original quarter section on the south.



The oft mentioned 'Docia (Marais d'osier) at the Middle Crossing, with Phileo's Island at the left background. Here is where Grandfather crossed this ancient Mississippi River bed on his ninety mile walk to Dixon and back one day.

Vandal hands blasted this rock away and used it to macadamize the Middle Crossing road.

six dollars in cash and gave his note for $63.00 due thirteen months after date, for this particular forty, the deed for which was executed January 8, 1854. This would have made a farm all in one tract of 280 acres, but since Grandfather had deeded the east eighty of his original Washburne lands to Henry Knock, March 1, 1853, he now had a farm, somewhat hilly, of 200 acres.

The October, 1853 visit to Dixon was for a quarter section of land, the north eighty of which today is owned by Claire V. Golden. For some reason, however, Grandfather did not complete the title to this tract.

Competition for public lands was often very keen to the point of violence. Following an altercation over realty, Thomas Syms of Port Byron was ordered to jail — when the County had no jail — and his escape from the constable on their way to a jail in far away Alton, is a story by itself. The case of Edmond A. Phileo and William McKenney over a tract of land six miles west of Grandfather's and one and a half miles above Port Byron — on the Mississippi, had a more serious ending. After a long line of personal encounters with fists, clubs, and even guns, and burning each other's buildings and time after time in court suing each other, the court awarded the land to Phileo whereupon he was shot from ambush, lingered some days under the care of Dr. J. H. Lyford, but died, and McKenney was — after three trials — sentenced "To be taken to the place of execution on June 23, 1845 next to be hanged by the neck until he is dead." (The governor pardoned him.)

Grandfather had what might be called walking contests with some of his neighbors. One when Jacob Marshall arrived at Dixon first and secured the prize which both were seeking — then also the instance mentioned above when H. S. Steele was successful in claiming a Forty which J. D. Hauberg wanted, after which Grandfather did the ninety mile walk in a single day, doubtless with grim determination, as told by the late Fred Owens and corroborated by son Mark D. Hauberg. Mr. Harry Getz of Moline on hearing the story was skeptical that a man could perform such a feat and made a point of investigating, whereupon he found that several other men had done ninety mile walks in a single day, one or more of whom, like Grandfather, were hastening to a land office to "enter" government lands.

We give here the story as told by Mr. Owens who was living at the Middle Crossing of the 'Docia at this time, directly on the route followed by Grandfather. Owens' account of it is as follows: "One time he (J. D. Hauberg) came to our house at two or three o'clock in the morning. I got up and he says 'I going to Dixon.' I says, 'Are you afoot.' He says, 'Ya, I go on foot.' He had a dozen pairs of socks with him and I asked what he was going to do with them. He said, 'I going sell them. I'd like a cup of coffee.' Mother got it for him. 'I be back tonight.' he said. Mother said, 'You can't get back today, Dixon is forty miles from here.' 'Ya,' he says, 'I'll be back.' At eleven or twelve that night there was a rap at the door. It was him. He says, 'Ya, I got dere a half hour ahead of de other feller. I got my land, but I was scared.' I said, 'There's plenty of land.' It was selling at $1.25 per acre from the Government."

Nor was there much quibbling about chain of title when lands were so recently acquired. There was sometimes not so much as a down payment, but just an agreement to sell and to buy, of which the following is an instance—between Grandfather and the late Capt. Wm. H. Harte:

"September 30, 1855. Sale and agreement between W. H. Harte on the one part and John Hobert on the second part. William H. Harte agrees to sell to John Hobert 80 acres of land originally owned by Moore & Sargeant for the sum of six hundred and sixty dollars at ten percent interest, the said six hundred sixty dollars to be secured by mortgage on the property. And the said money $660 to be paid December 1st, 1856. He, W. H. Harte agrees to run out the line before the signing of the Mortgage." (signed) J. D. Hauberg — W. H. Harte.

We will not follow Grandfather through all his real estate transactions, and in fact the records fail to show all of them, if we judge by tax receipts in the writer's possession, which indicate that he owned all told some 870 acres.

Under date of November 29th, 1862, he and Grandmother executed deeds of conveyance to each of their two sons — Mark and Dave. Each thereby secured title to one of Grandfather's farms, the consideration in each case being $100.00 cash, and 25 bushels of wheat, 100 bushels of corn and four tons of hay yearly "To be delivered and paid on or before the 1st of every ensuing November as long as the said John D. Hauberg and Margaret C. his wife liveth," and in case one should die, the survivor to receive the same per year except that the cash payment be reduced to $50.00 per year.

Our grandparents had now been farmers for ten years. The above-named transactions made them independently well off — their future living assured. Ten years from scratch to a life of retirement — to being a man of leisure — is not a bad record. No one who knows the blood will believe, however, that they now sat down to a life of idleness.

GRANDFATHER'S BIG BARN

M. D. Hauberg said it was the largest barn in the country except the John Marshall's where William Mill afterwards lived — now Wildermuths'. It is located on Section Fourteen, in Coe township, a farm which in turn was occupied by five different units of the Hauberg clan.

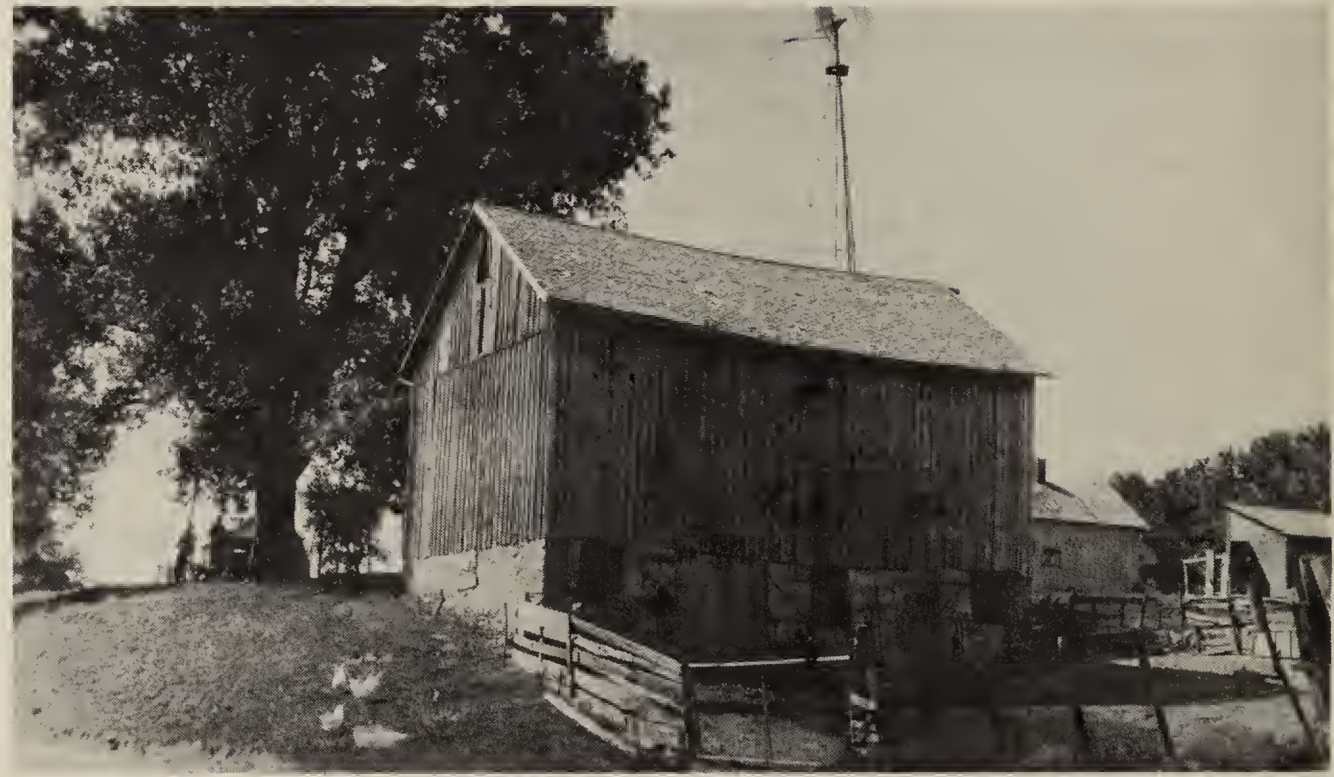
Grandfather bought the raw prairie 80 of Dr. E. E. Rogers, of Port Byron paying $400.00 for it — under date of October 2, 1855, and built a shanty on it for shelter while breaking the land. When his older son came of age in 1858 the place was rented to him and he lived a bachelor's life in the shanty for a year.

In 1859 a different deal was made. Grandfather moved here and built himself a real house, letting son Mark have the original log house at Sugar Grove, and in 1861 Grandfather built the Big Barn.

We cannot imagine a structure like this barn being started on its usefulness without a dedication — a dance, of course, but we lack particulars, but in 1862 — along about September 15th or a few days later, the big affair was the wedding dance of son Mark and his bride, Anna Margaret Frels, with all the neighbors in attendance — except the Winterfeldts. It was a windy, rainy night, and Mr. Winterfeldt came to the Sugar Grove cabin next morning to apologize for the failure of himself and wife to appear at the dance. Said he: "The oxen refused to face the rain and wind and there was nothing we could do but turn around and go back home." Apparently he was impressed by the bride's tallness — she said, they used to call her "longlegs," and he remarked "Mark if you ever lose her, don't look for her in the strawsack" (mattress).

In the fall of that year, November 29, 1862, son Jurgen D. Hauberg bought it of Grandfather, and five years later he purchased the Gottlieb Stilz place January 27, 1867 — we are not sure that Jurgen (Uncle Dave) moved to the Stilz farm — However, Uncle Dave sold this Section Fourteen place to Dedrick Bracker — the fourth Hauberg member to own it — under date of September 3, 1872, and now it became the central point for all the farmers around because Uncle Dedrick was the country blacksmith. He introduced the fifth member of our clan, Charles G. Walther to the place, employing him to do the farm work while he himself was busy at the anvil. Here the elder children of the Hauberg families came to play with Herman and Catherine Bracker, and watched with wonder as Uncle Dedrick would pound a white heat iron on the anvil with sparks flying viciously in all directions. We wondered that it did not set the shop afire. He would take a horse's foot between his knees to shoe him and we wondered why he was not kicked all over the place by an unruly horse.

Emma Hauberg Fairhurst was reminiscing as this was being typed. She was born in the Sugar Grove cabin February 2, 1865, and soon began to take notice of



John D. Hauberg's barn, built in 1861, was one of the largest in its day. It was on Section 14, Coe Town. His own son Dave acquired this place in 1862, to be succeeded by D. H. Bracker with his blacksmith shop, and Chas. G. Walther who was employed here under Bracker.

events. She recalled a dance in this barn, her own mother wearing a white lawn dress with little green figures in it — while Aunt Mary Hauberg also had a dress like it but with red flowered figures. "Ma's had wide flowing sleeves" and Emma remembered that Aunt Mary and "Ma" looked very beautiful. "I believe Uncle Dave was living there then," she added. Her own brother Johnny and cousin Herman wore black suits with light color threads through, and trimmed in green braid — these suits had been made by their respective mothers — and directly east of the house — in the road, they had ring riding — but this was when Aunt Lizzie Bracker was living there. Emma continued: "They'd have a barn full of people and always nice music — on the accordion, and all were good dancers."

Those were the days! In those years and for long years after, fist fights were often a part of somebody's choice kind of recreation. M. D. Hauberg and his father too, were good at it, but we have no story of their starting a fight, but Uncle Mark used to tell of a time when some young bloods of Port Byron came out. "Where are you going," asked a fellow citizen. "To a Dutch dance and lick hell out of them" was the reply and they were off. The only details we have is that Marx said the folks were worried and one of them — here at the big barn of course — said: "I think you hit him too hard Mark, he ain't come to yet."

It got talked around that the Port Byron "Bully" was alerted to settle with Mark, so the latter promptly looked him up, whereupon having looked each other over, they "set 'em up" and remained friends.

There was a tradition too, that on another occasion when some self elected "toughs" came, looking for trouble, that Grandfather ended their fun by pitching one of them over the fence into the road!

Under date of March 8, 1882, Dedrick H. Bracker and wife sold this place to Luther S. Pearsall, and on the very same date, took over the farm in Canoe Creek township, some two miles to the northeast, in the Enterprise school district, where Uncle Dave's attended. Uncle Dave having purchased the Isaiah Marshall farm — the place where he had gone to work the day after the family moved up from Moline, in '53, under date of October 3, 1872 at a consideration of seven thousand dollars.

Meanwhile, the old "big barn" is still standing; still in service. But by present standards it is not a "big" barn, being but 24½ feet wide by 36½ feet long. We inspected it recently and were surprised to find it was built almost entirely of sawmill lumber, not even the frame being hewed timbers, except the sills under the barn, which may have been a contribution from Sugar Grove.

INDIANS

Perhaps there was not a family in those early days that did not have stories of visits to their homes by Indians. The writer is not certain where these visitors came from nor from which tribe, but old Jim Poweshiek, grandson of the great Chief Poweshiek who had his village where Davenport, Iowa is now, told the writer that in his boyhood — he was born about 1854 — he hunted over Rock Island County lands with others of the Fox or Mesquaki tribe. It is presumed that Winnebagoes too who had formerly lived at Prophetstown, on Rock River, and had roamed through here on their way to Fort Armstrong where they would on occasion shoot and scalp soldiers who were out of the protection of the fort — would return to these parts, and we know it to be certain that Shaubena (the name is spelled 17 different ways), chief of the Pottawatomies, came along frequently, since his tribe owned all the present "Upper End" of Rock Island County, ceding it to the Government in 1829, the treaty expressly providing that they could continue to hunt on the lands so long as they continued to be the property of the United States — and Coe township still had government lands as late as the year 1860.

The writter has a daguerreotype of old Shaubena which the chief presented to a Rock Island lady on one of his visits there. One of his tribesmen, Now-que-kee-suk and an Indian boy with him shot a hog on the farm of James V. Miller, next south of Barber Creek, Port Byron, and in an altercation between them the Indian shot Mr. Miller. This was January 1st, 1835. The late George W. McMurphy of Hillsdale told of his father and others hunting all over the Upper End of the County for the Indian and coming up with him just as he was crossing Rock River on the ice near Joslin. They shot at him and actually caught him and he was brought before Joel Thompson, a Justice of the Peace on a charge of "Assault with an intent to commit murder," and was required to give bond to appear before the circuit court at Farnhamsburgh, which was at the time our County seat. Naturally, our settlers felt themselves to be superior to a mere Indian and under date of January 18, 1835 put him under a one thousand dollar bond and for greater certainty, had Now-que-kee-suk's friends sign with him, viz: Shitee, Pat-oo-suck, Shem-i-naw, Shaw-shaw-quis-ee and Mach-e-we-ta. Where these Indians kept one thousand dollars in case the defendant "jumped bond" does not appear but they faithfully appeared in Court at the appointed time — It is amusing not to say laughable how our white friends proceed with all the solemnity of our laws, brought down from old England, each Indian's name followed by a "seal," the red man himself making "his mark," everything like a machine in good repair guaranteed to do the work, but the Indian too had a few old fashioned tricks and when he came to court he had his friends with him. Ben Goble in his pioneer Life, p. 22, says he served on the Grand Jury which indicted him. Now six Indians all dressed and painted alike came in. Poor Mr. Miller could not tell one from the other. He could not say which Indian shot him and there was nothing the court could do but dismiss the case. Doubtless the Indians had a good laugh over it.

In those days the 'Docia was alive with wild fowl and muskrats, and deer had multiplied greatly so it was the most natural thing for Indians to return to these old hunting grounds which they had formerly roamed.

Uncle Dedrick Bracker told of Indians camping along Rock River and on the islands in the river. He had worked in Kaehler's blacksmith shop and later purchased it. One day neighbor Kramhoeft was having some work done there, and while waiting was grinding his axe at the grindstone which he worked with a pedal. While busy in this way an Indian came in, and seeing the grindstone doing such good work he got out his tomahawk and held it to the grindstone to sharpen it. Mr. Kramhoeft's face got very red for he didn't want to be pedaling for the Indian's benefit, and at the same time he didn't know what the Indian would do if he quit — he might use the tomahawk on him.

At this time the Indian Wars were still under way with much bloodshed farther west, and it had not been too long since Black Hawk, in this very county, had been on the warpath, so it is not to be wondered at that the appearance of an Indian at your door raised some question of his intentions.

In the story of her early life Mrs. M. D. Hauberg — "Aunt Margaret" tells of a pair of Indians coming to their home, an older one wearing a woman's knit hood, and a younger one walking barefooted in the snow and carrying a pair of shoes on a stick over his shoulders. Both of them hungry and both served with food at her table.

Emma Hauberg Fairhurst also has an Indian story out of the long ago, at the stone house in Coe — on Grandfather's original farm. John Weigand was working for them and was at home alone with Amelia and Emma, the rest having gone to Clinton, Iowa. John had made a big stack of pancakes and had breakfast about ready. He opened the door (the one to the east) and was badly frightened to find a great big Indian, straight and big enough to almost fill the doorway, standing there. He had a blanket and feathers, and came in without being invited. A large turkey tail spread out like a fan decorated the south wall and was the first thing the Indian saw. "Me dat, me dat," pointing to it, was all he said and persisted until John gave it to him. Next he spied some greenhead duck heads, also placed for decoration, which he insisted on having. He also got the pancakes the same way.

Amelia and Emma were so frightened that they at once hid under the table where they stayed until the Indian went away. None of the Indians ever offered violence.

Another story of Emma's is that once she was coming from Uncle Dedrick Bracker's with Grandmother, going to the latter's home, when they met an Indian a little ways south of Grandfather's. Emma was badly scared and clung to Grandmother who declared there was no danger, saying "If we don't harm them they will not harm us."

In another chapter we quote Fred Owens who was living at the Middle Crossing at the time Grandfather walked ninety miles in one day. The same Mr. Owens told more about those days and spoke of Indians, as follows: "While we lived on the 'Docia the Indians camped a couple of hundred yards from our house. They were friendly but if you wouldn't sell to them, they'd come and steal it at night. They'd go to Albany, across the 'Docia for fire water.

"A man named Tracy, a boozer and of not much account, lived at Albany. One time Tracy was coming out across the 'Docia with the Indians and was riding behind an Indian on the same pony. They quarreled and Tracy took the Indian's tomahawk from its scabbard and hit the Indian over the head, killing him. Other Indians must have been following them and brought word to the camp near our house. You never saw such commotion as those Indians made in camp. Twelve or fourteen of them got on ponies, and Tracy was never seen nor heard from again.

"The Indians' camp was under the hill at the Middle Crossing and we lived up at the point." There was more to Mr. Owens' story, but we will drop him and turn to John Moody, formerly of Coe Township. His story was as follows: "One time while we were living up on the 'Docia, Enoch Adams had a sale. The Indians used to come to the 'Docia to trap muskrats and other things and a lot of them came to this sale. An Indian boy would shoot at a mark with his bow and arrow and get a nickle for hitting it. He would shout and dance every time he hit it, but when he finally missed he bent over crestfallen and slunk away out of sight and we didn't see him again.

"E. P. Feaster was the auctioneer and got the crowd wound up as an auctioneer does, when one of the Indians started to imitate him. Feaster was standing in a wagon; the Indian got on a stump and had a couple ears of corn in his hand and commenced 'la, la, ye, ye,' etc., going through the motions of auctioneering just like Mr. Feaster. The whole crowd went to the Indian.

"We lived within a mile of where the sale was. My wife was terribly afraid of Indians. One time I was plowing corn. We had only one child then, and the Indians came to our house. The squaws carried their papooses on their backs, and had skinning knives. I went to the house and found it barricaded, front and back. I have never seen anyone so scared as my wife was — terribly scared. An Indian said to me: 'White squaw afraid; Indian no hurt.' He asked for some tobacco and I gave him some. We gave them bacon and some other things and they kept coming back time and again, but I finally told them they couldn't get anything more and they mustn't come back so they stayed away."

BACKGROUND AND KIN FOLKS

The parents of John Detlev Hauberg were Marx Hauberg and his wife Anna Margaret Henschen Hauberg. They were the parents of five children who grew to maturity, one of them a daughter who married Wolf Liitt, father of August Liitt of Rock Island, Illinois. She, with her husband, came to America in 1847 and secured employment on the island of Rock Island with the Davenport family — at the home of the former Indian trader — Col. George Davenport. She was, in all probability, the magnet which drew our grandparents here.

The other four children were boys:

Marx, the elder, whose descendants today live in Nebraska.

John Detlev, who was our grandfather, of whom more later.

Detlev, who died unmarried and childless, in Germany.

Jochim, who spent all his life in Holstein, leaving a large family, only one of his grandchildren — Mrs. Frieda Tietgen, coming to America. Jochim was born November 4, 1827.

The father of these five children died at an early age and his widow married a Herr Wolf. They lived at Schellhorn, not far from Preetz, where Grandfather called to say "Goodbye" just before leaving for the New World.

We are told that "like begets like," and if that is true it is no accident that the descendants of the John D. Haubergs are uniformly found connected with the work of the Christian church. Skeptics, agnostics and atheists there were in large numbers in Schleswig-Holstein, a great many of whom came to America where they were not merely unbelievers but actively anti-church. Recent numbers of the "American-German Review" for example tell about the opposition to the churches on the part of the Turners of Davenport, Iowa and Rev. C. A. Mennicke in his Fiftieth Year Jubilaum tells of the "bitter" opposition he had to meet in Rock Island, on the part of the Turngemeinde — the Turners. Moline Germans organized no Lutheran church, but instead had a Turner Society which is still prosperous to this day.

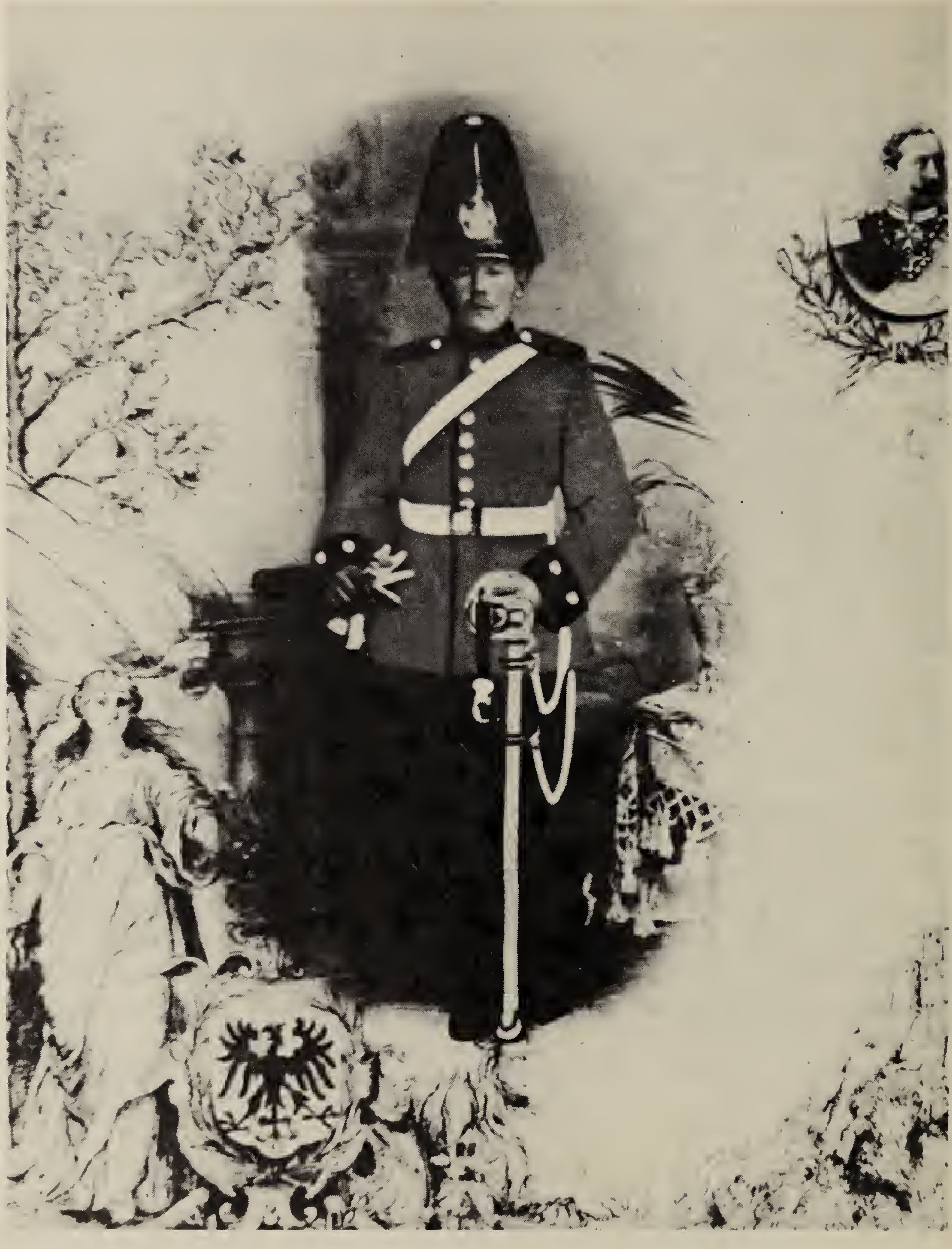
The moral background of our immediate Hauberg ancestors is indicated in the letters received from "over there." Our grandfather's mother wrote to our grandparents as follows:

Schellhorn, Feb. 9, 1862

Dear Son and Daughter:

I find from your letter that you still remember us, and that you showed your gratitude to me in my old age and sent me $50.00, which gave me great joy. I am getting older and weaker right along, and to be so happy as to receive such a fine sum to assist me in my old age makes me very thankful to you.

I cannot express my thanks to you by word of mouth, but I can write, and through my prayer to the dear Lord, ask that He may recompense you as well



A nephew of our Grandfather — Friedrich Hauberg. Picture taken in 1900. "With God for Kaiser and Fatherland" was the slogan. It was to escape this universal service that many migrated to America. Without approving all this military parade, it is probable that the German Empire would not have lasted overnight — surrounded by empire-minded neighbors as they were — unless they kept a strong army.

as your family. Remain healthy and be happy; this is your mother's wish.

Many thousand greetings dear children, from your grandmother to her dear grandchildren. Be happy and well in the foreign land.

H. C. Wolf

The next is a letter from Grandfather's elder brother, as follows:

Raisdorf, Feb. 9, 1862

Dear Brother and Sister-in-law:

First of all accept best greetings from us all — women, children and friends. It is with pleasure that I take the pen and thank you for preparing for us such a joyous New Year's festival. A thousand thanks. May heaven's blessings be with you in the foreign land is my prayer to Him who watches over us and this will I pray with joy and thanksgiving in my heart.

On February 5, we received your good gift finding us all in good health. Mr. Schleirman of the Raisdorf mills got it cashed for me for M 312.13 d. All of you dear brother and sister-in-law, Marx and Detlev, let us pray that we may come over to you.

We cannot come over to you for some time yet as our John is on voyage to Asia which will take him 14 or 15 months according to a letter we received from him, after which he intends going to America. We have the care of his things and may be it will be possible for us to go with him then, but not now.

My sons Henry and Eggert and my daughters Catherina and Christine have a great desire to go to you but haven't enough funds. If you, dear brother and sister-in-law would be so good as to help them and have one of your sons come over to accompany them over, for they are very much afraid of the trip, then all four would come over with the greatest of pleasure. Please be so good as to write us soon as to how to begin it all.

We are healthy and well and pray God He will keep us so. "Lebewohl" and happy and God lead you in the future as in the past and for all of which we will thank Him.

Many greetings from our children to your children, and from your dear brother and sister-in-law.

Marx Friedrich Hauberg and Dorothea Hauberg

Another letter from the same is as follows:

April 10, 1862

. . . Eggert left last month for America with great pleasure and will, with God's help reach you in good health. I gave him 120 marks of the money you sent and as soon as John has finished his trip I will write you again when we are coming.

My Dear Sister-in-law: Will you be so good as to write what is best for us to bring with us such as bedding and summer clothing for what we have that is good we wish to take along with us, at least some of it.

Catherina has secured some nice flax and will have it made up for bedding. How much are feathers there? They are very high priced here.

Please let me know as soon as possible if Eggert arrives safely.

Our heartiest greetings from myself and wife and children and all relatives and acquaintances."

In view of the above the following, copied from the same writer a little more than a year later will be in point, as follows:

Raisdorf, June 13, 1863

Dear Brother and Sister-in-law: We can write you that our prospects were that we also would go over this Spring, but man proposes and God disposes ("Der mensch denkt und Gott lenkt") for we had written John that we were going over, but he answered us that we should not go for it was nonsense that we should wish to go over there in our old days, when neither of us was of the strongest, but that as to his brother and sister, he would not gainsay their going; but that we should not let his sister go alone, for young maidens often get into strange hands and never reach the place to which they started. He also wrote that he himself would go with her when he returned from this trip. What is there that cannot happen, and what may not happen? — for he wrote us that he would be here by the latter part of April, but at Whitsunday we received a letter saying he had died of the yellow fever. We have personally talked with two of his comrades who told us that he was buried at sea between Africa and the Good Hope. They also said that he went very peacefully to sleep and retained consciousness to the end, and they gave us great consolation; that we should not make so much over it, for we should think the Lord gave and the Lord took away, and what God does is well done. We had always desired of him that he should make the trip to you, but the dear Lord saw otherwise, for his goal it would seem, had not been set further than this, and now we must also see after his personal effects, but we cannot write anything about them for they are still in London.

Another letter of interest from Grandfather's papers, is one from his brother Marx to the latter's children. We will quote part of it:

Raisdorf, April 1, 1865

Dear Children:

Beloved children we have seen from your letters that Henry is with his cousin Dave, and Eggert is with an American and Catherina is with your cousin Marx and that you are all very well pleased with America and that all of you are earning good wages. We were unable to get any of John's money, but if you wish to be helpful to us and send us money you must send us at least two hundred thalers.

This letter has an interesting postscript, by Marx's daughter, Christina (Mrs. Fred Broady). She wrote that her sister Magdalena (Mrs. Chas. Ernst) will be confirmed this winter and that she herself is going to learn to sew, and then follows the more interesting part:

Yes, dear sisters and brothers, I wish very much to be with you for I have a great desire for America, but, Magdalena has no desire to go to America, and if there should be sacks of money leaning against each other, and roast pork should run in the streets and roast goose fly in at the windows, she still would have no desire for America.

We will end the correspondence from Grandfather's side of the house with one from his brother Jochim — the one who remained in Holstein all his life, viz:

Raisdorf, February 9, 1862

Dear Brother and Sister-in-Law:

With pleasure I write you how things go with us. I am working at the horseshoeing shop at Handeroff. It goes fairly well though the wages keep getting less, but if I keep my health things will go on well enough.

I would like to come to America too, but when I think of having to sell my things here and have to buy again over there I would necessarily be so deep in debt that I would not be able to get on very well there, for I have already quite a family — my wife and three children the oldest of whom is six years and the youngest half a year of age. If you can advise me, let me know.

I close with a greeting from Carl. Things go well with him. Greetings from Timmerman and wife, Lehres and wife as well as from all acquaintances and my children.

Your dear brother, Joch. Hinr. Hauberg & Wife.

Following the pattern used above to introduce some of Grandfather's folks we insert a letter or two from Grandmother's side of the house. You will notice a sharp distinction in one respect — while Grandfather's spoke of wages, Grandmother's speak of profits — i.e. One side are the employed, the other are employers.

The following are from Jurgen Clements Gries, sometimes by others, spelled Griese, as follows:

Kiel, February 10, 1862

Dear Brother-in-law and Sister: We received your letter and see from it that you are all well. We too, God be praised, are all healthy and well. We are much pleased with your success in America. We were also much pleased that you presented your mother and brother the money which is a good lift for them and which came to them unexpectedly.

Dear Brother-in-law and Sister, I want to write you how I am getting along. I am dealing in wood out of which I am making good profits. This winter I bought at Bertelsholm some newly felled timber at auction. There are about 300 "faden" and I will let it remain until summer so it can dry. Then, at "Johannis" I will begin to sell it and when I have sold it will buy of the farmers of Bertelsholm and make good profits out of it, etc. etc.

Another letter from the same brother is as follows:

Kiel, April 29th, 1864

Dear Brother-in-law and Sister in America:

Since you have not let us hear from you for so long a time — as to how you are getting along, and whether you are well, and what the progress of the war is in America, I thought I would have to write first to you; and I can give you the cheerful news that we are all in the best of wellbeing which we will hope, also, of yourselves.

With my business, everything to date has gone very good. I am a wood and turf dealer, but the wood business, as you probably know, is the chief part of it.

Dear Brother-in-law and Sister:

Doris Kuhl is also well, as is the whole family. She is living in Hamburg where she is married and has a good living, as they have an Inn. (Gastwirtschaft.) Elsen Kuhl is still living in Raisdorf, and she too, is, praise God, in good health as well as the whole family.

Dear Sister: Our brother Henry of Berlin visited us in Kiel last winter during the Lenten Markt. He wanted to purchase a number of horses. He said he had 100 horses, as he has an omnibus livery. He failed to get any horses here however, as he thought them too high priced.

Dear Brother-in-law: We are having a war here in Schleswig-Holstein. It came to pass that the Danish King, Frederick VII, died and left no heirs who could assume the rulership of the Dukedoms, for this King had no heirs; but in Copenhagen they elected Christian IX, to be King, and this King Schleswig had to immediately incorporate.

As the Dukedoms wished to be entirely free from Denmark, and wanted an independent Count, and Schleswig and Holstein could not be separated; they wished to have Frederick VIII of Augustenberg as Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, as he was by right the heir.

Dear Brother-in-law and Sister: The Duke of Angustenberg, Frederick VIII has already been living here in Kiel for quite a while, and I have been supplying fuel to him. They use a very large amount of wood. They use no turf at all, and they do not know what turf is.

Dear Brother-in-law and Sister: The war has so far progressed to the point, that the Danes have been forced to leave Schleswig. The Danish troops left Holstein with good grace, but in Schleswig they had established themselves so firmly; for they had fortified themselves so strongly, that it was almost impossible to drive them out. For instance, one position, in Schleswig where they had fortified themselves, they called the "Dannivirk," for they believed no one could bring them out of it, for they had worked on it for several years. But they had to leave it, and without firing a shot, as the Prussians were about to attack their rear, and the Austrians their front, and would have captured them. But as the Danes foresaw what would come they all left beforehand. Otherwise, the Prussians and Austrians have had a number of small battles, but none of importance; but April 18th the Prussians again had a decisive battle with the Danes, in which the Prussians won; but they had a very large number of dead and wounded. The loss of the Danes was still greater.

The Danes had again fortified themselves at Duppel; they had built ten breastworks, one behind the other, but each one somewhat greater than the one before it, but on April 18, the Prussians made a charge on all these without the Danes having anticipated it, and the Prussians succeeded in taking all these works, for they had first so strongly bombarded, so that the Danes had no more confidence at all, and the Danes had to drive their soldiers with force to the cannons.

In this assault the Prussians took 4,000 Danish prisoners, of whom many were officers, very many of the Danish army had deserted, as much as they could, for they were Schleswickers, and they had said to the Danes that they did not want to fight against their German brethern.

But with this I will close, and I hope that you will soon write us again.

We all greet you heartily, myself, my wife and daughter.

Jurgen Clements Gries

Dear Brother-in-law and Sister: You will pardon me for beginning my letter over again, for we wanted to send this letter before this but we did not get to it, and therefore we will inform you also, that we have been to Berlin recently, to our brother Henry, whose son Herman was here, for he has been to Helgoland and to Duppel to see for himself the theatre of war, and as he returned we travelled with him and spent eight days in Berlin and our daughter Dora is still there for a few weeks stay. Our brother Henry stands very well in Berlin. He has only two children, one a boy named Herman and a daughter who is named Bertha, but he has a magnificent omnibus livery (Omnibus sen Fuhrwerk); he has, in fact, 100 horses. I told him all about you, all we knew, and he rejoiced greatly that it was so well with you in America, and he begged me to send you right hearty greetings from himself and of his family.

My address in Holzhandler, Kleiner Kuhberg, No. 185, in Kiel.

In closing this part of the account of the near relatives, we will say that the entire Marx Friedrich Hauberg family came over, and after living among Grandfather's folks for a time, all moved to Johnson County, Nebraska, which to this day is their principal headquarters.

Of the Jochim Haubergs, only one, a granddaughter of his came over after the First World War. She was Frieda Liedke. Her husband, Herman Tietgen came over first to scout the country in 1923, and after making an anchorage sent in 1924 for the wife and little daughter, Katie. With characteristic industry and thrift, Herman and Frieda own a farm a few miles northwest of Clinton, Iowa, and not only have it paid for, but everything about the place is tip top, from painted buildings and fences, and farm equipment properly housed, and the home is in unusual good taste and neatness, an ideal American family.

The little daughter Katie, has since grown up, finished college, taught school, married Otto Bruhns and have their own family. Again, model Americans.

Another, a grandson of Jochim's is Heinrich Einfeldt, at present the top or one of the top officials of Kiel, the largest city of Schleswig-Holstein. He writes he has one hundred ninety city employes under him.

Still another of Jochim's grandsons is Werner Hauberg, an artist. We are including in this book, one of his etchings — that of the great Hauberg, the building, or style of building in Schleswig-Holstein from which it is claimed we take our name.

M. D. Hauberg in his "Memoirs" says that the Liitts had a daughter, Katie, who married a man by the name of Lamp and moved to Dayton, Ohio (55 Memoirs). Her mother — Grandfather's sister — died and was buried in the old Riverside Cemetery in Moline, Illinois. We have been unable to locate her grave, and the records for that cemetery were long ago destroyed in a fire.

OUR REUNIONS

As a clan we had scattered all the way from New York to California, with Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota, Montana, Colorado, Nebraska, Missouri in between, to say nothing of old Illinois itself, and Texas, Washington D. C., and the state of Washington. We were strangers to each other.

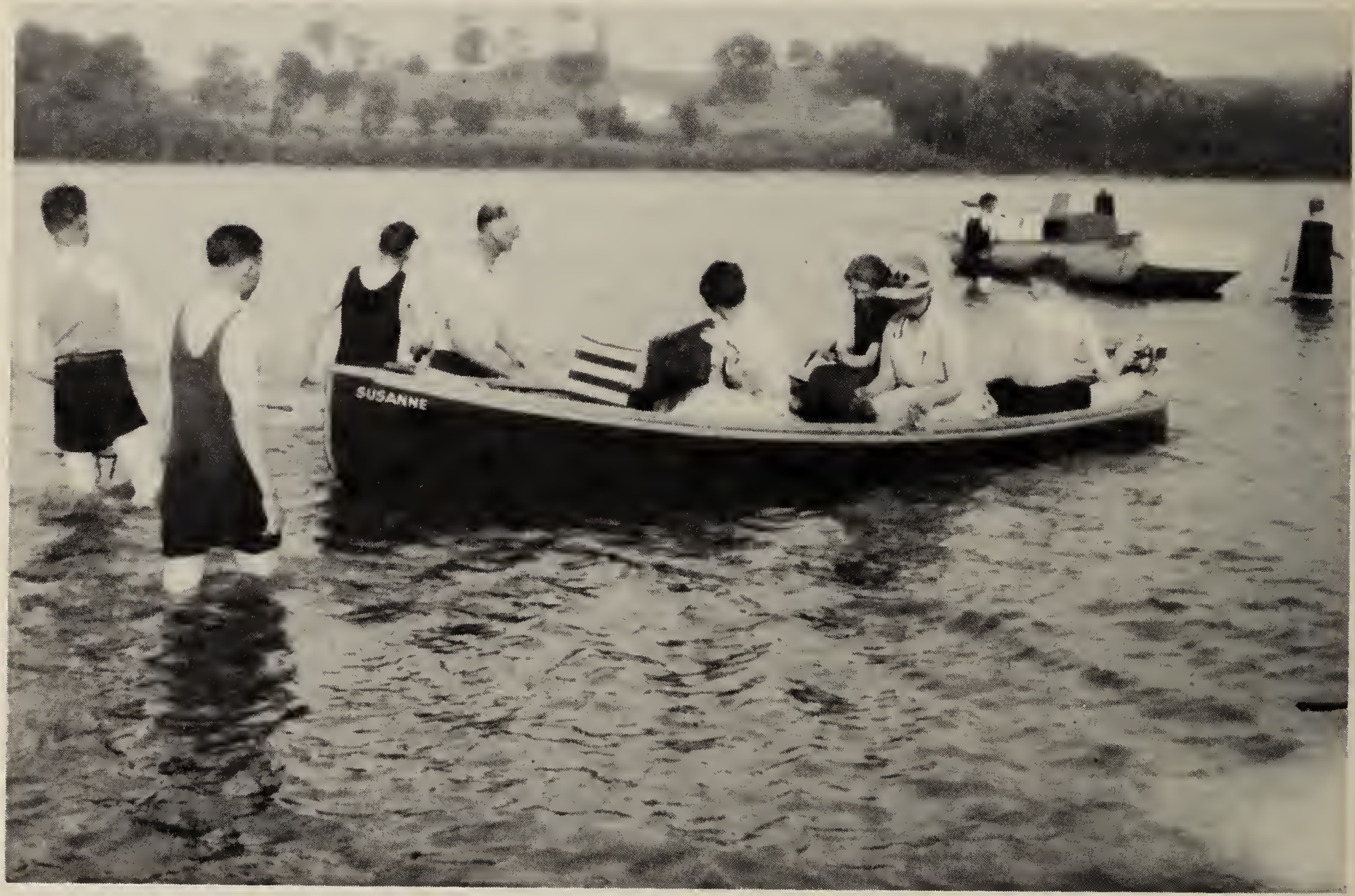
Were the character, the virtues, the rugged health of mind and body in the lives of our grandparents, John D. Hauberg and wife and their children, of sufficient value that it would be a good thing to bring them closer to our attention? Even the close-up background of some branches of our clan was vague to their own descendants.

There was a Christmas party at the M. D. Haubergs, with members of the clan who lived nearby; and the matter of a reunion was discussed and decided upon. The last weekend of August, 1925 was set as the time, and the Y.W.C.A. Camp "Archie Allen," which Sué had established on the Mississippi river just above Port Byron, Illinois, was selected as the place, and not only the place, but we engaged the entire camp staff of cook and waitresses so that our relatives had the full time for visiting and getting acquainted. Then a vigorous publicity campaign was put on with such effect that 56 members out of a possible 76 were present, representing seven states.

What was the verdict? "It couldn't have been better," said one. "We ought to have had two more days to finish all the program," said another. As to the river trip, by moonlight, to Wyanoak on the Iowa side for the chicken supper: "A wonderful trip," and with regard to the meeting at old Bluff School where our elders had had both school and church services through many years: "I never have had such a feeling of reverence in any religious service in all my life," said another.

Right from our first and on to other years, we had a three-day meeting — Friday, Saturday and Sunday — with the reunions five years apart, which may seem a long time between, but these meetings — 1925, 1930, 1935, 1940, 1945, and the Centennial of the John D. Haubergs coming over, in 1948, have knit us into a well-acquainted lot, and our programs have been outstanding, not to say exciting as for instance, the bull fight as part of the Fiesta in behalf of the ring-riding king and queen, when the "bull" became so vicious that even the camp dog started to take a hand, or the Toy Orchestra, which it was claimed played abroad with such effect that the Germans hearing it, surrendered; and when Hitler heard it he committed suicide! As to the Mississippi river itself, all ages fairly "ate it up."

As a sample, we give the report of the first reunion — 1925 — as prepared by Rev. Albert Kuhn, of the Stilz group.



1925 Hauberg reunion. "The afternoon was given up chiefly to water sports. A large number donned bathing suits," so reported Albert Kuhn. Since then bathing suits have gone a long ways — shorter, briefer.

REPORT OF THE FIRST HAUBERG REUNION

By Rev. Albert Kuhn

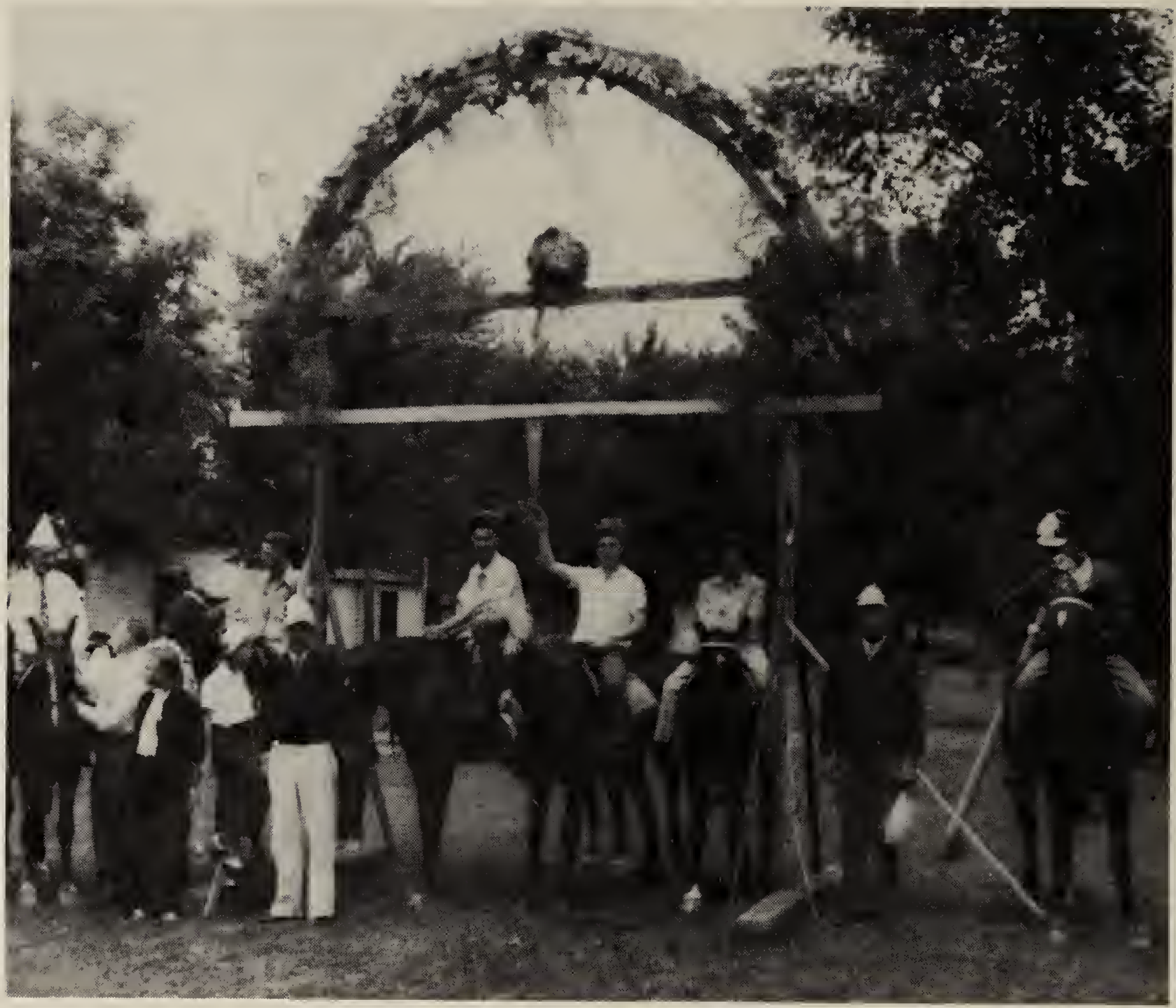
"It was a beautiful smiling August day, Thursday the 27th, of 1925, when the program of the long looked for reunion was opened with a social gathering of a part of the expected guests at the home of John and Sue . . . The John H. Hauberg family and the guests who had arrived a few hours earlier met the new comers dressed up in a medley of old and quaint costumes . . . the men had whiskers and beards painted on their faces, the women wore quaint old dresses . . . the evening was given to a renewal of old family ties.

THE FIRST DAY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 28TH

The clan met at 9 A. M. . . . about fifty of the clansmen drove through the city of Rock Island, one division took the ferry to Davenport. At the spot where in 1849 our ancestor John D. Hauberg landed with his wife and his three children, right on the present ferry landing, the group stood in a circle whilst JHH gave a short address in which he related to us the incidents of this landing . . . The procession now passed over to Moline, the place where our grandparents first settled in an eight by twelve shanty . . . We reached the old Hauberg Homestead, Sugar Grove farm on the spot where the log house had stood . . . the larger part of the company sat down on the grassy slope whilst the menfolks were busy around a bonfire frying large skillets full of inviting pork sausages, cooking peas and boiling water for coffee, and large kettles full of potatoes . . . After the inner man had been abundantly fed we called upon our dear Aunt Katie Walther, daughter of Grandfather John D. Hauberg to tell us of her recollections . . . Aunt Katie was followed by the venerable Marx Detlev Hauberg who supplemented her story . . . Embarking again we passed more memorable sites . . . at last we came in sight of the Mississippi . . . and soon turned in through a quaint gateway into the camp . . . called the Archie Allen Camp. A more appropriate place for such an occasion could not be thought of. After supper we listened to old time German songs which a half dozen or more of the membership sang, the star of which was Uncle Charles Walther: "O Tannenbaum," "Ein Guter Kamerad," "Muss i' Denn" were some of the selections. Then John H. Hauberg gave us a stereopticon lecture of his recent journey through Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land, illustrating it with original pictures.

THE SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29TH

Another glorious morning. Folks rose good and early the place resounding with happy voices, songs and laughter. A jolly face washing bee . . . the youngsters took a boatride on the water before breakfast. Then we filled the tables . . . Judges were announced who had to inspect the beds and bring the culprits before the Kangaroo Court. These judges were Helene Warnecke, Maud Schroeder and



Ring Riding, 1940 Reunion

Webster's Dictionary describes this ancient recreation as follows: "To ride, run or tilt at the ring; to charge on horseback past a suspended ring and try to carry it off on the point of a spear, lance, or the like, formerly a favorite sport of Knights and still practiced especially by cavalry."

M. D. Hauberg says it was quite the thing in Holstein (we understand it is, or was, continent-wide) and that he introduced it into the High Prairie neighborhood. The writer remembers several of these, held when he was a boy. Instead of a spear, we always used a peg.

The picture shows the general arrangement. In the approach to the ring, a certain spot is designated from which the rider's horse must be on a gallop, and gallop all the way through the arch. The writer has seen this rule abused, where the contestant selected a horse and trained him to gallop so gently it was not difficult to get the ring. At our reunions, however, we had no preliminary training, and sometimes the horse would go through furiously, or not exactly the right spot. In the 1940 event, James Burke and Florence Walther were the winners.

William Heath . . . After breakfast some sat in groups on benches and had a talk fest: others played with the kidlets, others poured into the boats. Some turned on the victrola: others sat at the piano in the Assembly Hall and played and sang. A fishpond had been arranged at the suggestion of little Catherine Hauberg which harbored wonderful presents that caused glee and surprise to the lucky fishers.

A little later, boys from the neighborhood brought a large number of saddle horses. A triumphal arch was erected by Louis Hauberg . . . From the cross beam was suspended a ring which knights and dames on galloping steeds were supposed to catch . . . the contestants were gaily decorated with colorful caps and bow ties. An intensely interested crowd watched the bold cavaliers . . . The following were the entrants in the immortal tournament: Helen Lyford, Hazel Schmoll, John E. Furland, Louis D. Hauberg, Edgar Walther, Lloyd Walther, John Hauberg, John Henry Hauberg, Jr., Herman Hauberg, Mabel Johnson, Clarence Conrad, Emil Bracker, Walter Schafer, Stanley Heath, John Kuhn, Ellis and Ernst Furland, Henry Brandt and Ada Lyford. As judges were appointed Emil Warnecke and Henry J. Brandt: as talley keeper, Clarence Schroeder and as ring guardian, Herman Bracker.

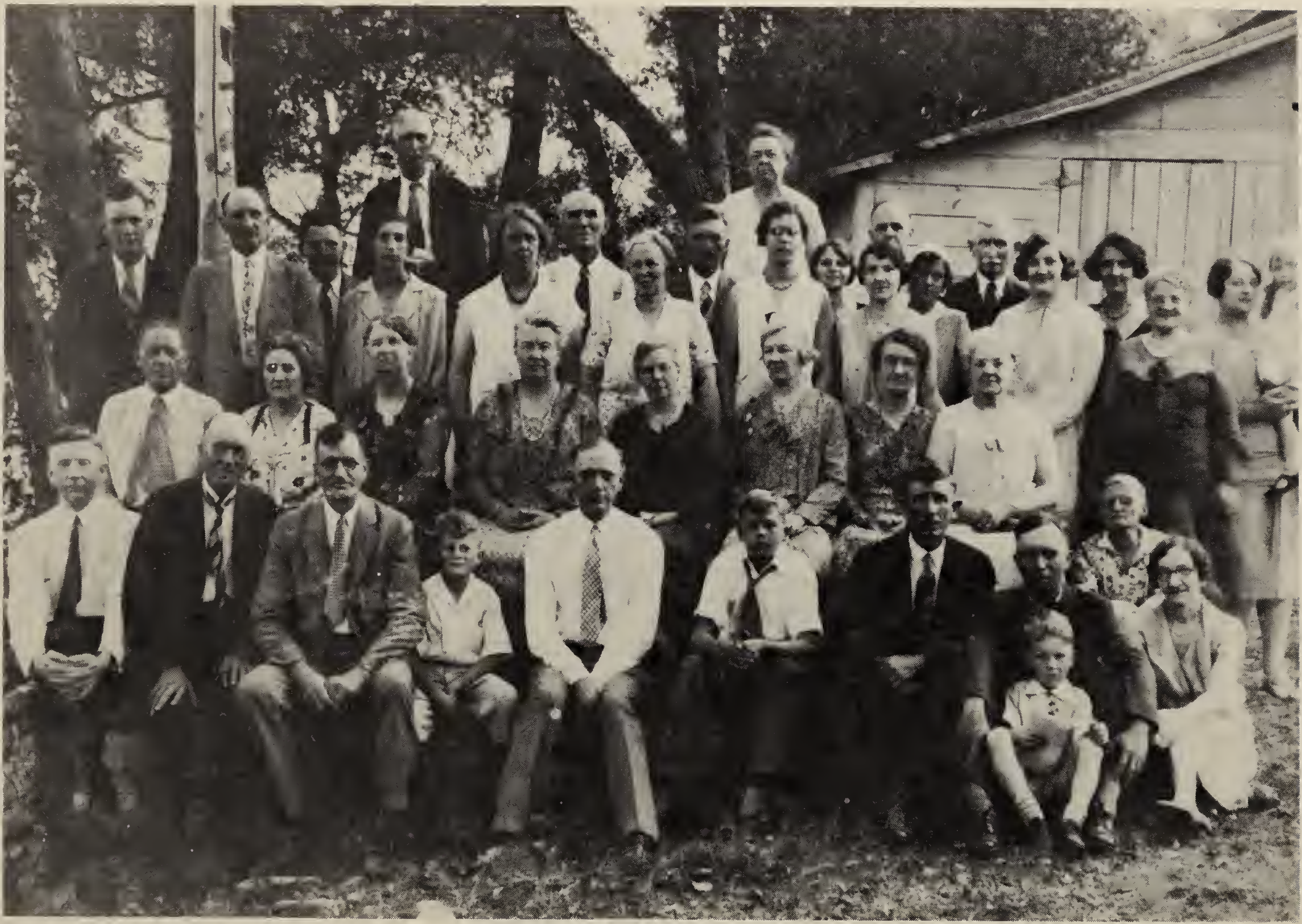
From the tournament there emerged as leading man and king, Louis Hauberg and as leading lady and queen, Helen Lyford. They were duly arrayed in resplendent royal regalia and then all the contestants paraded up and down and around the campus.

The afternoon was given up chiefly to watersports. A large number donned bathing suits . . . A few of the landrats stayed on shore.

When the swimmers had returned the clan travelled in three divisions; one by land; one by water; the third half by land; half by water down the Mississippi to Wyanoak Inn, a beauty spot on a hill north of Davenport . . . kept by Louis A. LeClaire nephew of the Indian interpreter at Fort Armstrong in the past Indian days . . . a wonderful chicken dinner with all the trimmings fit for a king . . . we took out time to get through the half dozen courses.

Sunday, August 30, 1925

Another faultless summer morning . . . Around nine o'clock the cars set in motion for church . . . to old Bluff School where the old German Lutheran congregation which grandfather Hauberg had helped to organize, used to meet and from which grandfather was buried . . . The old familiar songs "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow," "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," "Onward Christian Soldiers" and others resounded . . . then the little ones of the congregation were brought forward. The little son of Emil and Ada Bracker, Donald Claire Mark, was dedicated to the Lord, and the following were baptized into the faith of Christ: Leslie Earl Conrad, son of Clarence and Clara Conrad, Frances Elizabeth and Phyllis Marie Johnson, daughters of Lewis and Mabel Johnson. John Henry Hauberg Junior acted as deacon and took the customary collection; Stanley Heath sang a solo, and a quartet consisting of Stanley Heath, John Kuhn, Maud Schroeder and Helen Lyford sang "The Church in the Wildwood." Catherine Bracker played the organ;



1930 Hauberg reunion at Archie Allen Camp. Front row, left to right: Herman Hauberg, Herman Bracker, Emil Bracker, Donald Bracker, Dr. George Hauberg, John H. Hauberg, Jr., Edgar Walther, Clarence Conrad and son Leslie, Dora Stilz and Clara Schafer. Middle row: John Hauberg, Ada Bracker, Anna Hauberg, Elnora Lyford, Odelia Kuhn, Rosena Furland, Katherine Bracker and Lena Warnecke. STANDING: *Lloyd Walther, Louis Hauberg, Stanley and Leola Heath, Emil Warnecke, Ada Furland, Henry Brandt and wife Alida, John Furland, Sue Hauberg and daughter Catherine, Dell Hauberg, Helen Lyford, Bert Schafer, Florence Walther, Charles G. Walther, Ada Lyford, Clara Brandt Conrad, Elizabeth Heath and Maybelle Hauberg holding Mary Hauberg.*

Albert Kuhn preached the sermon using as text, 2 Timothy, 4:7, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."

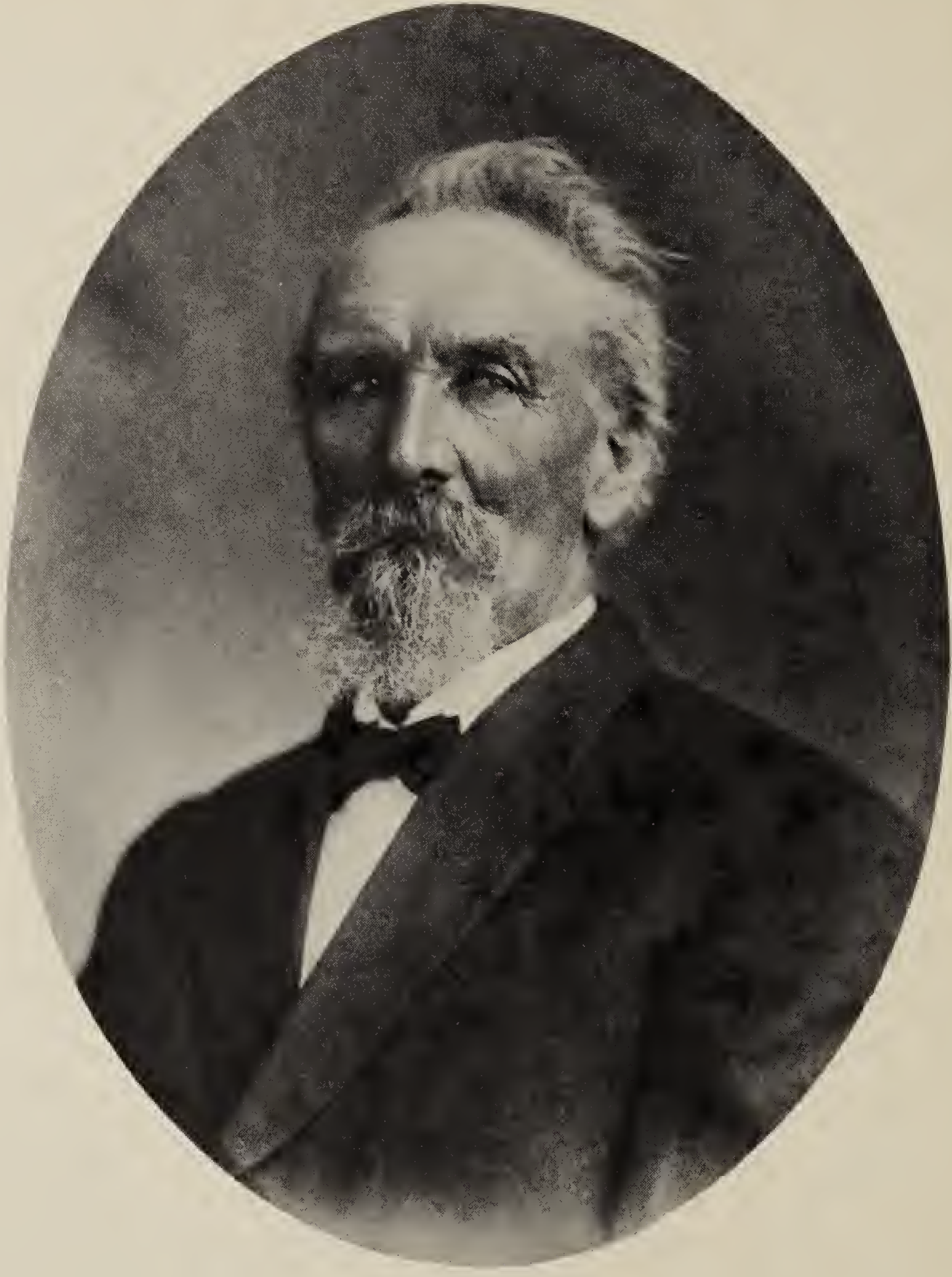
It was a pleasant ride that brought us back to camp. We drove to the home of one of our Clansmen, Edward H. Lyford who had met with a serious accident a few days before and was confined to his bed. He received us with a happy smile as we passed him in file.

It was with a slight feeling of regret stealing over us at the thought of the reunion drawing to a close that we ate the Sunday dinner . . . We all registered in a book and then gathered in a wide circle around the flagpole hand in hand . . . . . . Albert Kuhn then expressed the deep appreciation and gratitude . . . It was then unanimously voted to be the sense of this reunion that these gatherings should have a regular recurrence every five years. Then we all sang "Home Sweet Home" and "Blessed Be The Tide That Binds."

A tender and lingering farewell between the several families and one by one the automobiles with their part of the Clan passed through the gates of the camp, turned the nearby corner, and disappeared.

PART II

The Children and Inlaws of John D. Hauberg



Marx D. Hauberg

MARX DETLEV HAUBERG

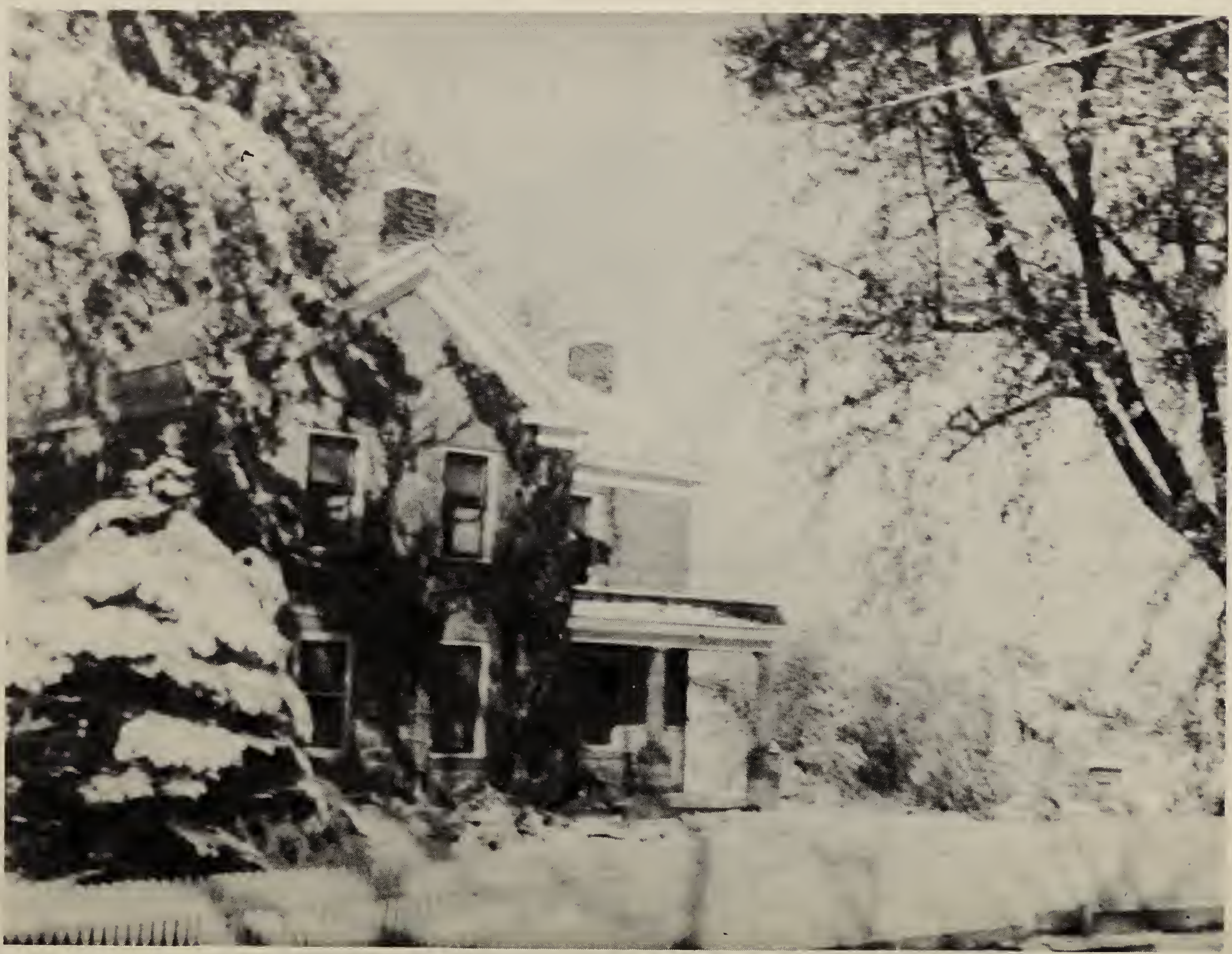
M. D. Hauberg was born at Lustigen bruder, Holstein, September 29, 1837; married Anna Margaret Frels, September 15, 1862; died in his 91st year, on January 4, 1928, buried at Fairfield cemetery, Coe Township, Rock Island County, Ill.

Commonly called "Mark," he was the second child of his parents, the first a boy had died in infancy, whereby Mark was always regarded as the eldest of the family of eight: a brother Jurgen, always known as "Dave," and six sisters: Dorothea, Anna Louisa ("Lizzie"), Catherine, Margaret and Mary. The last mentioned and Magdalene did not live to full maturity.

Over and above all, Mark was the chief historian of the earlier years of the family. He alone was old enough to know, and was the one who with this knowledge of the past lived into the age when the family began to be interested in their history, and with considerable urging by his children he in 1923 published his "Memoirs" a book of 200 pages, a document of special interest to those who are interested in that "peculiar" generation which broke the virgin prairies and turned the Indian hunting ranges into fertile farms, a service in which he and his brother Dave had an active part.

So great has been the change in social, economic and political attitudes since the publication of his book that even today — only a quarter century later, the "Memoirs" reads as if from a long distant age — a bit of ancient history! It is true that some of the happenings of which he wrote occurred a century ago — telling of a storm at sea; of Grandfather threatening to beat up some swindlers at New York who tried to separate immigrants and their cash; of the women mistaking cornmeal for flour mixed with eggs; of a fight between Irish and German immigrants aboard a canal boat; or their passage by Mussel shoals on the Tennessee river on a primitive railroad; and of more fighting in Tennessee. Of course, his children and relatives generally would like him to have described some of the scenery, for the family steamboated the full length of the Ohio, most of the Tennessee and the five hundred miles up the Mississippi to the present Tri-Cities of Davenport, Rock Island and Moline, passing enroute such places as the Falls of the Ohio, Cave in Rock; the rapids at Mussel Shoals, Lookout Mountain, etc. etc. St. Louis was not a stopping place and the family was most fortunate for at the time the Asiatic cholera was raging there and the Haubergs escaped infection. His book carries us all the way to Sugar Grove and all the early life there. We have no other authority.

On September 15th, 1862 he led to the altar Miss Anna Margaret Frels, daughter of the well to do Henry Frels who had come to Virginia in the 1830's and to Rock Island County in 1840, where in common with other pioneers he had built himself a log house, in which daughter Anna Margaret was born. The golden wedding of the Mark Hauberg's was held at the stone house in 1912, and she passed



The stone house built by Mark D. Hauberg in 1866. Here he died in 1928 It is presently owned by his son Louis D. Hauberg. Picture by L.D.H.

to her reward in 1918, the widower continued on, and lived into his ninety-first year, and here he died on January 4, 1928, his son Louis saying that to almost the last moment of his life you could ask him about matters of history and he had the answer.

M. D. Hauberg's ninety years were packed with real living — the adventure by sail ship to the New World — more than 6000 miles of travel by water; rowing the Mississippi with the former Indian interpreter, LeClaire; visiting the old home of Col. Davenport, former Indian trader; climbing all over the ruins of Fort Armstrong, hunting all over the island of Rock Island for their cattle — he often said he had "walked every foot of the island hunting cattle," learning to plow with oxen, taught by Sam Cody, an elder brother of "Willie," who in time became the great Wild West showman, "Buffalo Bill" and getting to be an expert at breaking the virgin prairies; eventually becoming a general farmer and stock raiser on his own; marrying; merchandising farm implements; running a threshing machine for years in company with his brother Dave; buying livestock for the Chicago markets; mixing widely in civic ways — local and state fairs; farmers' cooperative store; horse thief society; church, grange, Masonic order, etc., etc. and politicking to the extent of missing election to the office of sheriff by a few votes and nearly being elected a State Senator, and a full share of other mixed engagements. For many years he battled a mortgage on the farm which he did not conquer until he was eighty years old, and he and his more than loyal wife brought up eight children to maturity. In all this time his health as a rule was as good as the day was long. The doctors would all have died of starvation had they depended on fees from him.

M. D. Hauberg was a graduate cum laude of the University of Hard Knocks. Before leaving Holstein he had attended the straw covered old village school at Raisdorf, and had sung in the boys choir in the "Stadt Kirche" at Preetz but not for too long, and it was of course, all in German. In the New World he had only short snatches of study in schools. In his "Memoirs" he explains that fist fights among boys were the regular order, in which he was so successful that the teachers turned him out with the admonition not to return. Thus he had in the way of education what nearly all his neighbor men had — only what they could "pick up" — visiting with each other, listening to Fourth of July orators or a lawyer addressing a jury, but most of all reading the newspapers. books and any scrap of paper which might blow their way. Like one of them said to the writer: "I never pick up a piece of paper that I do not learn something from it." The newspapers in the M. D. Hauberg home included the Rock Islander; the Erie Independent; Port Byron Globe; for over forty years the Chicago Daily Drover's Journal, which kept him posted on prices of livestock and the world generally, and, to preserve some familiarity with the mother tongue, he kept the "Volks Zeitung" of Rock Island and the "Welt Bote" of Allentown, Penn., both printed in the German.

He was a natural walker and did not hesitate to walk to Port Byron or Hillsdale — six to eight miles or more, rather than bother with horses. In his younger days he speaks of walking to a dance in Scott County, Iowa, a distance of some 35 miles one way. In buying hogs and cattle for the Chicago markets he generally travelled afoot. Incidentally he developed an almost uncanny ability to judge the weight of a fat hog, and, whether the aforesaid hog was slop fed or corn fed. An occasional farmer would say that what he wanted was enough money out of his pen of hogs to meet certain payments, and "Mark" would quickly make a mental calculation of astonishing correctness, down practically to a pound.

Our neighbors of his day were more interesting than the neighbors of today, for the elders were all from away with different backgrounds and cultures — a farmer for example wearing a paper collar and black bow tie at his daily rounds; an Irish family letting their smaller children run naked; an English neighbor abusing the King's English with his "Highs" and "Aiches"; a family from York State with a perverse slant on the "Dutch"; the Kentucky contingent notable for their smacking of firewater; a group of German families on "Dittmarscher Bluff" a few miles south of us — not so much addicted to church attendance, with their Sunday beer; loud talk and laughter; barn dancing and gossip. "Jimmy" Guinn as he prospered sported white shirts on week days supposedly in imitation of the landlords of his native Ireland; Garrett Quick and Henry Quick, too as farmers wore the white collars to indicate gentility, and Mrs. Henry Quick, even in that long ago "powdered" her face. At Bethel Baptist were held regular "testimony" sessions where they related how their faith was serving them; working out your road tax was an annual event. Roads were "improved" by plowing them up — to be washed away with the next rain, but your good horses, unlike the auto of today — always pulled you through.

The five elder children of the M. D. Hauberg family were confirmed at the brick Lutheran church on Hampton Bluff — the church which their mother's father helped to establish, and here, in those gone-by days there would be held in the nearby woods the "Missions Fest" — a great Sunday picnic where home and foreign missions were stressed, with long — very long tables fairly groaning with substantial food, and Preacher Louis Winter carrying about among the crowd, buckets of beer and tincups, inviting the members of his flock to have a drink. Here too were brought church choirs from Rock Island and Geneseo, and many a country child for the first time in their lives heard singing in four parts, sounding to them like an organ!

September 29th, 1927, was M. D. Hauberg's ninetieth birthday anniversary but on account of heavy and continued rains the celebration was postponed to October 1st when in spite of everything some forty relatives and a couple of neighbors enjoyed a dinner served by the ladies of Bethel Baptist church and a very fine time was had with the honoree in the best of health and spirits. We secured a group picture of the occasion.

In less than two months — November 15th in fact, he suffered a "stroke" making his left side lame. We learned later that he had had a slight stroke on the 11th but he had said nothing about it. He was, to others at least, apparently unconcerned, and on the 17th he said his appetite and sleeping were normal, and lifted his foot slowly onto a chair and said: "I couldn't do that yesterday." November 20th we brought him a wheel chair and it was pathetic to see one who had always been so well and genial, now all but speechless and we had to guess what he was trying to say, but he was not surrendering. On November 30th our Andrew asked him: "When are you going to get up?" "This afternoon" was the reply. When after weeks he was gotten into a chair he said, "This beats laying in bed." Louis had the main care of him. A man practical nurse was secured. At Christmas time, December 26th, he had his children beside him — Amelia, Emma, Anna, John, and Sue, Rosena, Louis, Nora, Ada and John Furland and also Herman and Katherine Bracker.

M. D. Hauberg breathed his last on January 4th, with the funeral on the 7th, the public highways deep in mud. We hoped to be on the road to Fairfield M. E. church while the frost was still holding, but with no success. The casket was loaded on the farm wagon and with Louis driving and John watching lest the casket slide about, we transferred to the Wendt hearse at the foot of the hill. Henry County relatives — our mother's folks, were well represented but four of their autos were stuck in the mud. Dr. William H. Blancke, of St. Paul's Lutheran church of Davenport, together with Philo Lodge of Masons, conducted the last rites, the pallbearers being: Herman Bracker, Dr. George D. Hauberg, Edgar Walther, and from mother's side, Ben Frels, Walter Frels and Carl Schmoll.

It's all in a life time; Life and Death, and the World moves on as if nothing had happened. During Mark's short illness, the Dr. George Haubergs had a girl born to them; John H. Hauberg Jr., joined the Y.M.C.A., his dad took a party of Y.M.C.A. officials to the old Woodward farm and told them they could have it for a boys' camp if they wanted it — present Camp Hauberg; but the stone house the pride of the neighborhood back in 1866 was now minus its builder; minus one who had taken a keen interest in everything about him and who held convictions of the right or wrong of public trends. The country had one less of the husky old timers who helped make it what it is.

We have purposely made this a short sketch to save repeating what his "Memoirs" contain. You should secure a copy. It is very interesting.

Mrs. Anna Margaret Frels Hauberg.

ANNA MARGARET FRELS HAUBERG

Born on Hampton Bluff, Rock Island County, Illinois, August 10, 1845; married Mark D. Hauberg, September 15, 1862; celebrated their golden wedding anniversary September 15, 1912, died at Lutheran Hospital, Moline, March 21, 1918, buried in Fairfield cemetery, in Coe Town, Rock Island County.

Your "Aunt Margaret" was the second "lady of the house" at the Sugar Grove log house, from which she graduated to the present stone house in 1866, which remained her home the balance of her life. Her father was Henry Frels, born at Bardenfleth, near Bremen, in Oldenburg, Germany — a low country along the west side of the Weser river, with its numerous drainage ditches and great "Dutch" windmills which lift the water to a level high enough so it will run into the sea. He came to Virginia in the 1830's.

Her mother was Catherine Mantler, of the neighborhood of Giessen, in Ober Hessen, and north of Frankfort on the Main. Thus "Aunt Margaret" was half Oldenburger and half Hessian. Her parents first met in this country and were married here.

Being history minded, she wrote without any suggestion of her children, of her early life, as follows:

"My father, Henry Frels came to Rock Island County, Ill., in 1840. He had been a sailor on the sea for five years and was on the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers five years, and spent some winters in digging lead at Galena, Ill. He married Catherine Mantler in 1842 and I was born in 1845. Our log house was about a half mile up the creek from where Friedens Lutheran church is today — not far from Barstow, Ill. It was all timber through there then.

I saw wild turkeys lots of times at my father's corn crib and saw deer in droves near our old house, and quail were as plentiful as our chickens and pheasants were seen in flocks.

One time I will never forget a big Indian came across our field and talked with my mother but she could not understand him. I hid myself. He had a bow and arrows with him.

At that time we lived in a one room cabin with a cellar and one room upstairs. The cabin had only one outside door which was on the south side; a full window of two halves at each end of the room and a half window at the east end upstairs. On the north side of the room was the fireplace with the chimney built of cross sticks plastered with a mixture of straw and mud. Sometimes this chimney would catch fire and someone would have to go outside and knock it over. This fireplace was built on the outside.

Mother and Father's bed was at the southeast corner of the room and had tall posts with curtains. A trundle bed was kept under theirs during the day and pulled out at night for the children. In the southwest corner stood another bed without the curtain and there the guests slept. It was the sparebed and Uncle Ira Wells and Aunt Elizabeth, and others, slept in that bed.

The ladder to the attic stood at the northwest corner of the room. The roof was clapboards about three feet long.

One time we had a woodchopper sleeping upstairs and a snake got into his pocket. Next morning when he put his hand in the pocket the snake was there.

Our big fireplace heated the house and was where mother did the cooking also. All the utensils she had to cook with was an iron tea kettle, an iron kettle and a three legged skillet to bake bread in. The skillet had an iron lid. It was set in the fireplace and covered with ashes and hot coals. It baked good bread. Then mother used the iron kettle to boil meat and potatoes. It was hung on the crane in the fireplace.

My father would get a log on the fire and some big limbs and it would make a nice big fire. We little ones would sit on the other end of the log and play jump over it. The fire was so bright Mother would sit and knit all evening without a candle being lit.

Mother was a good hand at knitting. Father kept sheep and we had our cloth made. Mother got the yarn spun through the year, all the spare time she had she would spin and color the yarn blue and some brown. Then she would buy the skeins of warp and take it to Uncle John Frels whose mother-in-law had a loom to weave goods on. When she had it woven mother made dresses of it and she had Uncle George Mantler make Father's clothes of brown cloth. Uncle George Mantler was Mother's brother. He was a first class tailor.

The brown color was made with the use of Brazinian chips and a fast blue was made by using chamber lye and indigo mixed with it. I remember very well the old earthenware pot about a foot and a half high sitting in the kitchen so it would not freeze. It did not smell very good but no one thought anything about it as everyone knew what it was.

When I got old enough I was sent to school — a log house with desks against the wall, and the benches were made of split logs and smoothed off and four legs fitted to it. Whenever we had to write, we had to slip our feet around to the other side of the bench. I wore my home spun dress and my sister Mary did the same, and we wore good woolen stockings and coarse shoes. The winters were very cold with deep snow through which to walk to school.

When I was about six years old a preacher came to our house and stayed a week or more with us and I and brother Henry and sister Mary were christened and all our neighbors' children were christened before he left. The years passed on and finally they had a preacher come to give sermons in a frame school that had been built, so for years we had church. Then the Germans together bought a brick house in Hampton and had church there every Sunday. By this time Father had a carriage to take us all.

Father had four and five men every summer to cut wood which he hauled to Hampton along the Mississippi shore for the steamboats.

We made our own molasses and had lots of sugar maple trees tapped in the spring time from which we gathered the sap for this molasses.

Mother would make her soap from the wood ashes. All the people did this at that time. They cooked their soap every year. We would have a big barrel of soft soap.

Daniel Holmes was with us for years. He made all the shingles we used on our first brick house and made lots of them to sell. They were sawed off a log in the length of shingles, split fine and then shaved down to the right size; then were cooked in a big kettle and then packed in a big bunch.

After father had lived in the log house for several years he took a notion he could have brick made, so he looked at the soil. It was the right kind to make brick so he got a man to help. They made a big kiln, then sold more brick than he used to build the house. A two-story house was built.

Mother had lots of men to cook for then. She had a stove with two holes on it and a small oven. The firebox was long. A two and a half foot stick could go in that stove but this stove was too small for so much cooking, so Father got a real kitchen stove. Mother had a lady to help her that summer. They finished the brick house and we had a nice house to move into, next to the log cabin.

Father sold the timber farm of sixty acres where the new brick house was. Then he made another brick kiln and first moved the log house to the new prairie farm. Then he built a big barn the same year. We lived in the new barn a short time and then lived in the log house till the new two-story house was built.

The new house was built close to where there was a good spring. The spring is still running. Many a horse was watered there. All the farmers from up above us would stop and they watered there for years and years.

At first there wasn't anything there but a couple of blocks so they could get to it but Father put up a little house over it and had a bucket and a tincup there.

The stage used to always stop at our spring and the horses and people got a drink. They passed there on the way to the 'Docia, to the Middle Crossing or to the mouth of the 'Docia at Rock river. They had regular coaches the driver up front and the passengers were cooped up inside and they drove four horses generally but sometimes I think they had only two horses. When they came up here from the bottoms the mud was terrible. In Pleasant Valley they had split rails laid over the swamp and had hay on them — all through Pleasant Valley where they have farms now and the stage would go thump, thump over these rails. The stage did not run every day but once or twice or more per week. I don't know where they stopped to feed horses and eat.

Father and his brother John Frels were among the earliest settlers in that neighborhood and there was old George Wildermuth and others came and as they got a clique together they built the German Lutheran church. Adam Weigandt came and he was quite a churchman too.

Old George Wildermuth was our neighbor but he wouldn't have our fence join on to his so he made a seven rail fence on his side of the line and Father made a seven rail fence on our side with just a cowpath between. This was back in the woods, north, by the Mosher school, the whole forty from one end to the other he put up his fence and Father put up his.

I used to like to hear Grandfather Hauberg talk. He was so earnest about it. He often got into trouble when they got to talking about niggers and the Dutch because he was always ready with his fists if they didn't look out.

Father in the first five years of toiling on the farm had men to cut cordwood and hooppoles and staves to make barrels, and spokes for wagon wheels. Later on they had to cut ties for the railroad. These were all hauled to Hampton and to Rock Island and Moline.

After the railroad was first finished Father would take one of us children with him to Moline when he drove down to have us see the train go along. He would stop his team so we could see the train puffing along. At that time Moline was a small town. Rock Island was a small town but it was a thriving town.

My father was a great hustler and good at planning things and he could figure things out in his head. He had no schooling whatever. His parents died when he was so young he did not remember them and was brought up by different relatives first with one and then with another. Potatoes and buttermilk was all he got to eat and no schooling. When he was fourteen years of age he left them and went to sea and for five years served on sailing vessels on the ocean. Then he came to America and was in Virginia for some time, I don't know how long and then for five years he worked on steamboats on the Ohio and Mississippi and worked in the lead mines in Galena in winter.

In 1840 Father started farming on Hampton Bluff with five dollars. That was all the money he had and there was hardly any money to be had in those days everything was traded. He made his own wagon and sawed the wheels off a big log and got it all complete except a few parts made by his brother as he was a blacksmith. He lived about a mile from our place.

My mother was a good scholar from Germany and after they were married they kept German newspapers and my father got so he read very well.

When he built the log house the heavy end of the trunk only was used. The rest of the tree was burned up. They cleared up the place for the house that way. The old log house was on the place Father afterward sold to Kleinau's after he had built the brick house on the new farm.

Land was cheap in those times. They all made their money by working in their timber and only had a small place cleared to sow wheat and garden. They would cut down big trees so they would fall on a pile and they would burn them to get land cleared for farming. A yoke of oxen was his team to work and plow with.

Father worked very hard and at the time of his death he owned three hundred eighty acres of good land, besides he had several lots and a house in Hampton and other property.

When I married in September, 1862 I moved into a small log house a good deal like the one I was born in and there I had to climb a ladder again to go upstairs. This was the log house Grandfather Hauberg built in 1853 at Sugar Grove.

This log house had shingles of split wood, home made but not what they called clapboards. You could see the stars through the roof. There was no fireplace but a stove to cook on and heat the house. The cellar was a dugout back of the barn. When Amelia was born we couldn't buy a cradle in Port Byron; they were sold out so Pa got the big rocking chair that we still use in our house. The lower log of the house got rotted and it started to lean and each year it leaned more. The neighbors said it would fall down on us if we didn't look out. The stable had room for four horses and had a roof of slough hay. We had a half dozen of bearing peach trees and a half dozen of apple trees that bore good. We got all our water for house use at the spring down in the creek. They dug the spring down about six feet but after every rain they had to dig it out again. A leanto at the southwest corner of the house was used for storage and summer kitchen.

The house was one full story and an attic with one full window, and a half window downstairs and a half window upstairs. Both half windows were at the east end of the house. The full window was on the north side. There was only one outside door and that was on the south side. There was a partition made of wide boards toward the west end of the room and that made our bedroom. It had no window in it. A plain ladder led to the attic where the side walls were about two feet high. Here the hired girl and the hired man slept their rooms being separated by quilts hung up.

Eggert Hauberg was staying with us during the "cold winter" and it kept him busy chopping wood. Amelia was the baby then. I don't think we had Emma then. This cold winter Mrs. Fields and family fired their stove too hot and it set the house afire and they had to run to the neighbors some distance away. The exposed arm with which she carried the baby froze so it had to be amputated, the baby's arms also were frozen and had to be amputated and Levi Fields, a son, had both ears frozen off.

We did well and Pa started building up a nice big home. He had the present horse barn built and had also put up a stone smokehouse and they were hauling rock for the new stone house when Kahler came over and told Pa he had no right to build there. Grandfather had sold that eighty to Knock and for some reason they failed to make any reservation in the deed for the ground that Grandfather had built on. Pa thought it was in the deed, but it wasn't. Then Pa and the hired man went over the hill and selected the site where the present stone house is. At that time you could see over the entire farm as there were no trees there. The log house was down where you didn't have such a view. Every tree on this place was set out by your father. It was an oats field without any trees anywhere near when it was selected. It was just eighty rods west of the log house. The new stone house was built in 1866.

One time when your father was away and Aunt Maggie was with us two Indians came to ask for something to eat. One was an old man. He wore a woman's hood close fitting and he wore a pair of old shoes. The other was a young fellow and he carried his shoes on a stick over his shoulder and walked barefooted in the snow. It was winter time. Both had blankets and feathers. Our Anna was a little girl then and she sat at the table with the Indians to eat."

Anna Margaret Frels Hauberg, the seventeen year old bride and second lady of the house at the old log cabin, and the first in the new stone residence.

Aunt Margaret (Mrs. M. D. Hauberg), like all farm wives of the day, was head of the nursery; head of the cooking and all housework for the family and the hired men — In those days the hired man lived full time with the family for which he was working — meals, bed, laundry; sat with the family at the dining table and with them in the parlor for the evening sing. She was queen at the washtub and wringer, had uninterrupted charge of the dairy and all the poultry: all the flower garden and practically all the vegetable garden. She made all the clothing for children and husband; all the patchwork to keep them in repair.

It is true that the elder children were given responsibilities for work of every description — milking, churning, dishwashing, hunting the eggs, bringing cows from the pasture; locking up the geese so the wolves would not get them overnight; keeping the woodbox beside the kitchen stove filled with stove wood; bringing in chips with which to start the fire next morning and carrying water for household use, caring for younger children and doing all sorts of errands.

At the breakfast table the sons at a very early age, took their orders for the day the same as the hired men. Play time, after the age of nine or ten was not a part of the life, and school attendance was cut off about the first week of March, not to be again taken up until some time in December when the corn was in the crib.

The above duties and cares of the "Lady of the house" were not enough to keep Aunt Margaret busy, full time. With the men busy in the field, and pigs threatening her garden, she would dig postholes and set posts to repair the fence. Needing a new chimney, she secured brick and sand; sent one of us to Port Byron for a dime's worth of their "famous white lime," and dumping this in a shallow rectangular box, would pour water over it which soon set it boiling violently, and, mixed with sand would make the necessary mortar, and the chimney rose under her hand about as good a job, and as lasting as if done by a regular mason. She sang at her work—a good soprano, and fund time sometimes to sit in the rocking chair and read the Bible.

For years she had a variety of contraptions more or less hidden in the cellar. She was trying to invent a machine for scooping up barnyard refuse. She would say the time was coming when farmers would have to take better care of barnyard fertilizer. She did not succeed with it. Today, with gasoline engine and dipper dredge as suggestions she would have succeeded. She did however succeed in getting a patent on a dishwasher. You will find it written up in the "Official Gazette of the United States Patent Office," for October 26th, 1909, page 842. She received many letters as a result of this writeup but nearly all wanted money for selling the patent. One, however, offered some town lots somewhere in Texas. Beyond this, the patent died a natural death as many a predecessor had done.

A load which weighed on the family as a whole was the mortgage on the farm but one bright spot was in 1893 when Aunt Margaret and Uncle Mark, with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Quick who were adjoining neighbors, together attended the World's Fair at Chicago. Accommodations were found at a private residence. The great "Chicago Day" came along. The two men slept in one room, the two ladies in another, neither had a watch or clock. The women awoke first and became alarmed at the lateness of the morning and awakened the men and were soon on the way to the restaurant. It was just two o'clock. Next they made their way to the lake front to take the Illinois Central train to the fair, and found they were not yet running their trains — too early in the morning. Almost three quarters of a million people visited the fair that day and they could not get near enough to an eating place to get a meal, but fortunately they had brought a lunch — but Mrs. Quick who bordered on a semi-invalid state couldn't eat of it. It was nine o'clock before they were able to board a train for the city — one of those "never to be forgotten days" and all were glad to be getting back to the quiet of the farm, except Mrs. Quick who wished to stay longer.

The mortgage situation began to clear somewhat in the year of their Golden wedding — 1912, and was finally paid up in March of 1917. We fondly hoped that now there would be some leisure when she could enjoy the fruits of her hard labor, but about this time diabetes overtook her. Besides she knew not how to be idle — to take it easy and watch the world and its worries go by. Insulin was not known at that time for with it her life could have been prolonged, and March 21, 1918 saw her husband and children gathered about her bed at the Lutheran hospital, in Moline, as she breathed her last.

John Casto, giving an address at Bethel Baptist church one time, said he saw her there and remarked about it as follows: "She had personality. You would pick her out in a crowd."

THE JURGEN DETLEV HAUBERGS

Jurgen Detlev Hauberg, born in Holstein, September 23, 1839; died at Moline, Illinois, March 10th, 1887. Buried at Riverside cemetery, Moline.

Wiebke Messer Hauberg, born in Holstein, March 24, 1850; died at Moline, Illinois, February 25, 1932; buried at Riverside.

They were married on January 24, 1867.

While their first names were Jurgen and Wiebke respectively, neither was ever known by those names except on legal documents. Always it was "Dave" and "Mary," though Grandfather used a German name "Detelt" for Dave, again ignoring the name Jurgen.

As to the name "Hauberg," it was an unusual one while "Hubbard," "Hobart" and "Hubbart" were common. Thus the name was used phonetically and Jurgen Hauberg was "Dave Hubbard" — never anything different except for Henry Quick, a neighbor, who alone called us "Hauberg."

A common idea, probably held to be true universally in those days, was that if you did not compel a boy to work early in his life, he would never work. He would grow to be a loafer and never be of any account in later life. Today we are experimenting with this question, bringing up our sons largely in idleness and still hoping they will be good citizens in time.

Accordingly, Uncle Dave was away from home, hired out for wages at the age of ten years. At what age he began to crack the whip over the backs of the great ox teams, breaking the tough virgin prairie sod, we do not exactly know, but it was doubtless at the age of twelve or earlier. We may picture him in our minds at that age in a two-piece suit, a makeshift of a hat or cap, barefooted, and laboriously wielding a big whip, while he shouted in his childish voice at the oxen as they halted to snatch a bite of the grass as they trudged along.

Both Iowa and Illinois prairies knew the stern, serious labor of this boy. "Brother Dave and Bill Marshall 'broke' the south part of the north field with five yoke of oxen and a plow that cut a twenty-two inch furrow," said M. D. Hauberg some years ago. When all is said and done, we will admit that those were heroic days. For untold ages the Indians and wild animals had roamed the land; then came this one particular generation which turned the sod, and forever after we have cultivated fields and domestic animals.

At the age of thirteen, with his parents and family, he moved from the town of Moline, Illinois to the log cabin at Sugar Grove, about twenty-five miles to the northeast in the upper end of Rock Island County. The family, with all its furniture, was carried in an ox-drawn wagon up the river road by way of Hampton and Port Byron. A small herd of cattle which had been acquired while living at Moline, was driven alongside. The latter end of the journey was over virgin prairies across which no regular highway had yet been laid.

The Dave Hauberg residence near Hillsdale, Illinois. Here John D. G., Luther, Herman and George were born. A large brick house, it was destroyed by fire some years ago.

Had it been in our own day — 1950 — this boy would have started his farm career with home life, sandwiching in an occasional shot at a deer which were numerous at the time, or cutting a willow pole for some fishing in one of the 'Docia sloughs, not that time out from the grind of work was tolerated as a general practice. One asks, too, what did the farmer employers of boys, ten years and upwards, expect from these tender youngsters? Of course they expected to get their money's worth out of them.

In the case at hand, the Hauberg family reached their newly-built log house at Sugar Grove in the evening, and the very next day, with no time for relaxation, young Dave reported to the Isaiah Marshalls to report for work! To us of today it appears to be not merely hard but cruel, but it reflects the times for evidently both the father of the boy and the employer Marshall, looked upon the employment as perfectly proper; and as for the boy himself, it was by no means his first experience as a hired man on a farm away from home.

This employment at the Marshalls was, we believe, his first experience with what was known as an "American" family. Isaiah Marshall had served as an officer in a Pennsylvania regiment in the war of 1812-'14; was a well-educated man and well-to-do, having purchased an entire section of land in Canoe Creek Township — a place three miles southeast of the Sugar Grove cabin. Some of the men of that early day had not a day in school; others, like Uncle Dave, had very little book learning and, therefore, one's education came by way of association with elders — the language, philosophy; the slant on the American's way of looking at things came not from books but by contact with others. The first work at hand was the excavation of a cellar in which his brother Mark too had a share, for Mr. Marshall, in this year of 1853, was building himself a large brick house. The bricks, as in many other cases, were made on the spot from clay dug from the hillside close by the site where the house was to be erected.

All told, there were six years of matriculation into the great "University of Hard Knocks" in which Uncle Dave was to graduate. These years contained some schooling in Bluff District, and Lutheran church services, and confirmation in the said Lutheran congregation, both school and church having been under the immediate direction of his father, John D. Hauberg who was a board member of the school and originator of the church group. In this general combination Uncle Dave matured early.

In 1859, at the age of twenty, Uncle Dave entered into partnership with his brother Mark, two years his senior. They rented their father's lands for a term of four years, with the Sugar Grove log house as their headquarters, Grandfather meanwhile living on Section Fourteen, one and three-fourths of a mile to the southwest where he built the large barn mentioned in another chapter of this book. The brothers had not gone far when Uncle Dave was wounded by a pistol shot at a party. It was accidental, the gun having been snapped by other young fellows, but it would not discharge until finally it was snapped once too often, the bullet striking Uncle Dave in the hip. For a whole year he was incapacitated. By and by he was able to drive the reaper during harvest, and eventually overcame his handicap.

The bachelors were good mixers socially, doubtless eyed as good prospects by doting mothers; and had many a dance at the log house. Into the social whirl came a number of German-born hired men of the neighborhood, who came to look upon this center as their only real home, and would leave their carpet bags and whatever was not needed where they worked, with the Hauberg brothers. This, in turn, gave the log house a record for enlistments in the Civil War, no less than ten men being named by the family historian, M. D. Hauberg in his "Memoirs," who went forth from this cabin to fight in the Union cause — a record which we believe was unmatched in the county, and possibly for a much wider horizon.

Their partnership was a success financially, and when the time came for the expiration of their lease, each found himself possessor of a share containing a set of farm implements, cattle and horses; small grain and corn; and a cash dividend of $730.00. They now determined to follow some of the families who had gone farther west — to Nebraska where lands were cheap, but Grandfather hearing of it made them a proposition to hold them here at home. He would sell his lands to them. Thus, at the age of twenty-three Dave became the owner of the Eighty which had the big barn mentioned in another chapter of this book, the consideration being one hundred dollars; two tons of hay and 20 bushels of wheat to be delivered to his parents annually as long as the latter should live; and in case one died the survivor's cash allowance would be $50.00 per year.

A year later, under date of December 22, 1863, Jurgen bought a forty on Canoe Creek two miles to the southeast of his original purchase, the consideration for which was $300.00. His really big year came four years later.

The year 1867 was the one when he really took upon himself responsibilities of unusual calibre. One was that the now twenty-eight year old bachelor led to the altar the seventeen year old Miss Wiebke Messer; and the other was that he closed a deal with his brother-in-law Gottlieb Stilz for the latter's farm of around 120 acres which included the Stilz home where Bluff School stands, at a cost of $3450.00. The wedding took place January 24th, 1867, and the purchase of the above-mentioned land on January 27th, 1867.

His next spurt in land deals came in 1872 when he sold the farm which had the big barn — the 80 in Section Fourteen, in Coe Township, to his brother-in-law, Dedrick Bracker for $4650.00, the date being September 3, 1872, and just one month later he acquired the Marshall farm in Canoe Creek — the same farm on which he had gone to work the day after the family moved from Moline to Sugar Grove. The price was $7000.00. This was the farm with the large brick house, the only one of his purchases to which our fond memory clings and where the sons, Herman, Luther and George were born, as well as the four who died in early life. It was here, too, that his health failed to the point that a conservator was appointed, under whose direction the farm was transferred to the name of his wife, on February 17th, 1887, and who, in turn, under date of May 20th, 1887, sold the farm to John H. Burton for $6100.00, whereupon the family moved to Moline, as mentioned in the chapter in this book, written by his son, Luther T. Hauberg.

Within the period of 1862 to 1887 there was a world of interesting progress, both in the life of Uncle Dave and in the community at large. In 1864 he joined with his brother Mark in the purchase of a threshing machine outfit which they operated for eight long seasons, usually running late into the winter months when it was necessary to shovel snow in moving from one farm to another. Only those who know can appreciate the extent of physical endurance needed to carry out such a program for it was in an age when men really exerted themselves to secure results — up very early in the morning to see that all was in condition for a big full day's run because the neighbor men would be there — not to waste their time while the owners tinkered with the machinery, but to get the threshing done so they could, in turn, have theirs done and get the grain to market. They worked late as long as they could see, and this grind day after day required the most vigorous health.

Along about 1868 the neighbors started a Harvest Home affair held in the northeast corner of what became Uncle Dave's farm in '72. At this time it was still owned by the Marshalls. To this festival were brought various farm products, and also things made by the women, to be exhibited in friendly rivalry, and out of which grew the more pretentious "Rock Island County Agricultural Board of Coe and Canoe Creek," later referred to as the "Hillsdale Fair." This was the first community-wide organization of the Upper End of the county. Heretofore there were the district schools, a church here and there, Fourth of July celebrations and political and war rallies, but the "Fair" stood out above all of them. Of this, Uncle Dave was the original vice president, and he held chairmanships of a variety of standing committees as the years passed. A lease was taken on the D. M. Martin farm which adjoined Uncle Dave's on the west, and here the Fair was continued to be held until its dissolution many years later.

The writer hereof vividly remembers the days when, as a child, he would see the public highways for miles around all but clogged with buggies and farm wagons, containing large families and horsebackers, all headed for the Hillsdale Fair. From all directions from across the 'Docia by way of the Middle Crossing they came from Whiteside County in closely packed lines. At times when the roads were deep in dust, their distant outlines could be followed by the clouds of dust rising high in the air. Sometimes it rained, but still the crowds came.

No more wonderful sight will ever be seen by us than that of Biehls' Band of Rock Island, in gorgeous military uniforms and high red pomponed caps, sweeping grandly along in a specially constructed band wagon drawn by four gaily decorated horses, playing thrilling military marches as they came down Martin's hill just south of the entrance to the fair grounds. In that otherwise quiet, peaceful atmosphere we would hear for miles around the thumping of the bass drum, and the blood would rise. At this Fair we had our first view of balloon ascensions, parachute drops, horse racing, packages of popcorn containing a prize, and the pulling of cream candy; Floral Hall with its flowers, quilts and prize jellies, canned fruits and cakes and dairy products; and in those days when every man was the protector of his own honor which he wore on his sleeve and a "chip on his shoulder," there was scarcely ever a Fair that did not have a sudden surge of the crowd as someone shouted, "A fight," to find a couple of men mauling each other's bloody faces, and one of the farmers with a big stick and a big star, serving as policeman would shout "stand back" while others shouted sarcastically "We've paid to git in and we're entitled to see."

Aunt Mary recounted those olden days when living with her son, Dr. George, years afterward: "We used to have guests from Clinton and from Moline during the fair times. I would sew two bed sheets together, stuff it with straw and the men would sleep on it. We put up with almost anything in those days." Next morning, with all her other multitudinous duties, she would prepare a sumptuous picnic dinner for guests and family and pack it all into a large clothes basket — meats, fowl, cakes, pies, salads, canned fruit, jellies, big sandwiches, etc. and jugs of coffee.

Politically, Uncle Dave took an active part in the National Party and the Greenback Party, which indicates that he chose to do independent thinking rather than loaf along with one of the old parties for party's sake, or for no particular reason at all. His brother Mark used to say that Uncle Dave could have any office job he wanted, and that when he was nominated, they did not trouble to nominate an opponent; and that, as to the office of school director, he was elected to that office so soon after he had moved into the Enterprise District that he was not at the time legally qualified to act.

The writer hereof took occasion to look through the Town Clerk's records of Canoe Creek Township, and found that for the five years of 1878 to 1882, Uncle Dave's name appears annually for Highway Commissioner and as Treasurer of the Commissioners of Highways. For the year 1878, the election returns for Canoe Creek Township were as follows:

David Hauberg had 76 votes for Commissioner
James Sexton had 2 votes for Commissioner
William Mill had 1 vote for Commissioner

This corroborates the statment that when Uncle Dave ran there was no need of nominating anyone else. Since we did not examine the records for other years, we cannot say whether other offices were held by him. To the best of our knowledge and belief, Uncle Dave never sought office for himself.

We used to enjoy going to Uncle Dave's. There was a variety of interests. There were the russet apples which none of the rest of us had at home, and there were large cherry trees in which we would climb, and cram ourselves with the rich red fruit. Down at the foot of the hill were some large cottonwood trees behind which we would hide in the game of hide and seek. A big frame building which stood just outside the house yard had an old octagonal-faced clock. It was said to be a part of the equipment of the school which was said to have once been held in that building.

There were occasions, however, of greater interest, such for example as Christmas when all the aunts, uncles, cousins, and grandparents would gather for the annual tree, and all the elders would gather first about the festive roast goose, and then for second table came the raft of cousins and just as the last mouthful of the bountiful Christmas dinner (we called it supper) was at hand, one of the children — it always appeared to just happen so, would be called to go to the parlor on some errand or other, and it always happened also that just as the parlor door was thrown widely open for the child to enter that Santa Claus, togged in a white sheet, would be seen just in the act of making his exit — and then pandemonium as each sought his or her gifts which, too, were abundant.

Other occasions which come to mind have to do with playing on the floor before the blazing hearth with John and Maggie and George, while our elders were seated about the warm glow and talking. Again we would hie ourselves to the garret where we found a variety of relics, among which were colored pictures of Civil War battles. These pictures fascinated us, and we never tired of looking at them. So vivid is the recollection of them that I am certain they were of the Currier & Ives prints which today are something of a fad and for which fancy prices are being paid.

The first time the writer hereof ever heard the word "hammock" was in connection with the one owned at Uncle Dave's and Aunt Mary's. Likewise, the first ever in our recollection of a grind organ was at the same home. The tune was produced by an endless belt of perforated paper, and was drawled out with the aid of a crank for electrical devices were unknown at that day. Our first ride in a phaeton too, was in the one owned by Uncle Dave. Uncle Dave passed to his reward in 1887, at the early age of forty-eight, and was buried in Riverside cemetery, Moline.

Some of us visited in the old home in 1930, the owners at that time being the John Woodburns. In its exterior it was still the house of the earlier day but the new owners had painted the outside a drab color, the interior modernized by the installation of a furnace, electric lights, rural telephone, running water and the former pantry had been converted into a bathroom. But the old fireplace had not been forgotten, and Mrs. Woodburn said they intended to reopen the old fireplace which had been closed.

Alas, time has its own program. We were there in 1940 when relatives came for the 1940 Hauberg reunion. The big house had burned, and the brick toppled into a heap.

The children of Uncle Dave and Aunt Mary are mentioned elsewhere in this book. Of eight, there were four deaths in childhood; the remaining four — all sons — grew to maturity and carried their part in the life of their respective communities.

After Uncle Dave's death, the widow, Aunt Mary, remarried, but she too has been "called across the bar" and rests beside her first love in Riverside, in Moline.

THE FAMILY OF JURGEN DETLEV (DAVE) HAUBERG

By Luther T. Hauberg

The life story of Jurgen Detlev Hauberg has been written by cousin John Henry Hauberg, a better writer and more accurate historian than this scribe.

Father Jurgen Detlev (Dave) Hauberg died March 10th, 1887, in a house on 15th Street near 19th Avenue, Moline, Illinois. The family continued to live there till Mother bought a small home on 19th Avenue the following summer. At the time of Father's death the family, besides Mother, consisted of four boys, John D. G., then 18 years old; Herman Marx, 8; Luther Theodore, 5; and George Detlef, 3. In September, 1888, Mother married Nicholas Schnoor, a well-to-do retired farmer, and the family moved to Mt. Auburn, Iowa, where the three younger boys grew to young manhood. Father Schnoor died there in 1911.

Mother (nee Wiebke Messer) was born at Heide, in Schleswig-Holstein March 24th, 1850, came to America in 1866 and married Father, January 24th, 1867. John D. G. was their oldest child. The next four children died in childhood, and are buried in the Lutheran cemetery on Grandfather's original homestead farm. Louis D. Hauberg has supplied us with dates of their decease but says the inscriptions on the tombstones of Minnie and Madeline are hardly legible but appear to be — "Mina Katherina, born August 17, 1875, age 8 months, 5 days; Madelina D. 1878 ?, one year, seven months and twenty-six days. The other two gravestones are clear — George H., died September 28th, 1880, aged eight years, nine months, 18 days. Margaretha C. E. died October 6, 1880, ten years, ten months and two days old."

Following the above came Herman, Luther and George Detlev. All the Dave Hauberg children were born on the farm.

(Two children were born to Mother after her marriage to Nicholas Schnoor; Clarence, who was drowned in the Des Moines River near Algona, Iowa in 1909, at the age of 19 years; and Stella, now Mrs. George Danner, who lives in Vinton, Iowa.)

Mother continued to live in Mt. Auburn after the death of Father Schnoor till after Dr. George Detlef opened his office in Moline for the practice of his profession. She disposed of the home in which she had lived for twenty-five years and bought a new home at 2002, 15th Street, Moline. She died in this home February 25th, 1932, and was buried in the family plot in Riverside cemetery.

Her last years were the happiest and most peaceful and comfortable of her long life. She had Dr. George and his wife Dell and their children with her; she told us, "My own daughter could not be kinder or more thoughtful of me." Her end came suddenly, though it was not wholly unexpected; there had been warnings of a heart ailment and Dr. George had told us the end might come at any time. She lay down to sleep each day after lunch, and this day, when she woke, she told

Mrs. Jurgen D. Hauberg nee Wiebke Messer

Dell that she was feeling very well and that she wanted nothing; yes, she would like a drink of cold water. Dell turned to the water tap in the adjoining room to get it for her — and heard the awful, ominous rattle coming from Mother's bed. Dr. George was called at once but Mother had passed over the Great Divide before he could reach her. The great concourse that followed her to her last resting place gave evidence of the esteem in which she was held by family and friends.

So be my passing:

My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet West,
The sundown splendid and serene.

LIFE AT MOUNT AUBURN

By Luther T. Hauberg

NOTE: Luther here tells of life with their stepfather, Nicholas Schnoor, who married his mother after Uncle Dave's death. Mr. Schnoor had lived in the Hauberg neighborhood in Coe Township, and when the original Bluff school was projected in 1856, the acre Lot was purchased of him. He had secured it from his half-brother, Paul Gottsche. It was the tract which Grandfather Hauberg had filed on, in October, 1853, but did not complete title. The late William Ashdown one time, reminisced to the effect that a German was staying with the Schnoors. "He got awfully homesick for the Old Country but he didn't have any money to travel on. He slept in the attic of the Schnoor house and . . . he suicided . . . Mr. and Mrs. Schnoor everytime they'd go up into the attic after that, they'd imagine they'd see the man's ghost and so they sold out to get away from it. Jake Marshall slid the house down to where his buildings were and used it as a sort of tenant house. It burned down within the last three or four years or maybe six years." (Thus endeth Mr. Ashdown's story. The ghost if any, probably burned up the house.)

The three younger boys grew up in a farming community, and to this day they are grateful they learned of life's vagaries in a small town and the surrounding farms. Life in Mt. Auburn moved at an even pace but it was never easy.

Their stepfather Nicholas Schnoor was a good man, and like most fathers, not always understood by his children till too late. He was a firm believer in the homely virtues of honesty, work and thrift, virtues which earned him a competence by the time he reached middle life and which made him one of the most highly regarded men in the community. He kept his own counsel; he did not talk freely with the family nor ever try to make his thinking clear to them; and the result was often misunderstanding that could have been avoided by counsel, admonition and advice from one whom they all learned to respect. No one ever questioned Nick Schnoor's integrity. He lived respected and died regretted.

There were nine Schnoor children, the four Hauberg boys, and two babies who came along in due time after Mother and Father Schnoor were married. That makes a total of fifteen children, which is quite a family for any home, but they were never all together at one time; the older ones had left the family roof to make their way elsewhere, but even so, there were usually ten at the table the first few years. The chance for childish misunderstanding was too great to be passed. There was not the affection between the two sides of the family that there should have been.

Father Schnoor sometimes helped the children financially if they had made good first. On one occasion, however, that worked in reverse. He had heard of some cattle that were offered for sale at what he thought was a cheap figure and he wanted to buy them. He did not have enough ready cash on hand at the time and he told Mother he did not want to go to the town banker because he would have to let him in on the deal. When George came home from the store at noon Mother asked him, "George, will you lend Father $900.00?" George answered, "Sure, if he will give me his note for it." That seemed to surprise Father Schnoor, who was convinced that George was spending too much money for made-to-measure clothes, white shirts and fancy neckties, and an occasional livery rig to drive to Vinton, but he said "Humpf" and signed. Evidently the deal made him some money. A few years later, while George was in medical school, he asked Father Schnoor if he would lend him a couple hundred dollars to carry him through the school year. Father said, "Who will you get to sign your note with you?" but there was a near-twinkle in his eye as he said it. Luther signed the note with George. In 1910, when Luther was home on a vacation, he asked if Father had said anything about that note, that he did not want him to be holding past due paper on him. George later reported that Father had said he knew he could not pay it, better let it go for the present. Diligent search was made for the note after Father Schnoor died, but it could not be found. It is believed that he destroyed it; George had helped him and that was that.

Herman began working out on the farms of the community when he was twelve years old, and Luther took his first "job" just before he became ten. They attended country schools during the spring and fall terms and the town school during the winter months till they were twelve or thirteen years old. After that they went to school during the winter terms only. When they reached young manhood they left for other scenes to make their way. George worked on a farm one summer, and at sixteen he became clerk in one of the two general stores in Mt. Auburn and continued at that till he entered Iowa State Normal at Cedar Falls to prepare for admission to the medical school of the University of Iowa at Iowa City. None of the boys attended high school; there was none in Mt. Auburn.

The school at Mt. Auburn was the usual small town institution of those days — two rooms, two teachers, about forty pupils in each room, none of the high school subjects taught. The teacher in the "little room" was paid $30.00 to $35.00 a month nine months in the year, and the one in the "high room" $40.00 to $45.00. Those were fair salaries for teachers then. The cashier of the town bank was rich at $50.00 a month. Each of the three boys has had turns at sweeping and cleaning a school room and building the fire in the morning — at a dollar a month, which the teacher paid.

There were two churches in the town, the Methodist and the Christian. There was bickering, backbiting and proselyting in and between those churches, so much so that their influence was sometimes rather low; they bred cynics as well as believers. There were two German Lutheran families, the Schnoors and the Wiegands, and one Irish family of the Roman Catholic faith.

Mother saw to it that the boys attended Sunday School, if not in one church, then in the other; it made little difference which church, but Sunday School was a "must." The boys participated in all local affairs like church socials, entertainments, school plays and games. Ice cream and oyster "sociables" were the usual means of raising money for the churches; usually the eatables were donated by members or friends and the ladies served them. At one of these events, when the boys were still quite young, Herman had a nickel but Luther had nothing, so Herman bought a five-cent dish of ice cream — with two spoons. Oyster stews were offered at 25c a bowl. On one occasion we saw a young couple, lad and lassie of about sixteen or seventeen, dispose of their oyster stews, and we heard the boy say to the girl, "If you ain't got a quarter you better go speak to your pa." That may be a vaudeville joke now but we saw it happen.

George was quite the favorite among the teachers in school and Sunday School, he memorized more readily than most youngsters and he had the voice for "speaking." Luther drew a prize one year for being the most regular attendant in his class at the Methodist Sunday School, a year's subscription to the Epworth Herald! And he had walked the four miles from the farm where he was working each Sunday to win it!

There were none of the modern conveniences in the town, no furnaces, no electricity or gas, no water system, no running water, only one telephone. It was a typical country town of about three hundred people, mostly retired farmers. Most of the residents kept a horse or two, a cow, a pig or two, chickens, and a family garden. The cows were kept in the large pasture south of town. One of the boys took the job of driving a cow home from pasture each night — at a penny a day — and bought himself a sled the next winter, for which he paid with ninety pennies.

Few of the youngsters stayed in Mt. Auburn after reaching young manhood. There was nothing to hold them but farm work; they had the alternatives of working on somebody's farm or leaving. Farm hands were paid $20.00 a month nine months in the year, or possibly $22.00 if very good; and railroad section hands drew $1.10 a day. Be it said to their credit that most of the young men who left have done fairly well for themselves; they are now doctors, lawyers, preachers, educators, merchants, business executives, miners and farmers, and scattered from coast to coast. There were very few "bad boys," so few that we remember but one or two who did not measure up.

THE STILZ FAMILY

Gottlieb Stilz, born in Wuertemburg, October 16, 1826. Married Dorothea Hauberg October 24, 1857, died August 17, 1889.

Dorothea Hauberg, born January 20, 1842, died October 16, 1874.

Both are buried in Oakwood cemetery, Geneseo, Illinois.

Uncle Gottlieb Stilz was a Wuertemburger — a Swabian. His was a country which in his day decided its own external affairs. The Wuertemburgers would join the French, under Napoleon and fight other German states, or again, unite with Austria to fight Prussia.

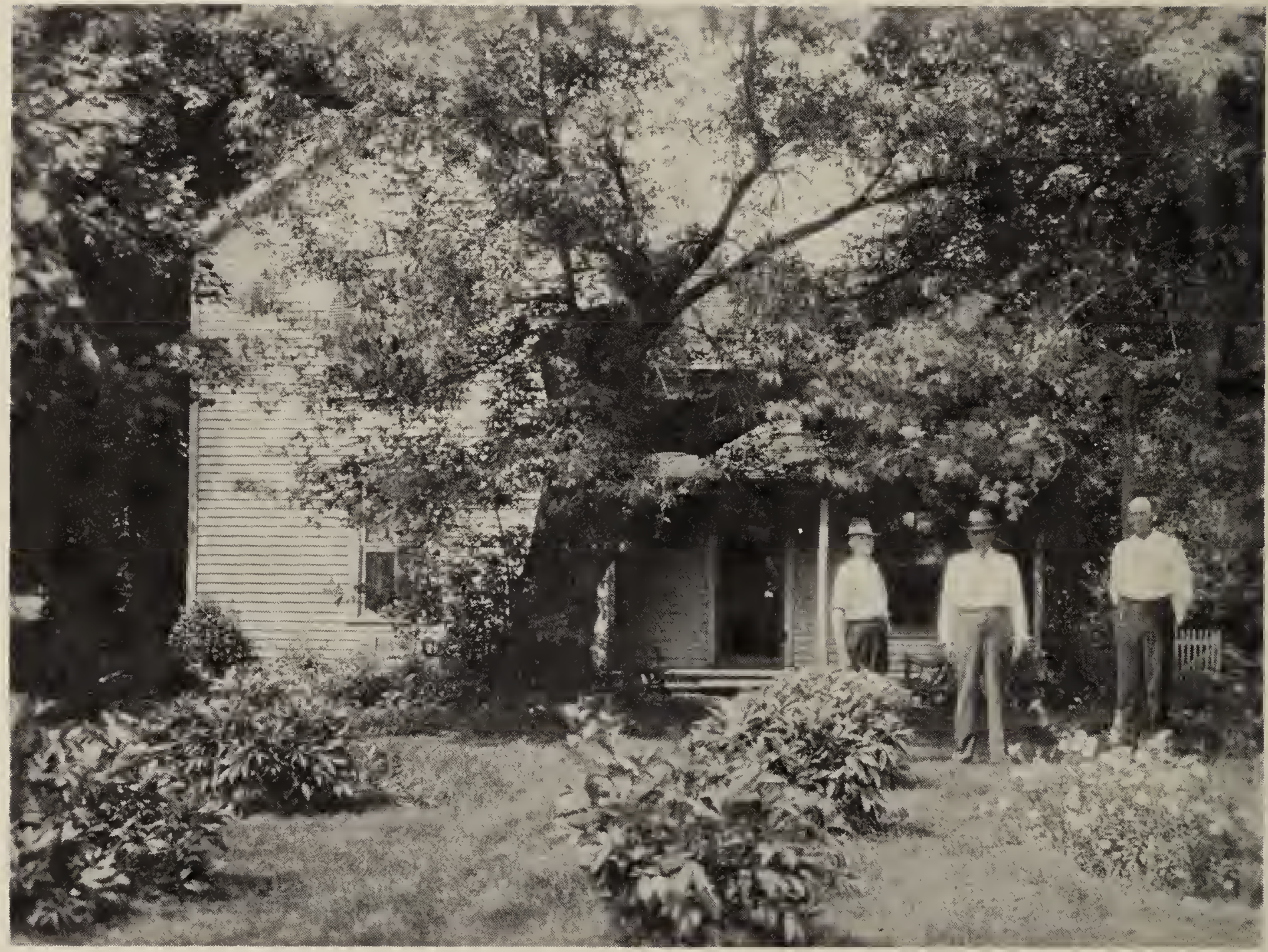
The Stilzes came to America where some of them set up a tailor shop in Philadelphia where you will find them to this day — on Walnut Street, not far from Independence Hall. The brother, Gottlieb, however, took to gardening and served as such among a group of relatives who owned a shooting lodge on the High Prairie, in Coe Township, where Grandfather Hauberg had established his home in 1853. The Richard Torpins, migrating from the Philadelphia area to Coe in 1856, brought Gottlieb with them "as Father's bodyguard," carrying the gun, basket of food, and keeping an eye on the children. Settled at the hunting lodge, young Stilz did errands, among them being that of going down to Sugar Grove to bring up dairy products from the Hauberg log cabin, and it was not long before he was making eyes at the elder daughter, Dores Hauberg.

Gottlieb made all necessary provision by having his brother John purchase a farm under date of March 6, 1857, and on October 24, he and his fifteen-year-old sweetheart were united in marriage with Magistrate Alex F. Swander, an old-time Moline friend of the Hauberg family tying the knot.

The High Prairie now boasted a Stilz family. It became one of the pillars of established society, carrying its full share of the load in a community which was striving to find itself. Dores had been a member of the first Bible School ever established on the High Prairie, and was a member of the first confirmation class; and had likewise been a pupil in the first public school to be established for that district — Bluff School; and the community was bestirring itself to have regular public highways laid out instead of everybody driving across country where they happened to please. In all these — the school, the church and Bible school and laying out of roads, her father had a leading part.

In the short space of three years, so prosperous had they been, Uncle Gottlieb took title to the farm in his own name, under date of December 1, 1860.

The little "Bluff School," a half mile north of the Stilz farm, was found to be inadequate and under date of September 11th, 1865, the Stilzs signed a deed conveying to Bluff District the large lot on which the school has continued down to the present day. The lot was in the southeast corner of their farm at the crossroads, east and west and north and south, and now both school and church services



The Stilz's

The Stilz homestead on the High Prairie. Picture taken 1929.

were fairly at their door. Incidentally, the Stilz farm cornered with the forty on which stood the lodge of the Philadelphia hunters, so closely did Mr. Stilz stay within the limits of his first place of residence.

The late Mr. James Hasson was a son of Alex Hasson, coachman for the Lamberts of Philadelphia and who came west in the same party with the Torpins, of which Gottlieb Stilz was a member. Speaking of those olden times, Mr. Hasson said:

"No one of the hunters' lodge folks came to stay permanently that I know of except Father and Stilz (he might have included Capt. Wm. H. Harte), and the Torpins themselves. Stilz married and they were our nearest neighbors. I remember Gottlieb helping Father and that during the Civil War Gottlieb hauled his barley to Port Byron with an ox team, getting $2.00 per bushel, and finished paying for his farm."

Mrs. Jennie Allen, nee Torpin, of Port Byron, was another who was familiar with the circumstances under which our Uncle Gottlieb came to the High Prairie. She said:

"At that time they called Gottlieb Father's bodyguard. Gottlieb always purchased the victuals and had to carry the dinner basket. He carried the blunderbuss and dinner basket over his shoulder. Father brought him along to take care of the children. There were ten of us, two very small and they died soon after getting here. At that time we all had to drink slough water and it wasn't healthy. We had to put the well and the pump down in the slough to get water.

"We arrived here April 12, 1856, by train. Father brought us out as soon as the train began to come through, and we soon found our way to "Tip" as they called the hunters' lodge; the full name being Tipperary in honor of old Tipperary in Ireland from which some of the hunters had come."

In our day we speak of "Flaming Youth" and of grandmothers who stay out late at night. From one of the old-time neighbors of the Stilzes, we have a word-picture which describes the life of the day far beyond the words of even the mere fictionist. It is the tale, told to the writer some years ago and recorded by him as the words fell from the lips of the narrator. The latter was the late John A. Liphardt, a wag in his day, and who in late life still enjoyed a good joke: Said he:

"The early settlers used to have some very good times and when we met in the log houses around, everything was sociable and nice. The women would spin yarns and knit, the old men would smoke and play cards, and the young people would be having their dances out in the barn.

"I remember one time they had a party at Gottlieb Stilz', your uncle's home. We had danced all night long, and then the next day we men went out around to the different settlers and got sausages and eggs. They would use the eggs in their 'punch,' and then the women would peel a whole lot of potatoes, get quite a lot in a wash tub and these potatoes and sausages would be fixed up for the midnight meal the following night.

"Well, I fell in love with a girl at the dance and after we had danced awhile, I suggested we go out and sit down. We went out into a sort of side room where there wasn't much light and I thought I saw a seat, very plainly, and so I suggested we sit down there. I wanted her to sit on my lap. Well, we sat down and I landed right in the middle of that wash tub of potatoes and I certainly got soaked. The fun of it was that I had to dance all the rest of that night in those clothes and go home next day with the thermometer at twenty below zero."

The Stilz home was blessed with children — Mary, born August 10, 1860; Helena, April 12, 1862; John October 18, 1864; and Odelia, March 14, 1867.

However, Uncle Gottlieb's heart was with gardening and flowers — the occupation he had followed while with the Torpins at or near Philadelphia, and under date of January 29th, 1867 he sold his farm to his brother-in-law Jurgen D. Hauberg and the Stilzs moved to Rock Island, twenty-five miles away, which was the County Seat, and here he was employed by the Rosenfield family — a family of substance and wealth — to care for their grounds.

Again, the open country attracted them, and Uncle Gottlieb purchased a farm, this time in an adjoining county — Henry County — the place being but a mile or two southeast of Geneseo; and the family continued to increase: William, born July 30, 1869; Elizabeth, June 28, 1872; and Sophia Dorothy, August 3, 1874. She was a twin, but she alone survived and it was but a short few weeks — October the 16th, that the mother herself died — a terrible calamity to this young family of seven children, the eldest but fourteen and the youngest just brought into the world. Aunt Dores, as she was known, was but thirty-two years of age at her death.

The elder Hauberg cousins well remember the Stilz farm in Henry County, and in addition we will add a chapter in the Hauberg relationship — that of Uncle Charley Walther who came to America as a youth of sixteen years, to another farm in Henry County not far from the Stilzs. Being a guest in the Stilz home, he there met "Aunt Katie" Hauberg — at the time a young lady, and all in due time they were married — a substantial addition to the clan.

Financially, the Stilz family had again prospered and were said to have been within $300.00 of having the Henry County farm paid for, when again the city called. Uncle Gottlieb remarried, the first child of the second marriage as given in the records of Rock Island County, being born June 29, 1878 — the father's name given as Gottlieb Stilz and the mother's maiden name as Julia Larance. Two other children followed — Wallace and Minnie who subsequently lived at Chicago. Speaking of Aunt Dores, her brother Marx said emphatically, "She was a hustler!"

Following her mother's death, Odelia was taken to her grandparents' home — the John D. Haubergs — as will appear from the sketch of her life written by her widowered husband, Rev. Albert Kuhn. Mary, the elder child, married Henry Brandt. Clara and Walter are their children — both married and have families. Helena married Emil Warnecke of Rock Island; you will find her story and also that of their daughter, Jessie Warnecke Stuhler, within the covers of this book. John died at the age of ten. William was married twice, but left no direct heirs. Elizabeth married William Heath, and a short account of her life, too, is in this book. Dora never married, but served as housekeeper among families of friends — the Siebrandts of Hillsdale; Uncle Charles Walther, after Aunt Katie's death; and later still she lived with the Reverend and Odelia Kuhn, at whose home she passed to her reward.

Throughout the Stilz family has run a fine strain of amiability, industry, thrift, church and civic life — a valuable addition to the respective communities in which they lived.

On the tombstone in Oakwood cemetery, Geneseo, Illinois, appear the following inscriptions: "Dorothea Stilz, died October 16, 1874, aged 32 years, 8 months, 26 days. Gottlieb Stilz, died August 17, 1889, aged 62 years, 10 months and one day. John Stilz died 6th April 1875, aged 10 years, 5 months, 16 days." The inscriptions for Dorothea and John are in German; for Uncle Gottlieb, in English. Oakwood is a very well kept place of repose.

A letter to her grandparents, written by Mary Stilz, is not without interest. It is translated from the German, and is as follows:

"Geneseo, Ill., Jan. 26, 1874

Dear Grandfather and Grandmother:

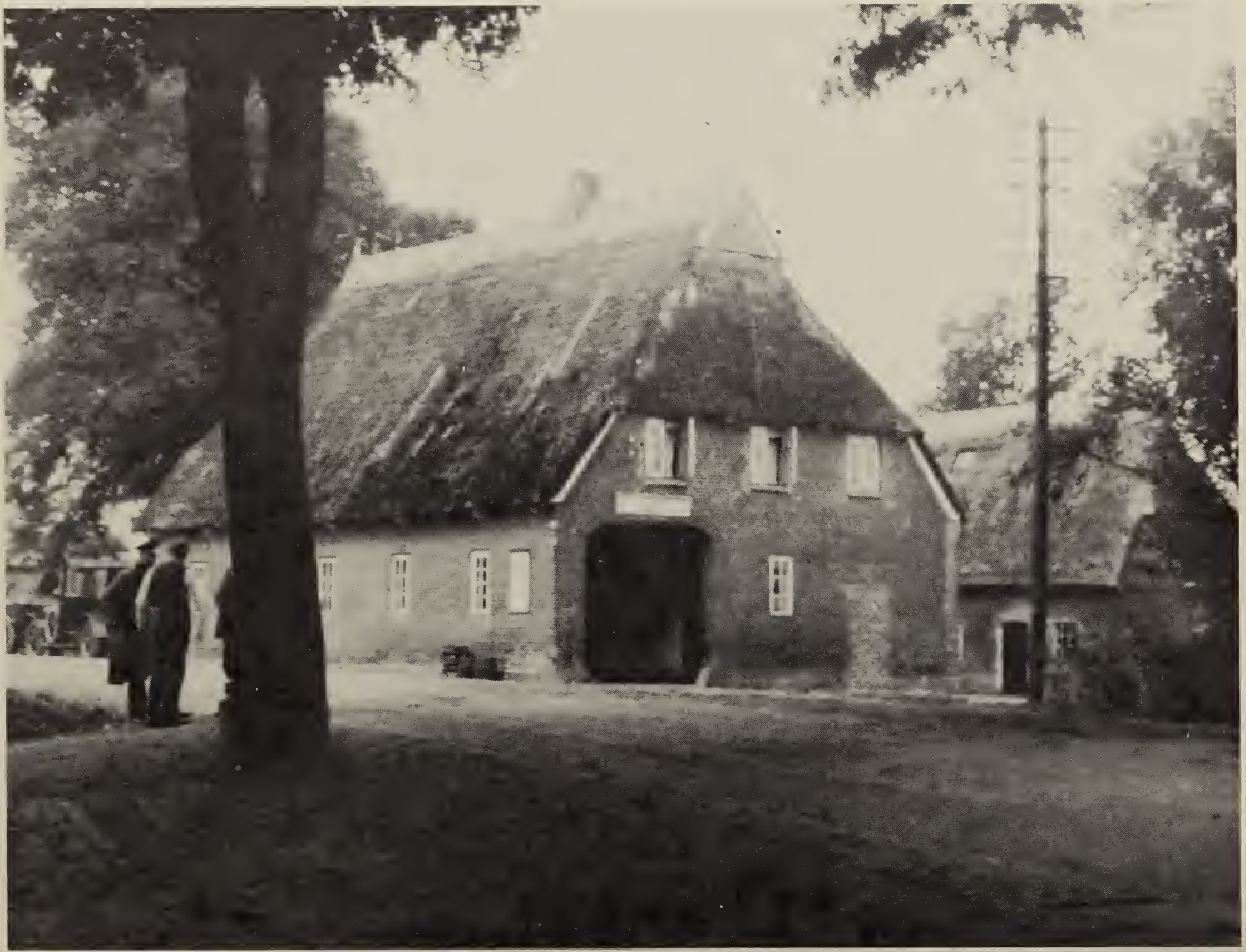
I hope these few lines will find you still in good health as it also leaves us. We are all well.

I will tell you the news how it went with my father and Maria Schwegler today. They wanted to go over to you, but Rock River was not passable, and as they went to drive over they broke in and so they had to turn around and come home again.

It may be that it will freeze very hard for a time that my father will come over. Mother says that you should keep Lena there until an opportunity comes and send her right steady to school. In case she is short of clothes, you will have to see how to get along and Mother will make it good when she comes up.

I must now close, with many greetings from all of us, all friends and acquaintances.

Your considerate grandchild,
Mary Stilz



Gastwirthshaft zu Rotenhahn — Red Rooster Inn, on the Kiel-Hamburg chaussee, the birthplace of Dedrick Henry Bracker.

DEDRICK HENRY BRACKER

Born in Holstein, October 6, 1846; came to America in 1867; married Anna Louisa Hauberg April 15, 1869; died November 12, 1915, and was buried in the Erie, Illinois cemetary.

A visit, in November-December of A. D. 1900 to the old Bracker homestead in Holstein, by John H. Hauberg, is described as follows:

A straw-thatched brick building in the form of the letter "E", except that the short stem in that letter is lacking — and in its place a pair of big barn doors; the whole of it of a size which in sheer bigness would put an American farmhouse to shame — such is the outward appearance of the ancestral home which is the Bracker's. Looking at the picture which accompanies this sketch, that part of the house nearest you has the living quarters for the family. The other "L", equally large, houses the cattle, the horses and chickens. And the main connecting part, which cannot be seen in the picture, has the big hay lofts, wagons and buggy and all kinds of farm implements and tools, with feedcutter and two-horse threshing machine, etc. The pigs do not occupy the parlor, but are provided a separate building for themselves as we do in the United States. On an elevated platform between the cows is the bed for the hired man. "It is very handy to have him here, in case anything happens among the cows," so explained Uncle Herman Bracker, who at the time of my visit was lord over all. He was Uncle Dedrick's elder brother. The apartment occupied by the domestic animals had brick side walls and plastered ceilings, so that a fire might burn all the straw and hay and yet not spread to the rest of the building. While nearly all of the living creatures of the farm thus lived under the same roof, all was kept so cleanly that a stranger to this old custom being entertained in the home would never suspect the nearness of dumb animals.

Such was the Bracker house as I found it in the year 1900. And all the neighboring homes were much the same. With their quaint thatches they appeared so much like pictures on Christmas cards I wished I could stop at every one of them and use the camera for snapshots. There were differences in detail, of course. One would have great barn doors as the main entrance, with a small door inserted for family use, and when we called for a visit the great doors were opened and we drove right into the kitchen part of the house — horse, buggy and all. Right ahead was the hearth where the cooking and baking was done, with an archway overhead as a spark arrester, the smoke having to find its way out somehow without a chimney. To the right of the hearth the floor led to the lace-curtained window with its omnipresent house plants, geraniums, etc., while at your right the horses in their stalls were stretching their necks in curiosity: some cattle on the opposite side doing the same, with an extra room as bedroom for hired help.

Over a tiny fire hangs a kettle from a chain and on your arrival the heat is speeded up to make coffee. In Germany beer is supposed (?) to be the drink of the gods and generally bottles of it were brought forth, together with the cookies or ginger snaps and coffee, for the people were very hospitable. Uncle Herman would announce that here was an Amerikaner and then would say to me "Now tell us about America." Where would you start?

It should be added that behind the fireplace, partitioned off, were the family living rooms, the larger one receiving the benefit of the heat from the fireplace. At each side of this larger room were bedrooms.

I copied a number of the mottoes which were over entrance doors and which created at least a bit of friendly atmosphere for the visitor. For example: "GOTT SEGNE UNSEREN EINGANG UND UNSEREN AUSGANG," i.e., God Bless Our Coming and Our Going. Another had "GRUESS GOTT TRITT EIN BRING GLUECK HEREIN," a liberal translation of which would be about as follows: Praise God, Come In, Bring Happiness With You.

You will notice in the picture of the Bracker house a driveway into a sort of lean-to nearest you. That was the "durchfahrt" — or the drive through — a place for old Dobbin to stay out of the rain and storm while his driver was inside the guest room refreshing himself, for ROTENHAHN (Red Rooster) was a roadside "Gastwirthschaft," an inn where food and liquid refreshments were served, located on the Kiel-Hamburg chaussee, a macadamized road which had a great deal of traffic. As to the shelter for the horses while the owners were inside in comfort, this idea has been quite common in the United States where Germans, for example, built their Lutheran churches, and made this kind of provision for their buggy horses.

Now to return to the living quarters at ROTENHAHN:

There are no carpets or rugs; the floors are scrubbed clean; the heating stove—for it was December when I visited there—was a contraption built of terra cotta in the form of a bureau, on the top of which were to be found the family portraits and candle sticks. The fuel used in this heating stove was "turf" or peat, as the English call it, and was dug from their own peat-bog in a nearby field. Out over these fields I picked up chipped flints and pieces of arrowheads, just such as we find here, made by the Indians, for Germany too had its Age when the natives used bow and arrow and stone spear head — how many centuries ago, I do not know.

While high-topped boots and shoes made of leather like our own are usually worn through the daily toil, these people have what we may rightfully name a health shoe, though it is not referred to in any such terms by them. It is a slipper having a wooden sole and with leather across the fore part of the foot, and open at the back. They call them "Pantoffeln." Never does the Holsteiner keep his close-fitting illy-ventilated leather shoe on his feet till bed time as we do in this country, but when the duties of the day are over he removes the day footwear and steps into these airy slippers—doubtless to the betterment of his health. Getting-up time needs no alarm clock, provided there is someone to get up and at it first, for with his "Pantoffeln" going "Clack" "Clack" over the bare floor in the early quietness he comes pretty near waking the dead.

Oats field on the Bracker homestead farm, Holstein.

Here is something for the American farmer to think about. It looks like a good crop. The land is rolling. How long has it been farmed? A hundred — five hundred — a thousand years? Has the top soil all been washed off? Has erosion been serious for they have hard rains here. Are they cultivating in contour? Did they strip-farm (all the farming we saw in Holstein was in the EXTENSIVE *— not* INTENSIVE *style). Has it had rotation of crops? Liming? It is true that throughout Europe the farmers watch their barnyard manure very carefully. I do not know if this field costs a lot of guano or other fertilizer. Maybe it does.*

Down in a corner of the field is a peat bog, where the Brackers spade out peat for household fuel.

I picked up pieces of chipped flints in this field, such as we find here from Indian times. White people as you know, once chipped flints too.

We drove out into a field to bring in some wood for fuel, and it was quite astonishing to me to note how every particle of wood was conserved. No piece the size of a match was overlooked. All was brought in for use in the kitchen stove. All this gives us a very brief word picture of the old Bracker homestead, and for that matter, all the old stamping grounds of the Haubergs in Holstein.

Here our Uncle Dedrick was born and grew to manhood. Here his father planned his life's career for him, and in accordance therewith apprenticed him to a blacksmith in the city of Kiel, and here on this estate his father had kept a shop in which Uncle Dedrick was to serve the community, for this particular estate owned, along with the land and its "Gastwirtschaft," the exclusive right to a blacksmith shop. No other shop could legally be built for miles around. Locally, at least, the Bracker estate had a monopoly on blacksmithing. And this monopoly was to be exercised by son Dietrich. So planned an indulgent father, but—

"When Dedrick left to go to America we all watched him as long as we could see him going down the chaussee. We all hoped he would look back once more, but he didn't. He just kept going straight ahead," said his elder brother, Herman, to the writer.

Once upon a time when we were threshing at the M. D. Hauberg's it fell to the writer hereof to share with Uncle Dedrick the honors of the straw pile. This time, however, they were elevating the straw up into our old "Hay-barn"— a large cattle shed with hay and straw overhead, and we "mowed" it away.

Uncle Dedrick became unusually communicative for him, for he was habitually a man of few words— a beautiful but rare talent among the crowd today, when everyone feels the urge of talking even with nothing to say. Uncle Dedrick told me how he had made up his mind to come to the New. World; how he was, at that time, hopelessly tied up with military red tape; and how he took chances of being arrested and imprisoned in his plans to escape this "red tape." His account of a night in a dungeon-like place with strange noises, impressed me particularly. Since Uncle Dedrick starts his story with a mention of his finger, we will remind ourselves that the third finger of his right hand was stiff and crooked and turned to the palm. He could not straighten it, and we generally noticed it as we shook hands with him. Incidentally, it was this finger which barred him from military service. He never could have gotten into the army with it, but he had not been so told, and was kept unnecessarily on the list of possible conscripts. Months later I was determined to have him tell it again so I could write it down. Here's the story:

"There's not a great deal to it. One reason I came to America was on account of my finger. I had never thought of coming here until after I had hurt it. My father had a blacksmith shop. He wasn't a blacksmith, but he wanted me to be one and take charge of this shop.

"They used to have in the old country certain privileges that went with the land; one owner would have one kind of privilege and another would have another kind. My father owned a farm, and it was his privilege to have a blacksmith shop and no one else in that part of the country could have one. The village of

Rumohr didn't have a blacksmith shop; so they had to come either to our place, or go elsewhere and they were discouraged having to go so far, so Father built a shop there and wanted me to take charge of it.

"I learned my trade of blacksmithing in Kiel and worked very hard. We got up and started work at 4:30 in the morning and pounded away all day. The boss was awfully strong. If I could do one-half now that I did then it would be a good day's work. My hand got sore from handling tools and iron, and I finally had to go to the hospital and spent nine weeks there. My boss would come to see how I was getting along; he was anxious for me to get back to work, but I told him to get someone else. Three men came to apply for the place and he wanted me to pick out the one I thought would be best, but I let him do the choosing and he took one of them, but at 5:00 o'clock next morning the fellow came back. He had had enough.

"My hand swelled fearfully, and I suppose it should have been opened, but the doctor kept it until it broke of itself, and then he did some cutting, and cut the cord and I never was able to straighten out my finger again.

"There was disagreement among the people of Rumohr, and this with my crippled finger, and besides a friend from our neighborhood wanted me to come to this country, caused me to come over.

"I was twenty years old at that time. I had been notified to come to the Recruiting Station at Bordesholm, Holstein, and was examined for army service, but I was put back a year on account of my finger, and now I wanted to come to America.

"To go somewhere one had to apply to a court to get permission, but of course I didn't dare ask for leave to come over here because they would not let me go. We have a passport to travel in the old country; you get a book after you get through learning a trade. This book gives a full description of you, marks, etc., and you have to take this book to the Court and tell them where you want to go, and then you have to go there and not to any other place. If you don't find work there you go to the Court at that place and report and get permission to go elsewhere, writing it all in this book. Any police can stop you and ask for your book, and if you are off your course he may put you in jail. I think all this has been modified now, but in case one was a thief it was easy to catch him. I have been looking for my old book several times and wish I had it, but it seems to be lost.

"Well, when I left home I went to a Court at Bordesholm and told them I wanted to go to Altona, which is near Hamburg; so at Altona I got a man who I had heard did this kind of work, and he fixed it for me. I gave him $10.00 and he fixed it so I could get aboard the ocean steamer. In the evening when the big ship would leave I had to go in a small boat which leaves from Hamburg for Cuxhaven; the big ship didn't get into Hamburg. In getting there that evening we ran for a droschky or bus, and he told me I had to go now — to get into the man's rig. He says, 'He'll take you to the place and there'll be another man to meet you,' and he says, 'You follow that man and he will take you across the river on to the small ship, or yacht.' Now, it was quite dark; there were no lights on the small boat we crossed the river in, and the man took me aboard the yacht or tender and down into the hold of the boat, and told me to stay there until the next morning.

"During the night I heard a noise. There was no bed or nothing—only a board to lay on. I heard a noise — I could not sleep; I hollered several times, 'Who's there.' I had all my money, of course. I couldn't get any answer, but next morning I looked around in that hole and found another man there; he seemed to be terribly surprised. I asked him: 'You are going to run away too, are you?' He wouldn't at first tell me, but I said, 'You might as well own up.' So the next morning they took us; the passengers for the big ocean steamer were on this yacht, and there were police to watch so that no one got away but those entitled to go.

"The man that arranged things for me had got me a ticket for the big ship, and when we got up to the big boat, our passengers crowded up to get on and I just mixed with the crowd and went up and no one said a thing to me. That's all there was to it — slipped right past the guard in the crowd. No, the guard wasn't 'fixed,' because they could not tell which one would be on duty at that place. So, I came on the rest of the way to New York as a regular passenger. This was in the fall of 1867.

"When we got to Castle Garden all the passengers had to give their names and register. I was scared and didn't know whether to give my name or not, but I thought I might as well tell the truth, so I registered and there was no trouble about it.

"I had decided to come right on to Davenport and came by rail; I don't know by what rail route. I worked for Henry Kahlers that fall and all winter; he wanted someone to come out and work for him for he had too much work for one man. His shop was where Adelphia school now is (S.W. Cor. S.E. ¼ Sec. 14) — in Coe town. Grandfather Hauberg was living where Tom Crawford lives now (the Stilz homestead, one and a quarter miles from the blacksmith shop where Uncle Dedrick was employed), and I got acquainted with the young folks around there.

"The next summer I worked for Mark D. Hauberg till after harvest and fall plowing and then went back to Davenport, but could not get work there, so I hired out to a farmer in Iowa and worked a month there, and that fall I started a shop of my own in Coe Township. The second year after I first came, I married Elizabeth Hauberg."

Thus ended Uncle Dedrick's story as told me, March 19, 1915. From the records of Rock Island County, Illinois, we find that he married "Miss Lizzie Hauberg," April 15, 1869, with Theodore Gruber as the minister. The latter was preacher at the time at Bluff school where Grandfather and his tribe held forth as a congregation of the Missouri Synod Lutheran church.

Uncle Dedrick had made provision for a home only shortly before by purchasing of Henry Wiese, the corner where today stands Adelphia school, paying therefore the modest sum of $65.00 under date of February 9, 1869. However, he was progressive and a little more than three years later he took over the farm which John D. Hauberg had deeded to his son Jurgen in 1862. It was an ambitious deal of $4650.00, though he placed a mortgage upon it a bit later for $1600.00. His new shop here was but a quarter mile from his first shop. It was this second site which we, children at the time, remember so well, and where we would call on our cousins, Herman and Katie who were of our age. They were within our Bluff school district and this, too, helped to make us close associates.

While the new occupant now had a farm which required his attention, it is our understanding that most of his time was required in this shop, far removed from any town or village, where the farmers had their horses shod; their buggies and wagons repaired and tires set; where they had their plow shares sharpened, and every kind of iron work done. Herman and I would watch him work, and would fool with the bellows. It was a wonder to me that the shop was never set afire by the shower of sparks which would fly in all directions as he would hammer the red hot iron on the anvil.

Uncle Dedrick was of an inventive turn also, and we remember a small model of a harrow which he had invented, the like of which is much in use today, the country over, but whether Uncle Dedrick was successful in securing the patent on it, we do not know, but we fear someone else was first to apply. It was made with levers so that the teeth could be slanted or even flattened to the ground. They used to tell of a bet made by Uncle Dedrick that he could run a mile in five minutes — from Bluff school to the cross road, a mile south, where Adelphia school is now — where the old Kaehler smith shop used to be. The bet was lost, but only because a team and buggy was crossing a bridge, for which Uncle Dedrick had to wait, and he lost by just that much.

In 1882, D. H. Bracker purchased the farm of Charles B. Marshall in Canoe Creek township, under date of March 8th, for a consideration of ten thousand two hundred fifty dollars. He added to this from time to time and it remained his chief concern — discontinuing the general trade of blacksmithing — to the end of his active career. This farm is presently owned by his son, Emil M. D. Bracker.

Like other members of the Hauberg Clan, Uncle Dedrick served his township, that of Canoe Creek, as an official, off and on. He was diligent in the Lutheran church, and served his time also as a school director. He was a substantial citizen in all the accepted lanes of usefulness, was genial, well liked and highly respected; and when he called his son Emil home to take charge of the estate, he had gathered together a farm of 374 acres, and we have no hesitancy in saying that it was the best kept up farm of the neighborhood; and probably best in the county. We well remember how, with his skill in iron work, and his diligence, he kept his farm machinery; his farm buildings and fences in strict repair. He was perhaps the first of the neighborhood to lay a drain tile, to take surplus water from a low spot on his farm; and he was a distinct success as a farmer.

But Uncle Dedrick's outstanding distinction in the neighborhood was his service at his smithy, for it was a peculiar service. His type has been cut down to almost the stage of total extinction, for in his day there were but simple tools, with scarcely any semblance of a machine to take the place of sheer muscle. Where today we send to the factory for machine parts, in his day he was obliged to fashion them on the anvil. Today the blacksmith presses a button and a trip hammer driven by electricity does the work. In his day, with muscles of steel, he had to swing the sledge hammer. We used to wonder how he could do it; how anyone could be so strong; how anyone could fail to be completely worn out with the effort.

The lines of Longfellow well describe the smith as we knew Uncle Dedrick to be — "The smith a mighty man is he, With large and sinewy hands, And the muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands." Let us continue for the poem rings true:

"Week in week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

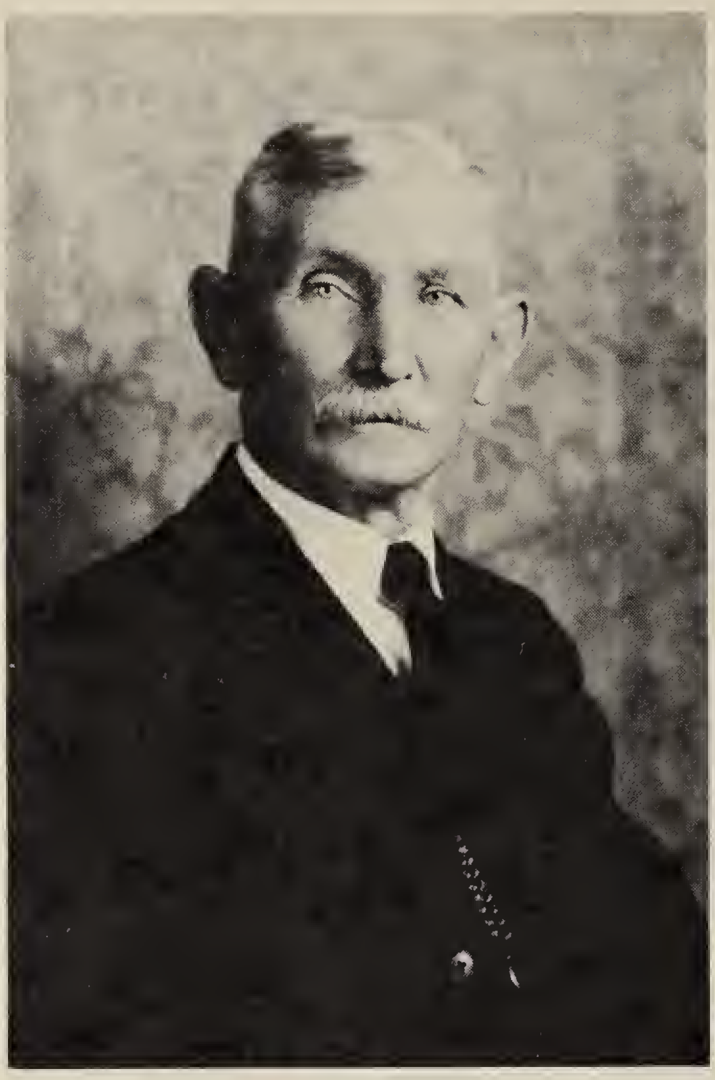
"And the children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

"He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys,
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

"Thus on the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought."

Uncle Dedrick left surviving him, his widow and five children — two sons and three daughters — Herman, the eldest, died in 1949; his story herein was written by him a year or two ago; Emil is the younger son, married and living at Galesburg, Illinois. Katherine, too, has contributed her life story to this book — she lives in Chicago. Margaret, like the younger sister Mable, also has a short biographical sketch herein. Aunt Lizzie, as we knew her, passed to her reward September 19, 1920. Another daughter, Theresa, died in childhood.

It may be added here that their grandchildren who are also mentioned herein include Donald Bracker, Mrs. John Schmoll, Phyllis Johnson and Mrs. Mabel J. Colvin, as also four great grandchildren, children of the Schmolls.



Charles G. Walther

Mrs. Catherine Hauberg Walther

Birthplace of Charles G. Walther, at Seitenhein, Saxony.
Snapped, 1901, by J.H.H.

CHARLES G. WALTHER

By Clara Walther Schafer

Charles G. Walther was born in Saxony, Germany, February 4, 1855. He married Catherine Magdalene Hauberg, at the Dave Hauberg residence, near Hillsdale, April 12th, 1880. She was born in Moline, Illinois, April 27, 1852.

Catherine's parents were Mr. and Mrs John D. Hauberg. At the age of eight years they moved from the log house at Sugar Grove to the house on Section Fourteen, in Coe Township. She had two brothers, David and Mark, and three sisters: Dores, Elizabeth and Margaret. One small sister, Magdalene, had died in Tennessee and her youngest sister, Mary, died in young girlhood.

Grandma Hauberg was always called whenever anyone in the neighborhood became ill; one neighboring family was stricken with smallpox and Grandma carried the disease home to her children. Catherine and Elizabeth became very ill and Dr. E. E. Rogers of Port Byron was called to attend them — the first time they had ever had a doctor. Catherine and Elizabeth had many scars on their faces from the smallpox. When living in the log house Catherine said she could remember how an Indian with a squaw and papoose came to her parents home in very cold weather, bare-footed and chilled, and Grandmother fed them. At that time there was a large camp of Indians near the so-called 'Docia Bottoms. Oxen were used for plowing — six or more hitched to a breaking plow; the children would stand at the foot of the hill with sticks to turn the oxen and keep them from running across the slough. Grandmother did a great deal of knitting and spinning; when the children came home from school they had to card wool and do a certain amount of it before they could go to bed.

When Mother grew up she spent a number of years clerking in what was then known as Gate's Dry Good Store, now McCabe's, in Rock Island.

Carl Gottleib Walther was born in Seitenhain, Saxony, Germany February 4, 1855. His father was Gottleib Walther and his mother was Caroline Kraft; he had three brothers and three sisters. At the age of sixteen, to avoid serving in the German army, he and his brother Ernst came to America — his brother, Fred; was already in America. They boarded the ship at Bremen, Germany. The trip across the ocean was not too bad; although there were three days of strong winds they had a good time on the ship. They slept on straw mattresses on mid-deck. The name of the ship was the "New York"; when they arrived in New York City they boarded the train for Chicago, Illinois, arriving there July 4, 1871. Another train brought them to Geneseo, Illinois, where they joined their brother, Fred, who was living on a farm south of Geneseo.

The first man of German birth whom they met there was Gottleib Stilz who had two daughters, Lena and Mary; on one of their visits to the Stilz home Carl met Catherine Hauberg, a sister of Mrs. Stilz who was Dores Hauberg before her marriage to Gottleib Stilz. After a courtship of six years Catherine Hauberg and Charles Walther were married April 12, 1880 at the old brick home of her brother, David Hauberg; they started farming and lived in a small cottage on the Mark Hauberg place where their son Edgar was born. After two years they rented the Deacon Pearsall place where they lived two years. Catherine's brother David Hauberg became ill and they moved to his farm. At this time Charles, and Henry Brandt who had married Mary Stilz, bought a new J. I. Case threshing outfit. Charles threshed grain for a number of years—and while he was away threshing, Catherine, with the help of a hired man and her children, kept the work on the farm going. She never liked life on the farm after having lived in the city; her health was very poor and work on the farm was very hard at that time, especially when she had to depend on hired help.

Catherine was always ready to help anyone in need. When Father brought scarlet fever home everyone in the house contracted the disease, but when we had recovered Mother went from one home to another caring for other scarlet fever cases.

Charles and Katie, as they were nicknamed, finally purchased the Armstrong farm; George Moore, a friend, financed the buying of the farm and advised Charles in many deals in regard to purchases. Charles and Catherine were the parents of five children: Carl, the youngest, passed away at birth; the others: Edgar, Clara, Lillie and Clarence grew to maturity. They had a happy time growing up and all worked very hard helping to pay for the farm — even Clara and Lillie worked in the hay field; helped harvest the grain, picked corn in the snow and did most of the milking of fifteen cows. We all attended a Methodist Sunday School although our parents had always been Lutherans. In spite of the hard work we never missed anything from a box social to a sleighing party in the neighborhood.

Edgar John Ernest, the eldest son, was born March 2, 1881 and lived nearly all his life on the farm his father bought from the Armstrongs. He attended Greenwood rural school in Coe township and Port Byron Academy. He was married to Miss Golda M. Ashdown December 14, 1904. Mrs. Walther died November 6, 1929 and in April, 1934 Edgar married Miss Kathryn Mead.

Clara Margaret Marie, the eldest daughter, was born April 5th, 1883 and grew to womanhood on the Armstrong farm. She attended Greenwood country school and Port Byron high school. She married Albert W. Schafer, son of Sarah and Matthew Schafer. They resided on a farm in the Rose Hill district for six years then moved to Port Byron for two years where Bert was part owner of a hardware business, then moved to Rock Island where they have since resided. Bert and Clara are members of Central Presbyterian church and Bert has been singing in the church choir for twenty-five years and still going strong. Clara is a charter member and past president of Ethel Evans Circle of Kings Daughters and served as secretary of the Finance committee of the Rock Island Y.W.C.A. for three years. Bert and Clara are the parents of one son, Walther Matthew Schafer, a graduate of Rock Island high school and alumnus of Augustana college. He married Imogene Rinck of Rock Island, daughter of John and Edith Gordon Rinck on

November 17, 1927. Imogene's grandfather, Cyrus Gordon, ran for sheriff on the Republican ticket and defeated Uncle Marx Hauberg — at that time the sheriff resided in the jail. Bert and his son are much interested in dramatics and both took leading parts in the plays in the Marshall Dramatic Contests that won the four cups for Central Presbyterian church. Walter and Imogene now reside in Kansas City, Missouri and are both active members of the Country Club Christian church in that city.

Lillie Caroline Elizabeth attended Greenwood country school, graduated from Port Byron high school and Brown's Business College, then worked as a stenographer for Mutual Wheel Company in Moline until she married M. Arthur Cook of Moline. Shortly after her marriage she contracted pneumonia which turned to tuberculosis and after months of suffering she passed away in her home in Moline.

Clarence Carl John, the youngest son, was born March 6, 1887; he attended Greenwood country school, graduated from Port Byron high school and DeKalb State Teachers' College and attended Northwestern University. He held a number of teaching positions, was a school principal and assistant County Superintendent of schools in Cook County, Illinois. He married Bessie Hale of Aurora and they were the parents of two children: Content, who married John Lathrop of Harvey, Illinois and they have two daughters: Content and Joan. These girls are much interested in girl scout work. Bessie Walther and the Lathrops reside in a colonial duplex house in Harvey, Illinois.

Carl John, the son of Bessie and Clarence, resides in Homewood, Illinois which is a suburb of Chicago. He married Jaan Inthout of Harvey and they are parents of three children. Charles Walther, the oldest child is Father's namesake and Carl says he hopes his son will be the fine, honest man his great, great grandfather was. Their two daughters are Jaan and Wynanda — their ancestors are Holland Dutch and a very thrifty group of people.

After many years of successful farming, Father and Mother purchased a home in Port Byron. Father was always busy finding himself something to do and Mother enjoyed every minute of her life there. She usually had some high school girls living in some of her rooms and she stayed young with them.

Mother was always happy when her nieces, nephews, children and grandchildren and old friends came to visit — everyone was so welcome and enjoyed her hospitality. They resided there fifteen years. Then Mother became very ill and after intense suffering passed away at the age of 77 years. Father continued to live in the home in Port Byron for a number of years, then moved to Rock Island to make his home with his daughter and son-in-law, Clara and Bert Schafer, and for five years he never missed a day going to Longview Park where he enjoyed visiting with a number of elderly people. He always came home with something interesting to tell that they had discussed in the park. He finally weakened and became ill and passed away at the ripe old age of 87 years. So ends the story of the Walther family as remembered by the only survivor of the immediate family, Clara Walther Schafer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Schroeder, Rock Island, Illinois.

FRED H. SCHROEDER — "UNCLE FRED"

He always gave his name as Frederick Henry Schroeder; born in Hanover, April 30th, 1849, was confirmed in the Lutheran church, Rock Island, March 29th, 1863, married Margaret Hauberg May 14, 1878, died at Rock Island, Illinois December 4, 1907.

They had but one child — a son, Clarence John Schroeder, born August 16, 1880. He died May 2, 1945, leaving no children nor widow.

This family of Schroeders lived at Rock Island all their married life and all three of them are buried in Chippianock cemetery, Rock Island. Each of them held public office.

"Uncle Fred" was a native of the kingdom of Hanover. His parents must have loved him as dearly as it is possible for a parent to love a little baby boy and they gave him the impressive name of "Heinrich Friedrich Dietrich" as appears on his certificate of confirmation in the Lutheran church in Rock Island.

Hanover was a kingdom independent of other German states. To her fell the honor of providing the British empire with its present dynasty of kings and queens, and from 1714 to 1837, both Great Britain and Hanover were ruled by the same sovereign. The first of these, George I, of Britain did not even condescend to learn the English language, and both he and his son, George the Second preferred Hanover as a place to live, George Frederick Handel another Hanoverian, close friend to George II, came to England and produced among others, the "Messiah" which so many of our present-day Hauberg relatives have helped to sing. According to her law, Hanover couldn't have a queen — it must be a man, so when England crowned Victoria, the dual capacity of sovereignty ended.

The Schroeders came to the United States when Uncle Fred was but 8 years of age, coming direct to Rock Island where he spent all the remainder of his life.

Uncle Fred's life work was in the leather industry, his specialty being in harness and saddlery part of it. For many years he was a traveling salesman for the Hilfinger saddlery & Harness establishment of Rock Island, and later in life, he was employed in the harness department at Rock Island Arsenal, where he rounded out his career. For five years he was president of the Arsenal Aid Association.

In his Masonic connections Uncle Fred held the offices of Past Master of the Blue Lodge, Trio Lodge, and Past Patron of Eastern Star. He was much in demand at funerals when the Masons had charge because of his beautiful rendering of the ritual which he recited from memory.

In politics he was a Republican and took an active interest. He was elected an Alderman from the Third Ward, in 1894 and served two years. He won his election over his opponent with a vote of 269 to 209. His first participation was in connection with a motion to allow a saloonkeeper $159.70 for a portion of a saloon license unused. The motion carried in spite of Uncle Fred's vote against it. His last vote was in favor of declaring certain city lots a nuisance because they were low, and requiring that they be filled. This ground was at 10th Street between 5th and 6th Avenues, and serves to remind us that much of the site of the present city was a succession of high and low ground, requiring great expense to level it as we find it today.

His last meeting as Alderman was April 13, 1896 where the vote of the April election was canvassed by a committee, and Uncle Fred heard the sad news, which he already knew, that someone else had beat him to it. In his campaign for re-election he had lost to the Hon. Baselius Winter, 293 to 246, another candidate receiving 38 votes. Baselius was a wholesale liquor dealer.

The writer remembers the big Hauberg-Schroeder country wedding at Grandfather's. The German word for it is "Hochzeit" meaning High Time, and so it was. There was a dance floor built outside, north of the house, covered with leafy branches, and the gay dances proceeded under an orchestra from "down below" as the Twin-Cities, Moline and Rock Island were universally known. The writer was so impressed he can still hum one of the waltzes played at that wedding. Herman Bracker and yours truly were of near the same age, and played together. We were no sooner at one side of the dance floor, but we must hurry to the other side. On one of these precarious passages, Herman received a near knockout blow in the face from a pair of waltzers, who with arms outstretched were doing a sort of horizontal dutch windmill motion.

In the years following when all the aunts and uncles were busy with big families of children, it was the annual custom to celebrate Christmas eve at either our grandparents or at one of the uncles' houses. All were farmers except Uncle Fred. At that time he was a "drummer" as traveling salesmen were called, and as such it was his task to keep a prospective customer good natured at least until the order was secured. This meant that a fairly good line of stories were desirable. At these family gatherings therefore, it was natural that he was the life of the party with his stories. The farmers were only too glad to listen by the hour because they were thoroughly tired from hard work, and besides, their isolation did not particularly tend toward fast work with the tongue. The writer remembers just one of these stories — about as follows:

"Mr. Schmidt's wife was sick. She was awfully sick. Every day as he went to and from his work he would stop at the hospital and inquire how she was. 'She's improving. Yes, Mr. Schmidt, your wife has made big improvement today' — such were the reports from day to day. But she died. 'What did your wife die of?' asked a sympathetic neighbor. 'Improvements,' sadly replied Mr. Schmidt."

SKETCH OF "AUNT MAGGIE'S" LIFE AND CAREER

Margaret Hauberg Schroeder, Police Matron and County Probation Officer, was born in Moline, Illinois, January 4, 1853, confirmed in the Lutheran church, April 14, 1867; married F. H. Schroeder May 14, 1878, died at Rock Island, July 10, 1916, buried in Chippianock cemetery, Rock Island.

"This is the way Aunt Maggie walks" we used to say as children, as we walked swiftly across the room. She was reputed to spring to an unbroken horse's back and ride him regardless; she would stand on a horse's back as she looked for the cows which would hide in tall grass or hazelbush. In time she was a young lady ready to leave home and be on her own.

Three quarters of a mile down the road lived the Jimmy Guinns. Mrs. Guinn with her big Irish heart, was one day telling the writer hereof, of her fine neighborliness with the "Hubbards" as the Haubergs were known. Said she — among other things, when telling of Grandmother and her daughters; "When her girls growed up they worked in a store in Rock Island, and they'd come home and have parties — dances, and they'd dance in white slippers and your grandfather'd think they was dancing in their stocking feet and he'd tell them to go and put their shoes on. I'd laugh at them."

We have mentioned the wedding at Grandfather's. There followed the life in the city of Rock Island. She was a member of the White Shrine, and of the Rock Island Women's Club; of the Eastern Star, and also of a Thimble Party, a club of 12 members which met bi-weekly to sew. Lena Warnecke says she was great at Euchre, which in that day was the popular game, followed in time by Cinch, which in turn gave way to Bridge.

Strangely enough, she was reputed at this time as being of slow motion, deliberate of action — in fact "Gemutlich." Lena says that one time when the Club met at Aunt Maggie's they tried a joke on her. She was so absorbed in her kitchen, they decided to try to leave without Aunt Maggie noticing it — and nearly succeeded.

But Aunt Maggie had a world of unsuspected reserve and gave an outstanding account of herself as Police Matron of the city of Rock Island, under the administrations of Mayors Harry Schriver and William McConochie, and also as Rock Island County Probation Officer under Judges Ben S. Bell and Nels A. Larson.

Up to the time of Uncle Fred's death, she had been more or less just another housewife, looking after her husband, son Clarence, and whatever might come along. One day she was called to come to the City Hall. Archie Hart, Police Commissioner, wanted to see her. Miss Dina Ramser, Police Matron of the City of Rock Island had resigned as of January 1st, 1912, and the result of Aunt Maggie's response to the call of Commissioner Hart was that on January 8, 1912, she was unanimously confirmed as Police Matron. The position came to her unsolicited so far as she was personally concerned. Her first report — as we believe — dated March 4, 1912, explains better than anything else what her duties covered, as follows:

To the Mayor and Members of the City Council, Gentlemen:

The Police Matron respectfully submits her report for the month of February as follows:

Number of calls made in the interest of the work	58
Number of calls received in the interest of the work	40
Number of children looked after	19
Number of wayward girls looked after	9

Number of prisoners, 1 boy; 1 girl and 28 women.

Night's lodging given, 1. One woman sent to Peoria.

Number of letters written in behalf of the work 2; Number of letters received 2.

Respectfully submitted, Margaret Schroeder, Police Matron.

Aunt Maggie's subsequent reports carried the same sort of sordid material, for example: "Prisoners in cell in women's department: Disorderly 17; intoxicated 3; detained 5; larceny 1; dismissed 2; total 28. One girl taken to Rescue Home in Chicago; 4 children taken to Bethany Home; 2 boys placed in homes; 2 cases referred to Associated Charities; 1 child taken to Association House. Number of children looked after, 21. And again: Prisoners in women's dept. 48; girls returned to their homes out of the city 3; wayward girls looked after, 8; wayward boys looked after, 2. The report for November 30, 1913 contained the following: Children looked after 21; PRISONERS IN WOMEN'S DEPT., 64. More wayward girls and boys; 2 petitions filed in County Court for two insane women; ordered taken to Watertown Hospital; one girl sent to Maternity Home at Peoria; one girl taken to Training School at Geneva, Illinois.; one boy taken to Feeble Minded School at Lincoln; 2 boys taken to Glenwood Manuel Training School; one baby taken to St. Vincent's Orphanage, Chicago; 4 children, one girl and 3 boys taken into court and declared delinquent by the court; 2 mother's pensions granted by the Court; one girl taken to the Illinois Eye and Ear Infirmary, Chicago.

All the above are merely a few items culled from Aunt Maggie's reports running through the years 1912, 1913, 1914 and '15. Her annual report for 1915, was as follows:

Calls made, 904.
Calls received, 985.
Prisoners in Women's Dept., 253.
Neglected children looked after, 106.

Wayward girls, 73; wayward boys, 67. Mothers' pensions, 10; Needy families looked after, 29; 14 cases referred to Dr. Mueller; many families supplied with clothing donated by charitable people. 7 children sent to Bethany Home, 9 children sent to Association House, etc.

The reader will see from the above reports that Rock Island with as many as 64 women in jail in a single month was no model city. In the first year of Aunt Maggie's service, occurred the riots staged by the underworld which called for the National Guard soldiers' patrolling the down town district. The "Wets" the country over had behaved so badly that Local Option elections were voting them out, especially in all country districts and smaller towns. This centralized their traffic in the larger centers. "You couldn't stay on the sidewalk Saturday nights" said an official, recently, reminiscing, "Drunks, prostitutes and gambling had the run of things."

During the years that Aunt Maggie was in office, Rock Island had the highest record in the state for the collection of cash fines. The process was simple. If the person arrested had no money he was "kicked out of town." If he had money he was fined according to what he had and the amount was immediately taken from him. Miss Anne Hinrichsen, of Springfield, Illinois, was the state official who audited the accounts of the Police Magistrates. She told the writer that she had witnessed the Rock Island Magistrate presiding over a case of drunkenness with the Magistrate himself so intoxicated he could scarcely sit in his chair, and once, he threatened to forcibly eject her, when she came to check over his books, saying — D— you, you cost me a thousand dollars the last time you were here."

Aunt Maggie used to come to our house to get away from it all; maybe stay for a meal; tell some of her troubles and then go back to it! The Police Chief would forbid her to search the women as they were brought in from the streets. Then other policemen would hint that the reason was that she lacked courage to search them; that she was cowardly, but said she to us: "The reason is they do not want me to know how much money they have. I am sorry for those girls," she would say. "If they haven't money to pay their fines they suspend the sentence and tell them to bring in the money in so many days, which simply means that they are expected to go back to the streets to solicit as they did before." It was white slavery with a vengeance. One of her stories had to do with a poor family — out of fuel in mid-winter. She ordered coal; went next day to see how they were getting on. They had the stove so red hot that they had to have the doors and windows open — in zero weather.

The reader is entitled to a bit of further insight into this period of Rock Island history. In 1910 a Law & Order League attempted to clean up the city — no results; 1912, Riots; National Guards in town; Committee of prominent citizens were selected to handle the situation — but too scared of the underworld to do anything; 1914 a very aggressive local option contest, with unlimited financial backing. Defeated at the polls. 1916, A second local option effort failed. 1918, Local option won. City voted dry, but the vice lord stayed in command.

1922, the citizens thoroughly aroused and sick of it, raised $75,000.00 and ousted the filth. We are not boasting today, but our city officials say that weeks pass by without a woman in jail.

Aunt Maggie died July 10, 1916. Of her the Rock Island Union said — among other things:

"During her tenure of office she had come to be recognized as one of the most efficient Police Matrons in the entire country. Her acquaintance with State and public officials was a wide one and many expressions of sorrow have been received."

The Rock Island Argus said, among other things: "During her years of service Mrs. Schroeder had proved a highly efficient public officer and was peculiarly fitted for the work. Kind hearted and sympathetic she won the confidence of erring boys and girls and women with whom she came in contact. Her place will be hard to fill."

Mayor Wm. McConochie said the following: "She was a fine woman. Since I have known her she has been one of the most faithful and one of the best of the city employes and always earnest and conscientious about her duties."

City Clerk Martin Rudgren gave the following testimony — as published in the local papers: "She had a beautiful character and was a big influence for good. I never really appreciated the good work she was doing until she became ill, and I saw the large number of motherless girls who came here to see her. Her death will be widely felt. There were large numbers of girls and boys who came here and there are many cases that I know of where she helped boys and girls to become good citizens. After they got into trouble and Mrs. Schroeder helped them to settle their difficulties they were everlasting friends and her influence made many young people good citizens who otherwise would have gone from bad to worse."

Judge N. A. Larson speaking of her service as County Probation officer said among other things: "This court has held Mrs. Schroeder's service to be of inestimable value, and many families in this city will regret her passing. She understood human nature and her work became her highest duty."

We will not add here all the good things said about Aunt Maggie at the time of her death. Rev. Albert Kuhn preached the funeral sermon, and she like Uncle Fred, was buried at Chippianock cemetery, Rock Island.

The County Court was closed the afternoon of the funeral out of respect to her memory.

The City Hall of Rock Island, too, was closed to honor her memory.

At a special session of the Rock Island city commission the following resolutions were passed:

"Whereas God in his infinite wisdom has called to her last rest our friend and co-worker, Mrs. Margaret M. Schroeder, our police matron,

"Be it resolved That we deplore in death the loss of a faithful and efficient public servant, and a Christian lady whose many works of kindness and service will long endure.

"And that we extend our sincere sympathy to her family, and order that this tribute to her memory be spread upon our records."

Signed: William McConochie, M. T. Rudgren, John H. Liedke, N. E. Juul, John A. Murrin.

PART III

Grandchildren and Inlaws of John D. Hauberg

Clarence John Schroeder
Attorney at Law

CLARENCE JOHN SCHROEDER

Clarence was the son of Fred H. and Margaret Hauberg Schroeder, born at Rock Island, Illinois, 1880; was twice married and twice divorced (no children) and died at Rock Island, May 2, 1945.

Lawyer, Justice of the Peace, musician, Southern Pecan grower, industrialist, capitalist, Clarence was born August 16, 1880. His mother was the youngest of the John D. Hauberg family (a sister still younger died early) and his father, Fred H. Schroeder was from Hanover.

Clarence grew up in Rock Island, attended the public schools to high school, worked at a variety of odd jobs until he had made up his mind to study law, at which time he entered the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor where he took a combined Literary-Law course, which called for six years study at the university —1900 to 1906—graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

At the University, among other activities he was a member of the glee club, banjo and mandolin club; played a drum in the University band and served as its manager, covering in that capacity the football and other athletic trips in their respective intercollegiate contests.

Returning to his home city, he married, on March 29, 1908, Miss Bess Mirfield and hung out his shingle as Attorney at Law. Along with his law practice he continued as a musician with a reputation of being the best "traps" player in the Tri-Cities.

His marriage to Miss Mirfield was dissolved, and on May 29, 1924 he married Mrs. Mary H. Chambers, nee Vogel. This marriage too ended in divorce in 1938. No children were born in either of these marriages.

Clarence had a lively imagination coupled with optimism, and in 1920 he included in his activities the organization of the Dallas City (Illinois) Foundry Company, and served as its president. In 1925 he invested his all in a twenty-acre pecan grove at Athens, Ga., where he spent the years 1925 to 1932, engaging meanwhile in the practice of law at Athens, and interested himself in the sale of pecan groves. In 1927, with the ownership of 2800 shares in the Interstate Bonding & Investment Co., a corporation with an authorization for stock issues up to a million dollars, Clarence served as its secretary. He was also secretary for Modern Villages, an Illinois corporation, and held stock in the Pecos & Toyah Lake Irrigation Co., of Texas, and the Perfection Tire & Rubber Company, a Delaware corporation. He also held title to lands in various parts of the country.

However, the depression of the 1930's was fatal to practically all his investments and it was said that at one time his living depended on an expenditure of fifteen cents per day for food, which was reported to be peanuts. He survived it, went into partnership for a while with his stepson, Peter Anderson, under the firm name of the Quad City Realty Co., and after its dissolution, re-entered the general practice of his first love — the law, with an office in the Safety Building, Rock Island, Illinois. A fellow lawyer, Hon. Ben Bell, said of him, after Clarence's decease: "Clarence knew the law. He was an able lawyer and he was getting more and more into a better grade of practice. When on a case he was a fighter and a man to be reckoned with by his antagonist. The briefs which he prepared for appeals to the Appellate Court show a fine quality of scholarship and precision."

Clarence was an Elk, a Thirty-second degree Mason, member of the Modern Woodmen of America, a Knight of the Ku Klux Klan, a charter member of the Rock Island Rotary Club, secretary of the Tri-City Musicians Local 67, A. F. of M., and for fourteen years was a Justice of the Peace. He was admitted to the practice of the law in Illinois, Michigan and Georgia; under date of April 29, 1943 he was admitted to the practice as attorney and counselor, solicitor advocate and proctor, in the United States District Court for Southern Illinois. August 8, 1942 he was appointed by the Governor as "An associate member of the advisory board for registrants, Rock Island County," and under date of December 1st he was given the Franklin D. Roosevelt certificate of appreciation for patriotic service in the selective training and service act. At one time Clarence had an eye on the Probate Judgeship. The years never seemed to have made any difference in the elasticity of his walk nor the buoyancy of his youthful spirit. He was spared the ordeal of long illness, being found dead beside his bed, May 2, 1945, in his 65th year, of a heart attack. He had been apparently well up to that time though he had taken treatment for heart trouble. Rev. Fred J. Rolf, of the Evangelical Church of Peace, Rock Island, together with the Masons, conducted the funeral services, with the following pallbearers: Louis D. Hauberg, Lloyd Walther, Walter Brandt, representing his relatives, and Adolph Kohlhammer, Albert Schwenker and Peter Anderson, with burial at Chippianock cemetery where his parents had preceded him.

On June 29th, 1945, the Circuit Court of the County occupied itself with memorial services for attorneys who had recently crossed the bar. The tribute to Clarence was presented by Atty. Clifford L. Hubbard of Rock Island, and is as follows:

TRIBUTE TO CLARENCE J. SCHROEDER

"We are here today to pay tribute to Clarence J. Schroeder, who was for many years a respected member of the Rock Island County Bar Association. With his death there passed from our midst a patriotic citizen and a good lawyer. He was always a courteous gentleman, who devoted his best efforts and energies to the practice of his profession and to his fellowmen. Mr. Schroeder's death, on May 2d, 1945 at the age of 65 years, ended a long and honorable career. He was born on August 16th, 1879, in Rock Island, a son of the late Frederick and Margaret Schroeder. He attended the public schools of Rock Island and later graduated from the University of Michigan School of Law, in the year 1904. He was licensed to practice in the States of Illinois, Michigan and Georgia. He was a charter member of the Rock Island Rotary Club, a 32d Degree Mason and a member of the Elks.

Mr. Schroeder was quite a prominent musician and was for many years secretary of the Tri-City Musicians Union.

"Mr. Schroeder had a combined sense of justice and fairness and a thorough knowledge of the basic principles of the law.

"He was always a gentleman in his dealings with his fellow lawyers and with the public. His passing is regretted sincerely by all who knew him. We revere his memory.

"Your Honor, I move on behalf of the Rock Island County Bar Association, that this memorial be spread upon the permanent records of this Court."

EDGAR J. E. WALTHER

Edgar John Ernst Walther, son of Charles G. and Catherine Hauberg Walther was born March 2d, 1881, married Goldie Ashdown December 14th, 1904. She died November 6th, 1929 and Edgar married Katherine Mead in April of 1934. He died May 9, 1937, his wife surviving him.

Edgar was a successful farmer, a church man and a leader in civic affairs. He was president of the Port Byron Cooperative Elevator Company; president of the Illinois State Farm Bureau Serum Association; chairman of the Rock Island County Live Stock marketing committee of the Farm Bureau; for five years president of the County Farm Bureau; was a member of the Board of Directors of Port Byron State Bank; a trustee of Port Byron Academy; Director of the Young Peoples' Training Camp; president of the Rock Island County Sunday School Association; Trustee of Zuma Methodist church and superintendent for many years of its Sunday School, where he also was teacher of the Men's Class, reputed to have been the best in Rock Island County in point of membership and interest. He was a fluent speaker and at home before an audience where he expressed his views without hesitation.

Edgar and Goldie were parents of one child, a son, Lloyd, an account of whose career will be found elsewhere in this book. As mentioned above, Goldie, daughter of Charles and Nellie Saddoris Ashdown from among the early settlers of Coe Township, passed to her reward in 1929. She was a lovable and capable helpmeet and her passing was a loss to the entire community.

Miss Katherine Mead whom Edgar married in April of 1934 was a member of Zuma Methodist church, and like Edgar was a participant in a number of civic and church interests. She was secretary of the Young People's Training Camp; secretary of the Rock Island County Sunday School Association; president of the Coe Unit, County Home Bureau of which she was a charter member, and was recently honored at a "tea" with other charter members. For several years she served on the County Home Bureau board. In short, Katherine is in the class with those who feel a responsibility not alone for the private home and family, but for the welfare of the community at large. Without exaggeration, it is this type

Edgar John Ernst Walther
Farmer, banker, Academy trustee, Farm Bureau official, Church and Sunday School worker, and Civic leader.

Albert W. Schafer

Mrs. Clara Walther Schafer

on which our national democracy rests. Edgar had a serious operation from which he did not recover and he passed to his reward May 9th, 1937 at an age which for him seemed youthful, fifty-six years.

"Bert" and Clara (Walther) Schafer. Their story is included with that of Clara's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Walther, which she wrote. The Schafers' live at 922, 14½ Avenue, Rock Island, and are closely tied in with the work of Central Presbyterian church, and many other activities. Bert and son, Walter were on the winning teams which won the highest award in the Marshall Dramatic one-act plays. It was Clara's hat which won its place in this book.

MABEL EDNA ODELIA BRACKER JOHNSON

An Autobiography

I was born December 16, 1886 on a farm near Hillsdale, Illinois, and was named Mabel Edna Odelia. The Odelia (I amproud to say) was for my god-mother, Odelia (Stilz) Kuhn. My parents were Anna Elizabeth (Hauberg) Bracker and Diedrick Bracker.

My heritage was rich in that my parents were of such enduring integrity and high ambitions. My home was beautiful to me. Any farm boy or girl could feel justly proud of it.

I was the youngest of five children. One usually thinks of the youngest as being especially favored and spoiled and no doubt I was, but I was much too bashful and sensitive to appreciate the fact. I remember on one occasion when I had been teased until I was almost in tears, I said, "Mamme, make them quit 'cheasing' me now," which naturally only caused more laughter.

I remember, too, the time when Emil rubbed burdock in my hair, and the time when he and I ate all the chocolate that my mother had bought for the next baking day. Margaret received the punishment because 'I was too little to reach so high' and boys weren't supposed to know where such things were hid.

Going to the "rocks" in the springtime to gather wild flowers, and to the "timber" with a picnic lunch in the fall to gather hickory nuts were two of the big treats. Of course, going to visit the Aunts, Uncles and Cousins was extra special. It was always a big thrill to me to hear the clatter of the horses hoofs on the brick pavement in Rock Island when we rode along with Mother and Father to visit the relatives there.

My mother was anxious that we take advantage of every opportunity available for our intellectual and spiritual advancement; consequently almost everywhere that my brothers and sisters went I was sent along. This must have caused them considerable inconvenience at times, but there were never any complaints that I can remember.

Mrs. Anna Loisa Hauberg Bracker, our "Aunt Lizzie," mother of Herman, Katherine, Margaret, Emil and Mabel Bracker. With Aunt Lizzie is Priscilla Hauberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luther T. Hauberg, of Helena, Montana.

I was the youngest girl of all the first cousins so many of them, including my brother Herman and sister Katherine were grown when I started to school. Margaret was my guardian: taking good care of me and helping me over the rough places. When I was older she made my clothes so beautifully and still makes such thoughtful gifts for my children and grand children.

My grade school days at Enterprise were very enjoyable even to the last day school picnic when, instead of going barefooted as usual, I wore shoes which often became far too tight in the hot dusty sand before the day was over.

I loved to ride horseback and drive spirited horses. Altho I had a number of runaways my father never seemed to lose confidence in my ability to handle horses.

I joined my home church (United Brethern) at an early age. My brother Herman was my Sunday school teacher and Sunday school superintendent much of the time. He always seemed to be so pleased and proud of my willingness to learn Bible verses, and I still have the beautiful books that he gave me for prizes. I had a class of my own at the age of fourteen, and later became assistant superintendent and superintendent of the Home department.

My higher education consisted of some high school in Chicago, and two years at the University of Illinois taking a course in Domestic science. The time spent in Chicago with my beloved sister Katherine was most profitable and pleasurable. While at the University I was a member of the Y.W.C.A., cabinet both years; took an active part in the Christian Endeavor Society of the Christian church, and was a member of the G. L. Club which had an equal membership of both University men and women. Altogether, those two years were rich in experience and real enjoyment. Emil, who was a junior and senior at the University during that time, did much to make it so as he was the finest of "pals."

My travels in our United States and Canada did much to further my education. Some of the trips were west to Corvallis, Oregon, and the beach at Newport, east to Atlantic City with many stopovers both ways, and north and south in many of our states. A two weeks stay with the cousins in Ward, Colorado, and two weeks with Emil in Berea, Ky., while he was in the employ of Berea College and where Ada Dinkleman (whom Emil later married) was registrar, were extremely gratifying. A recent trip with Phyllis to New York City to see a show at Radio City Music Hall and a tour through the N.B.C. building was also very delightful and beneficial.

After my father's death, November 12, 1915, I moved with my mother, Herman, and Margaret to our very nice home in Erie, Illinois. While living there I took the usual part in Sunday school and church activities often playing the piano for five services on Sunday. This included the Junior Christian Endeavor which I superintended.

Civic duties included the Woman's Club of which I was recording secretary and chairman of committee work. During World War I, I was chairman of the surgical dressing department of the Red Cross, chairman of the registration for

Women's committees in all five LibertyLoans for women and various other work that came up from time to time.

December 30, 1919, I was married to Lewis Howard Johnson who was born in Detroit, Michigan. He was the son of Frances (Linsell) Johnson and Lorrin Johnson. His father was a state agent for the Singer Sewing Machine, Company, and invented one of the attachments for this machine.

While reading over the newspaper accounts of our wedding I noticed that they all mentioned Lewis' genial personality and his ability to make friends. His English ancestry goes back to the Bainbridge and aristocratic Wentworth families. His mother died when he was nine years old; consequently, he spent much of his boyhood on the farm of his grandfather Johnson who was a retired Methodist minister. Had his mother lived he would, no doubt, have become a concert pianist as he is exceptionally musical. Even now, at the age of sixty-eight, he composes his own music. Many people have urged him to have his music published. His vocation was interior decorating and finishing in which he was one of the best.

We lived for a time in Clinton, Iowa, where Lewis sang in the choir of the Methodist Church and I taught a class of Juniors in our Sunday school of 1,100.

I have always deeply regretted that my mother died before she had an opportunity to see our first baby, Frances Elizabeth, who was born in Erie, Illinois, November 9, 1920.

Lewis' health was failing so when baby Frances was five months old we came to New York state to try farming. We bought a very productive farm of 163 acres in the Catskills near the small village of Harpersfield. It is a beautiful location and we love it here.

Our daughter, Phyllis Marie, was born January 2, 1924, and Mabel Rosalind, July 12, 1926. So we were blest with three girls and exceedingly interesting ones. All of them being very much alike and yet very different.

They are alike in that they have the same fine sensitiveness, good sense of humor, and strength of character. They all have musical ability and know how to appreciate the simple things of life. They each finished high school in good standing and have had the finest of friends. Their lives have not always been "clear sailing," but they understand that the rough and hard places go towards the strengthening of character.

Their father's ability to enjoy an unusual bit of scenery, cloud or sunset, and his desire for their proper religious training has done much to aid them in their building.

On October 13, 1940, Frances was married to John Sinclair Schmoll of Spring Valley, N. Y. I would like to write to greater length about John, but that is another story. Suffice to say we are very proud of our nice looking son-in-law. He and Frances are very fine parents to their four lovely children.

Frances is an excellent cook and homemaker. While visiting them I've noticed another pleasing characteristic in that they are good neighbors.

There is an old saying that there is "one black sheep in every family." This I do not believe at all, but I do believe that there is almost always one in every family who stands out as a student and for other accomplishments. Emil is distinctive in this respect among we Bracker children and Phyllis in this Johnson family.

Phyllis' first word was "book," and her interest in books has always been very marked. When she graduated from highschool she received the scholarship for the highest average in the college entrance course, and many other of the personality and achievement prizes. During this time she was taking piano lessons and practising two hours each day.

While in the employ of Dr. A. Maged of Suffern, N. Y., as office nurse and secretary she continued her music lessons with a teacher from the Julliard school of music in New York City. In 1943 she entered New York University. While continuing her college work at Kalamazoo, Michigan the following year, she received word that her cousin, Donald Bracker, had been killed while on duty in Germany. Because of her deep grief and desire to do her "part," she discontinued her studies for the time and entered the service as a Wac in the Medical Corps. She was discharged as a staff sergeant and is now a junior at New York University in high standing. She plans to complete her studies in Physical Therapy next year.

After Mabel graduated from high school she took a position as long distance telephone operator in the beautiful town of Nyack. There she smiled her way into the hearts of many fine friends and was a strong influence for good doing her best to help some one else even though it might be to her own discomfort. A short time ago she was transferred to the New York office as long distance operator in Manhattan, and is now happily located with Phyllis on Riverside Drive, New York City.

While our girls were at home they gave willing service to our church (Methodist) and community in every way they could. In Sunday School, Bible vacation school, young people's conferences, 4H clubs, juvenile and senior grange, singing in the choirs, playing the piano, and singing or playing instrumental solos.

The neighbors say, "They used to bring me flowers, smile and talk awhile; I miss them so." Or a father will tell us in such a pleased way, "She (perhaps it is Mabel this time) used to stop for my children and take them to Sunday school," or "My children were in her Sunday school class."

Just little things, but it is the little things that make a world of happiness or trouble.

Recently Lewis and I had the privilege of spending a month with Frances and John in Piermont caring for the three older children while their mother and the newly born baby, Kathleen, were in the hospital. We are very proud of our fine grandchildren, and are looking forward to the time when they can spend their vacations with us on the farm.

Frances and John intended that their dad (Lewis) should stay the entire month, but after a week's stay he went home intending to make maple syrup. No, he didn't mind staying alone. Phyllis, Mabel and the rest of us kept in touch with him by long distance phone and by letter. About a week later when we had just finished our evening meal, the door bell rang and in walked the lonesomest sick man you ever saw. Even the neighbors hearts were warmed and gladdened.

That's one on the "oldman." I might mention, too, the time when he absentmindedly fed three gallons of freshly separated cream to the pigs instead of the usual skim milk and then wondered why they found it so especially good.

Yes, my girls are absent-minded too. There was the time when Mabel, smilingly dreaming away, wiped the silver so carefully, put it in the drawer, then emptied the rinse water into it.

It is these human qualities in our loved ones that help to make them so lovable and livable.

EMIL M. D. BRACKER

An Autobiography

The Beginning

The year 1882 was a notable one in the life of the Bracker branch of the clan. It was March 1, 1882, that my father, mother, together with Herman, Katie and Maggie moved to the home farm. Then on December 30, 1882, an event, of either major or minor importance, occurred—that is, I was born.

A backward glance just now indicates a rather rough voyage along life's pathway, broken on occasion, with sunny skies and fair weather, that made the going smoother.

The "Gay Nineties" arrived about the time I was of school age. Days at school, however, were broken by any type of work that needed my help. The net result was that today I do not possess an Eighth Grade Certificate and not a day was spent in high school. Valuable lessons in the school of life were learned nevertheless.

It may be that because I did not have the usual contacts with boys and girls, and younger people, and also being of a shy nature, I grew up an introvert.

Somewhat Later

In September, 1903, I was almost 21, my father took me to Hillsdale to catch

At the First Baptist Church, Galesburg, Illinois, January 27, 1946, was held a "Citation service" for Lieut. Donald Bracker, with Capt. George T. Byrne presenting to Emil M. D. Bracker — Don's father — the Silver Star.

The citation is as follows: "For gallantry in action on 13 December 1944 in the vicinity of Pastenbach, Germany. As Company A advanced on its objective, Second Lieutenant Bracker was in command of the lead platoon. The forward elements of the platoon suddenly received fire from the front. Total darkness and a ground fog held visibility to a minimum. Second Lieutenant Bracker immediately moved forward and located the enemy machine gun. He ordered his platoon to resume its advance while he attempted to destroy the enemy position. As he closed in on the position he was mortally wounded. His gallantry was in accordance with the highest military tradition.

the 6:19 A. M. train going south. As my trunk and old fashioned telescope to carry additional belongings loomed up in the back of the "democrat" or spring buggy, the neighbors guessed the purpose of the trip as we passed by. A number were waiting at their front gates to stop my father on his way home and warn him of the folly of sending his son away to get an education.

I entered the College of Agriculture at the University of Illinois as a special student. I did not have a single entrance credit. The high school entrance requirements were made up by taking studies in the "prep," which the University maintained in those days, by extra studying outside of classroom and taking and fortunately passing special examinations.

Near the end of my third year, I was asked to become a student instructor. This I did during my fourth and the first half of my fifth year. It was not easy to "impress" my classmates or other students and also carry on my own heavy schedule of subjects.

Along with classroom duties, I was President of the "Ag" Club, on the Staff of the Agriculturist, Treasurer of Alpha Zeta, the National Honorary Agricultural Fraternity, leader of the Volunteer Band, representative of the Senior Class on the University of Illinois Young Men's Christian Association Board of Directors, etc.

Those were the days of local option, when communities formed their law enforcement leagues and voted whether or not saloons were permitted to operate within certain borders. There were 26 saloons in Champaign and Urbana. A local option election was held in the spring of 1907 and the 26 saloons were voted out. As a student, I was active in this campaign and election.

Soon after I returned to the University of Illinois in the Fall of 1907, I was told that the 26 saloons had continued to operate and that all efforts to get evidence against them, by using Pinkerton detectives and otherwise, had failed. About ten students, of which I was one, were asked to try to get the necessary evidence. So along with my other committments, I spent at least Ten Nights in a Bar Room. I doubt if the contents of that book provides any more thrillers than were ours. We had to stay with it until the 26th saloon came across. When this happened, we had a total of 330 counts against the places, each bottle or drink of hard liquor represented a count. Hard liquor went by the name of "Ginger Ale." We had to drink whatever was set out as the bar men used their own judgment as to what to give us.

The next step on the part of the Law Enforcement League was to have the places raided and the owners arrested. The police force could not be trusted, so the Sheriff was given the job. The zero hour was 2 o'clock on a certain day. I was asked to be in the Sheriff's Office by that time. It was filled with a lot of men but I was the only student. At 2 P. M. the Sheriff asked for me. I identified myself. He deputized me, handed me a warrant and said, "Go get this man." I turned and went out. I asked a regular deputy how to proceed as we hurried to our assignments for a tip-off was feared. My assignment was a corner saloon in that part of Champaign, known as the Devil's Elbow. I had been in the place when getting evidence. It was a combination pool hall and saloon. I walked in alone and noted some were playing pool and that three men, who momentarily appeared to be giants, were behind the bar. I had memorized the name of the man I was to get and asked for him. One of the three men responded. I placed him under arrest and took him to the Court House in Urbana. It was not quite as easy a task as this brief account may indicate.

The 26 saloon keepers were brought to trial. They had four lawyers and the Law Enforcement League had four lawyers. The saloon men were in a gay mood until we presented the evidence against them. Three of the men were tried, each case lasted three days and convictions were secured in each case. One of the 26 saloon keepers committed suicide, one or two jumped bail, and the remainder pleaded guilty and I might also add, pleaded for mercy.

I was supposed to be a student, a student instructor, President of a large Christian Endeavor Society and etc., while doing all this, so it would seem best to return to these activities.

Before my fourth year ended, and before the foregoing, Dr. Cyril G. Hopkins, who was head of the Agronomy Dept. and an internationally known soil scientist, called me into his office. He informed me when I graduated, presumably at the end of the 5th year, that a permanent place on the faculty awaited me. He asked that I accept no other position before talking with him. A year later a representative of Berea College came to my room one day. He unfolded Berea's plan of working out a system of agriculture for the mountaineer, and offered to pay my expenses if I would visit the college during the next Easter vacation. Dr. Hopkins requested me not to make a decision while there. I made the trip, the position offered me was accepted but I was sorry to offend Dr. Hopkins.

Just how elated I felt over going to Berea is indicated in a letter I wrote to cousin John H. Hauberg, dated May 26, 1908.

Champaign, Illinois, May 26th, 1908

Dear Cousin:

I am indeed a happy fellow now. Perhaps you would like to know more about my work, so will write briefly about it. I will be Superintendent of Forest and gardens of Berea College. This includees some 4100 acres of land, over 4000 of which constitutes a large forest preserve, and the rest being in gardens. I will have the administration of this preserve and of the gardens. There are some 14 or 15 tenants on the preserve and it is Pres. Frost's aim to develop a system of agriculture adapted to the mountain region, and he expects me to accomplish this on the farms. If I am successful, in all probability my work will influence some two or three millions of people. I consider it a wonderful opportunity, especially for one who has rushed through school as I have.

There are a hundred small details such as building fences, and roads, inspection of sewer systems, care of college campus, keeping out thieves, etc. etc. which will keep me from overlooking the small things. Then over all is the spirit of independence and freedom. John, I will feel like a king. etc. . . . The university offered me the best thing they could give me in position and salary if I would stay there . . . Other positions were opening up and I had the very cream to choose from, with the result that I have one that embodies everything that I would desire . . . Judging from the way I have been dealing with politics lately it is probable that there is another field open to me . . . I just got in from Kentucky at 4:30 Tuesday morning and had only a short rest before going to the polls, so dinner, at the expense of the 2nd Ward Alderman, seemed pretty good. The saloon men have filed suits against the students who voted in the township election and they left me out. People are wondering why; probably the saloon men think I have had enough fun at their expense. They don't love me very much, and in spite of their threats, I believe they are afraid of me. I have become famous enough in these two towns to carry a pretty good vote in a local election. My ambitions however do not tend in that way at present. I hear from Jessie every once in a while. She always writes very encouragingly of her work. I certainly do admire her pluck. I was quite surprised to hear that Clarence is living at Mirfields'. I am sure it must be very lonesome and trying for Aunt Maggie . . . Mabel is getting along nicely and wishes to be remembered to you . . .

Sincerely your cousin, E. M. D. Bracker

NOTE: In less than two months after writing this I was a very sick man with typhoid fever.

A few weeks before I graduated I matriculated in the University and became a regular student, that is, I had met all the entrance requirements. I graduated with a B. S. degree with the class of 1908.

A Chance to Try My Wings

On the day of my graduation, I left for Berea. I was to be there a month and then have a month's vacation. They were making hay when I got home for my vacation. Severe headaches developed and on a Wednesday I had a chill. We did not call a doctor often those days and the usual cure for my disability was to work hard and sweat it out of your system. So I stayed with the haying the next Saturday evening. Somewhat in honor of my homecoming, my mother had invited all the relatives for Sunday dinner. In the early afternoon, I asked for a doctor, who came before the relatives left. I had "studied horse doctoring" and when the good doctor finished his diagnosis, I asked him how long he thought the fever would last. He asked in surprise, "What fever?" I replied, "Typhoid Fever." He did not want me to know what I had. I battled it for four long weeks. With my information about the use of drugs I could follow the course of my sickness. One day both the nurse and doctor could not keep the look of anxiety from their faces as they examined the chart indicating my condition. I heard them discuss a certain drug and I knew my fever was in a critical stage. The doctor left and returned later. It was the only day he called more than once and doubtless this was one of the two days, he told me a few years later, that he would not have bet a quarter I would live through either. A skilled doctor, a most competent nurse, the most thoughtful and considerate parents, brother and sisters left me still here when the fever ended.

I RETURN TO BEREA

It was October fifteenth when I arrived back at Berea. I learned a typhoid epidemic had occurred during the summer. The water system became polluted and I got the bug while there.

I walked with a cane as my left leg was swollen and weak. Fellow faculty members had carried my work but they had their own duties and so the work plumped down on me like so many tons of bricks. Then I was told that as Custodian of Good Order throughout the college campus, one of the four jobs I had while supposedly getting familiar with mountain folks and their agriculture, I was to be in charge of eight picked and armed men on Halloween night. I was deputized Chief Deputy Town Marshal of Berea. The other eight were deputies. About 10 o'clock that night the fire alarm sounded and a building in the rear of the boys' dormitory was ablaze. It had been soaked with kerosene. Murder also was in the minds of those who set the fire for the fire escape at the dormitory had been rendered useless. The dormitory was saved. It was a long night. Fire arms were discharged all night long. At stated times, I would leave my headquarters and with a lantern made the rounds to see if the deputies were on their beats. The glint of the firearms from the lantern as I approached them will be one of the never-to-be-forgotten sights.

Each student at Berea was required to work. I had to find work for about 50 of them each day — jobs about the campus or the nearly 30 acre garden, which I also had charge of, had to be ready for them. Not all students were from the mountains. Some blue-blooded blue grass families sent their "incorrigibles" there for the discipline of Berea. I had at least one of these, by the name of Bill, assigned to me. John, a mountain student, was doing my office work and it was his duty to report absentees from work each day. This blue grass student was missing several days in succession. I suspected collusion between Bill and John. A day later, I watched John as he made up the list of absentees and called his attention to the fact that Bill's name was omitted. He put it on and left for the college office. I phoned the office that I wanted to see the list. Bill's name had been erased.

Spring came and most of the large garden had been planted, and was doing well. On the night of May 2, 1909, a hard freeze occurred. I worked all night keeping smudge fires going, but where the smoke did not cover the plants, they were killed and the garden had to be planted again. Folks seemed to think that an early supply of vegetables should have been had never the less.

I had charge of about 5,000 acres of chiefly forest land with sixteen tenant farmers on it. One morning it was afire. I rode my black saddle horse out there on a dead run. Men were fighting it. I discovered it had been set on both sides of a road. I told the men I was going after more help. Instead I rode back to the college. I assumed that someone had set the fire and had gone away along the road. Blood hounds might run him down. Lexington was called but the two men who could handle the hounds were not available.

Local courts were prejudiced against Berea College and it lost suit after suit filed against it. I had two that spring but won each.

About this time my shattered nerves gave way and I left for five weeks. As I was about to leave the depot when the train pulled in a Negro asked me to stand still. He then told me some revenue men had just passed with some moonshiners. When I got back to Berea I learned the moonshiners had been caught doing business on this 5,000 acre forest. As one moonshiner had been left I was informed it was my duty to go out and order him off. This I did. Then I learned that one of these 16 tenants had sued the college for the loss of a crop. He claimed I had not given him land to farm. The suit was tried in Richmond in November and I was able to prove he was wrong. The experience I had in court at Champaign helped me greatly. For the college to win three suits in a row was so much of a shock to the natives, that I learned later no more suits were filed. They reported this as one of my accomplishments while at Berea.

I might relate one more incident. A man and woman were living on a small tract of land entirely surrounded by land owned by Berea college. A violent quarrel arose between them and a tenant. I was asked by the college to go out and settle the rumpus. I had two trusty tenants as my foremen out there. I went to them and told them to plan to bring the quarreling parties together. The foremen were to be stationed on the mountain side within sight of these non-tenants, and come forward as I brought the quarreling tenant. I then went to the latter's home and told him of my plans. At first he refused to go. He remarked he did not know what would happen when people as mad at each other as they were would get together. At last he said he would go with me but first went in the house to arm himself and possibly to say good-bye to his family. It was quite a dramatic moment as we approached the meeting place. The two, tall, lean, sharp-eyed foremen got up and came down the mountain side. We all reached the place together. The man and woman came out of the house. After a short question and answer period the quarrelers made up for all time and without a shooting affair.

I have dwelt on the more rugged experiences I had while at Berea, but really it was mostly that. Folks on the faculty at Berea frequently "broke" with the stress and strain of the work. It can be more easily understood why I, with shattered nerves and a weakened body to begin with, finally "broke" with practically day by day nerve trying experiences. It was quite complete, both mentally and physically. It is possible that the college considered it unsafe for me to travel alone. At least Mabel came to go home with me.

I spent time husking corn that fall at home, and worked outdoors during the winter. The spring of 1910 found me improved somewhat, but I was much discouraged. I talked with the doctor and he suggested a care-free life.

I BECAME AN ARISTOCRATIC TRAMP

The decision to leave home was made with my folks. As I was without financial means, I signed a note for an Indian motorcycle. One day in June of 1910 I said good-bye to the folks, got on the motorcycle and started off. I did not know where I was going and cared little as well as what might happen to me. I stopped to see Jessie and Louis (Stuhler). The minister had just pronounced them man and wife as I arrived. I stopped a night at Aunt Maggie's and then started west.

The first farmer I asked for work looked me over. He then said I was to harness a team in the barn, hitch them to a corn plow and indicated the field in which I was to cultivate the corn. After a few hours, he came out and critically examined my work without making any comments. That evening he said I could stay on and help with the haying. He said each man got his load without help. The farmer showed me how to load my own load with a loader. It was not so hard as I thought. The man and his wife were kind to me and really begged me to stay a week or more and rest. I went on but this gave me courage.

At one large farm in northwest Iowa, another man and myself were not given work. He turned to me and said, "Come on, I'll go down to the depot with you." I told him I travelled by motorcycle rather than hopping freight trains, hence, the aristocratic tramp.

This motorcycle was a curiosity wherever I went. If I stopped in a town or city, a crowd immediately gathered about it — farmers would often be seen running toward the road wondering what was coming. At Lincoln, Nebraska, I stopped to see the State Penitentiary. The guard at the gate would not let me enter until I satisfied him it was not an infernal machine left there for the purpose of blowing some part of the wall down.

A LETTER FROM PURDUE UNIVERSITY

One midsummer day a letter reached me from Purdue. They offered me a position on the faculty. With a nervous shaky scrawl I informed them the condition of my health would not permit me to consider it. I did not ask for any future offer.

I RIDE ON

About this time I wanted to reach Neola, Iowa. A shower made it necessary to go by train from the station next to Neola. As I was walking from the depot to the stores, a farmer stopped me and asked if I could pick corn. I said I would. He replied that I looked like a corn picker to him and that I could pick his corn if I came back in October. This was in August.

I VISIT THE FURLANDS

I worked on up through northeastern Nebraska, crossing the river at Yankton, South Dakota. Just outside Yankton, I stopped at a farm house to inquire the way to Mitchell. A dog bit me on the leg as I entered the yard, but I walked on and the housewife gave me such direction as she could. I did not tell her of the dog bite. After riding an hour or so I thought I had better look at it. The area around the bite was black as coal. I stopped to see a doctor, who kept a roomful of patients waiting while he attended me. Whatever he did proved effective. Before I reached Mitchell, I raced a storm that always seemed a rod or two behind me. Travel for the day would have been over with had it caught up with me, while on dirt roads. Believe it did overtake me in Mitchell, and I was soaked before I could find shelter. Rosena and Eli, Ada and John treated me royally. I was not strong though and recall suddenly dropping to the ground while we were looking at artesian wells. My photo on post cards, showing motorcycle and ever faithful telescope strapped on the back of the cycle, was taken at the remarkable Corn Palace there.

Back to Iowa

A hog breeder had agreed to let me care for the hogs he was to show at the Iowa State Fair. So I returned to his farm near Iowa City in time to help him load them in a box car. I made myself as comfortable as possible in the same car. The next day we were at the fair. While carrying some boards to fix a tent, I again suddenly fainted. A man gave me a kick in the ribs, evidently thinking I was dead drunk. I got up then. After the fair, at which this exhibitor won some top prizes, I started back to Pottawattamie County, Iowa, where the farmer lived whose corn I was to husk. He was a prosperous cattle feeder, and had a nice home. Two daughters and a son, along with his wife, made up his family. This was one place I worked where I was very definitely the hired man — not even an aristocratic tramp. Outside the large house was a large, sort of dog kennel. Here was where I slept. At 5 A. M. he would pound on the door and in a growling tone order me out of bed. It might not be a day fit to pick corn — the procedure was, however, the same during the month I was there. Perhaps his daughters were "spoken for." At any rate, well — we were not allowed to converse. At one or two other farms I questioned the real intent of the farmer who asked me to work for him, when I learned he had several daughters of marriageable ages.

A Blizzard

I husked corn for other farmers in the vicinity. In December, a blizzard with zero weather stopped outdoor work. I crated the motorcycle, put it on the train and headed for home. I should state that I earned enough money to pay the motorcycle purchase note with some money left over. In addition, I felt improved mentally.

Another Letter from Purdue

Two days after arriving home, where I was welcomed, a letter came from Purdue University asking me to help with a two months' short course that would start in January of 1911. I accepted. They asked me to remain to the end of the school year. I also agreed to come back that fall.

THE SUMMER OF 1911

I spent this summer on the home farm. As the school year approached, I dreaded going back as I seemed to be losing ground again. Finally they wrote requesting I come at once. As I still had the motorcycle, I thought to ride it to Chicago the first day and on to Purdue the next. Late in the day I passed a sign indicating it was 22 miles to Chicago. I opened the throttle to full speed. I soon fainted. Had I fallen to my left this account of my life would not be written as I was on a rough rock road. I fell to the right, where I hit dirt, and finally stopped rolling and tumbling in a field some distance from the road. I recovered but seemed unable to rise. It was getting dusk. Finally a man came along with a wagon. I was too far from the road for him to see me and too weak to make him hear my voice. Finally I waved my arm. Just as it seemed he had passed by, he saw my arm. I was taken to Hinsdale, carried into a drug store and laid on a table in the rear of it. A doctor was called, who dressed my wounds. A policeman finally called the sanitarium there and told them a man had been nearly killed in a motorcycle accident. He asked that they consider taking me in. This they did. I was laid up for awhile, but Purdue kept the place for me. At the close of the school year, they extended my contract for another year.

Indiana was noted for its practically unbeatable basketball teams. Purdue's team won every Big Ten game in 1911. When you get to see games like those played at Purdue that winter, you see the game at its best.

One of the courses I taught was a required course during the student's junior year. There were 98 outstanding juniors in all. Just before the end of the second semester, I called for their notebooks. There were several stacks of them. Upon reading one, I caught an unusual expression of a statement. Sometime later I discovered the same statement in another notebook. I hunted back through the books until I found the other one. They proved to be identical from cover to cover. Instead of giving them back to the two students, I turned them over to the University authorities.

THE SUMMER OF 1912

I returned home and helped with the farm work. After harvest time, repairs to buildings were in order. Early in August my father and I were shingling a roof. I was called to answer the phone. The station agent at Hillsdale read a telegram from the Oregon Agricultural College offering me a position on the faculty. The offer was immediately dismissed from my mind. For one thing, I had agreed to go back to Purdue. For another, I doubted if my parents would want me to be that far away. So I went back to shingling and did not even tell my father of the telegram. After a while he asked about the phone call. He immediately said: "You are going to look into it, aren't you?" So I wired the college. On August 13th, they sent a wire advising me of my appointment. The agent at Hillsdale never delivered it. On August 22nd, I was at the depot to take the train to Cincinnati, Ohio. The agent never mentioned the telegram then.

On August 28th, I was married to Ada May Dinkleman at Cincinnati. About ten days later we arrived at Purdue. A letter from home contained several telegrams from the college in Oregon. I wired asking if the position was still open. They replied it was. Purdue released me and so we went to Corvallis.

A Brief Summary of Three Years at O.A.C. Now O.S.C.

The students there seemed accustomed to taking it easy. This did not suit me. The head of my department called me into his office and criticized me for working the students so hard. He also said he was going to have another professor come to my classroom, to coach me in proper methods. I nearly fainted again. Well, the professor never came to my classroom and I never changed my method.

At the end of that semester, I wrote the examination questions on the blackboard. I also wrote a statement asking them to make critical comments about the course. One student commended my method with the remark that he knew when he arrived home in eastern Oregon he could not run to me and ask me how to solve his problems. He further stated I had taught him how to work things out himself. Another statement by the "take it easy type" was quite the opposite. I continued to bear down, although it was also harder for me.

A Japanese student, registered in the Engineering College, came over to the Ag College and for a year or more took some courses with me. One day he brought me a very fine letter opener he had cast in the foundry as an engineering student. I remarked that I wished he had cast his name on it. Quite some time later, he brought me a set of andirons he had perfectly cast. The letters O.A.C. appear on each square post and on one leg he cast J. Sato, Japan, and on the other Prof. Bracker. I still have them. He continued to write me and send me gifts after I moved back to the home farm. He wrote a most sympathetic letter when he learned of my father's death.

The college frequently sent me over the state on extension trips. Once I was sent to eastern Oregon to judge a class or two of exhibits at a Tri-County Fair. No other judge showed up. The area covered by the exhibitors was as large as one or more eastern states. It was decided that I judge every item, all livestock classes, crops, women's exhibits, etc. At the end of several days of this, I felt about as crazy as some of the crazy quilts I had to judge. Just before I left a rodeo was in progress. A wild steer threw its rider, broke through the fence, charged through the crowd and made for the building I was in. He missed the open door but struck the building head on. Possibly I had placed him while judging and he was not satisfied with my decision. When last seen, a group of cowboys were in pursuit of him going over some eastern Oregon hills.

On those eastern Oregon trips, I saw the beautiful scenery along the Columbia River. Once I made the trip by boat on this river.

Very frequent trips to Portland were made to get materials for my laboratory classrooms. The contacts with the business men I met on these trips was most pleasant. They were rugged individuals and most competent.

During my third year out there, a request came that I give the principal address at the Annual Meeting of the Oregon Hardware and Implement Dealers' Association to be held at the Multnomah Hotel in Portland.

I really worked hard on this assignment. The day before the meeting, I went to Portland and registered at a smaller, quieter hotel where I usually stopped. The officers of the association learned I was there and took me to the Multnomah Hotel. They provided an entire suite of rooms for me, had the press, including the Portland Oregonian, call on me and in all respects gave me every possible consideration. Came time finally for me to deliver. It was a long discourse, about 7,000 words I believe. As I progressed the ideas I expressed seemed of little significance to me. I kept wondering why I had not thought of something better to say. I said to myself as I finished: "Boy, was that a dud!" I was thanked, given an expense check and I returned to Corvallis. Within a week requests came from all parts of the country for full copies of the address. The trade papers from coast to coast printed it in full. Each editor seemed to try to out-do some other editor in his commendatory comments. One mid-west editor stated I was President of the college. I will quote, as a sample of editorial erudition, the editorial comment appearing in the Hardware Dealer's Magazine published in New York City:

Quote: Subject — Securing and Holding the Farmers' Trade

"A course of Scientific Investigations reduced to plain Business Common Sense as it can be applied to Retail Trade — What the Customer Needs and How it can be furnished." — It is not a series of theories, but a statement of logical facts arising from experience, investigation, personal knowledge, and resultant deductions. No retail hardwareman who is located in an agricultural region, can read what Professor Bracker has said without an incentive to better work, or an inspiration for better service in work already begun."

One day, also during my third year at O.A.C., the Dean of the Ag College, who was also Director of the Experiment Department, called me into his office. He stated that if I would prepare the material for a bulletin, he would have it published as an Experiment Station Bulletin even though I was not a member of the Experiment Station staff. He also called my attention to a stack of manuscripts prepared by other faculty members that should take precedence over the material he asked me to prepare. I also worked hard on this and was rewarded by having the bulletin published sometime after I left the college. Letters of appreciation came from a wide area and the college forwarded these to me after I returned to the farm.

It may seem that I had a more eventful career at O.A.C. than I had at Purdue. At least, I had more freedom at O.A.C. Then too, I was just starting on the long, hard road back to physical and mental health. My steps, mentally speaking, it seemed to me were still unsteady. To practically have to progress from learning your A B C's again to getting the information necessary to meet your classes is a big task. I left Oregon more confident of myself. Some of the bitterness at what seemed to be fate's treatment in other days was also disappearing.

I BEGIN TO FARM

My real ambition in life to be a farmer was finally realized. As I had been away from the home farm for some time I looked forward to the help of my father. His sudden death and burial in Erie on the day before he planned to move there was not only a great sorrow to me, but it also removed a real source of help.

The Spring season of 1916 came around and I started farming. Things seemed to work out well. After a year or two, my banker in Hillsdale said one day: "Emil, you seem to haul money to town by the wagon load." About this time one of the business men of Hillsdale stopped at the farm and expressed his personal satisfaction at the fact I had made good as a farmer. He added: "You should have heard the way they talked about you when you started farming."

In 1917, 45 tons of raw rock phosphate was applied to two fields. Since that time about 500 tons of commercial fertilizers have been used. At least 1000 tons of limestone have been applied. The soil on the home farm gradually built up in fertility and productiveness. At a time when the government rated farms the last given the home farm was 158.

In 1937 I seeded 78 acres with alfalfa. For a five year period, beginning in 1938, the silo was filled with alfalfa instead of corn. By gauging the moisture content, without instruments, I secured excellent silage chiefly without using preservatives. The Country Gentlemen had a feature article which was written by Arnold Nicholson, the managing editor. His article told the world how Mr. E. M. D. Bracker proceeded to make grass silage. My methods were accurately described although the information was not secured from me. In fact the appearance of the article was a surprise to me.

All my efforts were not made just to make money. I taught an adult men's class at Bethel on Sunday morning and taught a young men's class at Enterprise on Sunday afternoons. I was a member of the Executive Committee of the R. I. Co. Farm Bureau and was present at a meeting of the committee in 1916 when Palmer R. Edgerton, the first Farm Advisor in Rock Island County was employed. In other ways, I tried to help.

In July, 1918 a letter came asking me to come to Galesburg to meet with the Executive Committee of the Knox County Farm Bureau. It stated the slogan during World War I, then in progress, was: "Food Will Win the War," and from what they heard about me in Rock Island County stated I knew how to raise food. A date was set. I hoped they would decide I was not the fellow they wanted. Eight of the nine members of the committee came to the meeting. A high type of farmer was much in evidence. As the question and answer period progressed, the chairman suddenly asked what kind of a program I would put on if I came to Knox County. With considerable emphasis, I replied that I had no ideas whatsoever about a program. I mentally exulted over the fact that this answer would displease them. They soon asked me to leave the room and come back later. In about ten minutes I knocked on the door and asked if they were ready to see me. Sure they said they wanted to talk over terms with me. I agreed to leave the farm and report at Farm Bureau headquarters on September 1, 1918. So I was an actual farmer only 2½ years.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1918

I had planned to be at the Farm Bureau Office in Galesburg at 8 A. M. I was on my way before 6 A. M. It began to rain and the roads became very muddy. In spite of chains on my tires, I made slow progress. About 5 P. M. I left Ada and Mabel at Henderson, which is 4 miles from Galesburg, to take the train to Galesburg as I was not certain of getting there by auto. It took me 14 hours to make the trip which can now be made in an hour or so.

I started to write in some detail about the highlights of Farm Bureau work in those early days. I gave this idea up when even a whole book would not contain the material.

The first few months were spent getting the "feel" of things. An attack of flu slowed me up again.

Early in 1919 the first series of meetings were held over the county. Alsike Clover and Soybeans were the subjects I selected for discussion. One member of the Executive Committee thought I was going to talk about alfalfa. He warned me never to mention alfalfa. At one of the meetings the farmers stopped me when I started to talk about soybeans. The farmers said beans would not grow in Knox County. A seed dealer told me that he could follow my meetings over the county by the orders for alsike clover, especially, that came from the areas where the meetings were held. This encouraged me. That year a farmer gave me a plot of ground and I planted a different variety of soybeans in each row. In the fall a meeting was held at this place. This helped get soybeans started.

A second series of meetings was requested. I had just another meeting to attend when I "keeled" over while examining a farmer's wheat field for Hessian Fly. It had been a strenuous winter.

The summer of 1919 was spent quite largely in planning for a membership campaign to be held that fall. About 12% of the farmers of Knox County were members when I went there in 1918. After the membership campaign was over in 1919, 72% were members. I was still the only Farm Advisor in the county.

HELP IS SECURED

With over $20,000 annual income after the 1919 membership campaign, two associate Farm Advisors were secured. One, a graduate of Purdue, had been a Farm Advisor in Indiana. He took over 4-H Club work, Poultry, and Horticulture. The other was a graduate of Iowa State College. He had had a wide experience in Animal Husbandry and headed that department. In addition to general administrative work, I took over soils and crops. I doubt if any other Farm Bureau anywhere had men as qualified to serve them as Knox County.

In the fall of 1918 I visited a field of corn that was quite a disappointment to the Knox County farmer. He had hoped to raise 100 bushels per acre, a lifetime ambition, but about 26 bushels of poor quality corn was all he had. I referred to turning in the notebooks of the two Purdue students. Some years later these two events proved to be of help to me.

The farmers plight was carried in my mind. I began in 1919 to hear about diseases of corn. Dr. J. R. Holbert of the U.S.DA. was an early authority. He was one of the two students whose notebooks I had turned in at Purdue some years previously. The first time I met Dr. Holbert he referred to the notebooks and stated that another student copied his notebook and turned it in, as his own. The other student lost all credits for his semester's work. To this day Dr. Holbert tells of this privately or publicly. A few months ago, I met him quite by accident, in Washington, D. C. He immediately turned to his wife and related the incident. This was about 40 years after it happened.

With Jimmie's help (Dr. J. R. Holbert) we laid out three experimental plats in Knox County. In fact, we had more experimental work on corn diseases here in Knox County, than they had at the State Experimental Station. Our work brought men from the Dept. of Agriculture in Washington and from other states. The results were accurate enough to be published in Government and State Bulletins. One of my prized possessions is a specially bound volume of Illinois Experimental Station Bulletin No. 225. My name in gold lettering is printed on the front cover of the book. The bulletin itself bears this statement: "A token of friendship" and is signed by James R. Holbert and W. L. Burlison. The letter of transmittal to me states: "Dear Emil: We are sending you an autographed copy of Illinois Bulletin No. 225 as a token of our appreciation for your help during the early stages of these investigations. I assure you that the services you have rendered have not been forgotten." Signed, J. R. Holbert. This bulletin of 239 pages deals entirely with the diseases of corn.

While on the experimental plots one day, I remarked that the score card for judging corn gave no indication of what the corn would do in producing a corn crop. Some discussions grew out of this and it was decided to hold a corn show under the auspices of the Knox County Farm Bureau that would startle the Corn Belt by absolutely discarding the old score card and developing an entirely new one. A state-wide score card committee was appointed. I was a member of it. It is my understanding that this same card is still used in judging State Corn Shows. As ten kernels from each ear entered in the show must be sprouted, so that the sprouts are judged too, the corn to be exhibited must be delivered ten days in advance of the show. As General Manager of the First Utility Corn Show, it was personally necessary to germinate these kernels from exhibits in the Knox County Farm Bureau office under moisture and temperature conditions which would not only indicate the vigor of the corn, but bring out diseased conditions, if any existed. Entries came in from a wide area. The show was a great success.

The next and subsequent years the show has been held at Urbana. It is a matter of record however, that we not only were first in Knox County in working on corn diseases, but that we were definitely first in discarding the old score card and developing and adopting the new one. The show was held in January of 1921.

Similar methods were used in holding corn shows all over Knox County. It meant lots of detailed work but the results warranted it.

A lot of soil testing was done. Meetings relative to soil improvement were held. Farmers seemed responsive enough so that suggestions offered were usually acted on by them. In fact, one day a farmer burst in the Farm Bureau office and immediately said: "Bracker, Bracker, lay off of this crop and soil improvement work. Why the farmers will raise so much there will not be a market for all of the stuff." At that time I replied that this did not bother me for most farmers then wanted their neighbor to try a new thing out. I also said that if I had a meeting with 60 farmers present I felt satisfied if as many as five of them requested help.

A corn project that brought much new wealth to Knox County came about rather accidentally. In the summer of 1920 I learned that a prominent seed producer had developed a nearly Disease Free Corn. (This was before hybrids were developed.) I asked them to set aside 100 bushels for Knox County. As only 600 bushels had been produced, they hesitated to comply. Finally they agreed, but said the corn would cost $12.50 per bushel. That next winter I told the farmers about the new seed corn. Enough orders came for about 105 bushels. The next spring corn out of the crib had dropped to 50c per bushel, so that a farmer would have to exchange 25 bushels of crib corn for each bushel of this new seed corn. This soured them at the start. Not long ago a farmer told me of a neighbor, who when planting this corn, would say: "Five cents gone," every time the planter clicked. Then in the fall, the corn plants remained green (as hybrid corn does now) while the ear ripened. Farmers were used to having the stalk die as the ear ripened. Well, it became popular to knock this corn and the one who instigated it all. And how they laid it on. As complaints came in, I scheduled meetings in the neighborhood deciding that "bearding the lion in its den" was the best way out.

One afternoon a "hot" letter came from a soured farmer. I checked my schedule, called the steno and immediately replied that I would be at his farm by 2 o'clock on a certain day. I requested that he call in his neighbors. I did not know this farmer and assumed he was as mistaken in his appraisal of the corn as the others had been. I drove down the road I thought he lived on. I stopped at a house to inquire, but for some time no one responded although folks were in the house. Finally the door opened and I asked the lady if she could tell me where farmer Brown lived. She snapped back at me that this was the place. When he appeared I offered to shake hands with him but the pump handle would have been as responsive. He was so mad he would not talk to me but did say the neighbors would be along soon. I asked that he get me two sacks, as his letter indicated he had planted his own corn beside this new seed. When the crowd came we went out to the corn field.

The examinations were made of each corn on a side hill. I asked the men to pull up hills of each variety. The hills from the $12.50 corn could hardly be pulled up. The other corn came up easily. I noted the soil was still ridged as left by the cultivator due to the better root system, while the other ridges were levelled. Other observations were made. I then asked the farmers to select 25 hills from each planting and put the corn from each 25 hills in one of the sacks. The farmer was very fair and stated the selection greatly favored his corn. I told the men to husk out the corn as selected. We went back to the house to weigh the corn. This favored the $12.50 corn, as had field tests. The corn was then sorted as to quality. A marked difference here in my favor. At last the farmer said in my presence: "I want to tell you neighbors that I have been talking about this man Bracker. I have been saying he was a man we were feeding and he wasn't doing us any good. I want you to know I have changed my mind." Not all farmers were as fair as this one. I was able by these meetings in the cornfields, to keep from being "strung up the nearest light pole" or being "shot before sunrise," some fine morning.

Iowa oats was a promising variety. I told the farmer about them. The orders were placed with a substantial Iowa farmer. The seed proved to be low in germination. Here again I was called to farm after farm. I always said: "If they were mine, I would leave them." Even though some had decided to plow the crop under they, surprisingly enough, left the oats in every case. After harvest and threshing the yields were above other oats and many came and thanked me. This, in those early days, was an unusual experience. The farm advisors in those early days said in their private meetings: "You're damned if you do, and you are damned if you don't."

While it was not a Farm Bureau project, I taught a course (the first one there) in agriculture at Lombard College here in Galesburg. I was released by the Farm Bureau one-half day a week to meet a group of mostly farmers' sons from about the county. If an emergency arose in the county, I had to skip the class. The boys appreciated my efforts, however, and today they are among my best friends. This course was the subject of a very commendatory article that appeared in the press.

Should anyone desire to delve further into my activities as a pioneer Farm Advisor, I can supply them with a volume or two of clippings that told of events as they occurred.

As of December 31, 1922, my connection with the Knox County Farm Bureau closed.

I Enter the Insurance Business

My plans to return to the farm were frustrated by the number of approaches I had to go into insurance. I was extremely indifferent to the approaches. One day I was called into an office and almost forced, against my will, to sign a contract.

Then, too, three men, a prominent Catholic layman, a pastor of the Universalist church, and a Dean of Knox College, had said essentially the same thing to me at different times. In effect, they expressed the hope that I would remain in Galesburg as I was needed here.

So in January of 1923, I started wearing out shoe soles. It was a discouraging time. Many thought I had no intention of continuing. Then, one day I signed a five year lease for an office in the Hill Arcade. This helped, although my commission hardly paid the rent. Business got better and I hired a part-time girl. One day she remarked that things were picking up. I replied it was about time for I had felt like "jumping in the lake," a good many times. She said it probably was fortunate there were no lakes around (now we have two).

I presume that the Farm Bureau work trained me to carry a lot of varied facts around in my head. At any rate, I studied hard and the facts seemed to stick. The information I had was the latest as often the older agencies did not keep up with the constant changes of rules, regulations, laws, and rates which surround the insurance business. Business men sensed this and confidence in my agency grew. This also helped.

While on a "cold canvas" I came across a risk that did business from Maine to the Mid-West. Johnson & Higgins, a nation wide brokerage firm, had the risk. Practically all forms of insurance were carried.

One day the firm agreed to let me submit a proposal. While I had the help of representatives of my insurance companies, all contacts were made by me. Then, one day my proposal was ready. I submitted it. I was told that Marsh and McLennan wanted to submit a proposal. Anxious days passed. One day the phone rang, and an executive of the firm said they had reviewed all three proposals. They liked mine the best and the risk was mine. With the cooperation of my companies, the business was serviced to the entire satisfaction of the insureds. After about three years, I was told that they were so satisfied that the business was mine as long as they or I were in business. I practically had to build my agency around this one account.

In time, they merged with a larger corporation. Fred S. James and Company, a third brokerage firm doing a nationwide insurance business and like the other two, employing hundreds of skilled employees carried the insurance for the corporation. One day Fred S. James and Company ordered the policies I had written brought into their offices. They learned the expirations, which was what they wanted. A representative was to call on my client. He pleaded sickness and what not until the expiration of two forms of coverage had passed and informed my client he had bound the coverage. I knew what competition was. One day I was informed that the interview would take place in the office the next day. I was certain the representative of Fred S. James and Company would "sour me" with my clients before I would be called in. This was certainly true. When I was called in the President said: "Emil, take off your coat. It's likely to get pretty hot in here." Two other executives, besides the broker, were present. Always before the greetings were most cordial. To try to break the tension, I asked if I should keep my shirt on. No one even smiled. The President then reminded me of the promise to keep the insurance with me, but said he would have to break the promise and give two forms of coverage to the broker. Upon inquiry, I learned the broker had skimmed the cream from the entire line of insurance. I remarked that if that was settled, that was one thing, but if they would give me a chance to meet the competition, that would be another thing. The broker said: "You can't meet the competition." He then proceeded to belittle me. After an hour or so I succeeded in "turning the tables." He lost interest then and I was dismissed. He had the two forms of insurance, however.

I succeeded after a week or so in getting one of the coverages back when I brought certain features of my policies to the attention of my clients. I kept pressing them for a chance to submit a proposal for the other form of coverage. At the end of three weeks they said: "Well, go ahead." I asked one of my companies for an authorization as to rates. Their wire was not much comfort to me. After receiving it, I was pressed to submit a proposal. After several days I was informed they could wait no longer. I gave a quotation in excess of my authorization which the insurance company probably anticipated. In a few days I was informed this coverage was again mine. The broker had to eat his words. I almost hoped he would choke when swallowing them.

Sometime after this, the depression required extensive refinancing on the part of the parent corporation. The bank required that all insurance be turned over to Marsh and McLennan. This ended my continuing with the line. I doubt, however, if a one man agency has ever, before or after, successfully met the competition of the world's three largest insurance brokerage firms.

You really take it on the chin when you lose a line like this. It was necessary to rebuild the agency with small individual accounts. This I succeeded in doing.

One feature of my agency has been the placing, by many of my companies, of claim drafts with authorizations in the settlement of claims. Over the years, I have written several thousand drafts in the settlement of claims to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. At one time, I had most of the taxi cabs operating in the city. Not that I wanted the business, but this feature of the agency appealed to cab owners. For a time claims were routed through Chicago before going on to New York. About ten years ago the Home Office of the insurance company in New York City wrote advising me to handle claims direct with the Home Office. They gave me full authority to settle claims and issue drafts. This was placing a lot of confidence in the agency.

Business Interests

While out prospecting late in the Fall of 1923, I entered a large building that appeared practically empty. I discovered one man in it and told him the purpose of my call. He suggested I come back in a few months. This I did. He then told me that plans to start a wholesale plumbing concern were being considered by himself and two other men. All three were related to each other by marriage or otherwise. If their plans matured he said they would like to have me as a fourth partner. In early 1924, the firm got under way with a few pieces of pipe and some fittings. The trade began calling for other items. Bob, the president of the concern, would call a meeting and say: "Boys we've got to stock certain items. It's a thousand dollars apiece today." On one such call, I did not have the thousand bucks. I said nothing but went to a bank. I had had no dealings with any of the officers. I went to the president of the bank and told him I wanted to borrow $1,000. He asked who would sign the note. I replied I did not want to ask anyone to do this. A short conversation followed. He got out a pad of blank notes, filled one out for $1,000 and had me sign it. Even though I was now in debt it was quite a thrill for me to borrow that much just on my signature. I carried my fourth interest until we incorporated. After which I had a fourth interest. The venture proved a veritable gold mine. Today two very large plants, one in Galesburg, the other in Moline, attest its success. I was a director, vice-president, and at one time, chairman, of the Board of Directors. The depression came and I finally disposed of my interests.

I had an interest in a well-established paint manufacturing company, and was also on its Board of Directors and vice-president of the corporation. I sold my interest in it.

I had interests in three other businesses or corporations. One of these manufactured a product for which DuPont's sent repeat orders. This interested me.

I Visit DuPont's

I planned to be in Atlantic City and my associates in this venture suggested I visit the plant or plants where DuPont's were using the product. Just before leaving Galesburg, I wrote DuPont's asking that they advise me by letter addressed to a hotel in Atlantic City which of their 85 eastern plants used our material, so I could go to the right one. A wire came to the hotel telling me to come direct to the office of the Head of DuPont's Safety Department in Wilmington, Delaware.

I made the visit. The first assistant was called in and the three of us discussed various products, such as ours. The interview seemed finished about 11:30 a. m. I arose to leave. I was told that I was to be their guest for dinner. As you may know, DuPont's Home Office Building is a self-contained unit. It has everything As we walked along the corridors, I noted the building was air-conditioned. One of the men remarked casually it cost about a million dollars to do it.

The first stop was at the theater in the building. The attendant had just locked the door before leaving. He was asked to unlock the door. All the lights in the theater were turned on. I was shown about the place. The stage was large enough so that horses hitched to carriages could be shown as a part of a production. The ballroom, extending up through two stories or more, with its rich furnishings, gold leaf on walls, and magnificent setting was included in the trip. Then into the dining room in the hotel all in one building, which also provides space for about 5,000, chiefly office workers. In the dining room they ordered a meal replete with delicacies for me. Whenever a small place on my plate was available, they would call the waiter over to again fill it up. Quite an experience for a guy from the sticks. Then, too, quite a contrast from our usual impression of big business.

One idea I had in having a financial interest in these five business enterprises was that other people might use my hard earned money and get a greater return than I could. I learned among other things that business is a hard game. Competition at times seems almost merciless.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DEPRESSION

I was $40,000 in debt when it started. For some years my interest payments averaged $200.00 per month. It was slightly more than two years in succession. A bank had loaned me $15,000 or $16,000 on my signature. They called for the money one morning about 8:30 a.m. I repaid them. Then, a wire came stating one of my insurance companies had been closed. I had signed my name to a $60.00 claim draft, which was cashed. It did not get to New York in time for the company to honor it. I had to tell the local bank to charge it to my account. I paid other small claims. In addition, while I was not legally obligated to do so, I felt a moral obligation to reinsure the policies and paid the unearned premiums. Doing all this did not satisfy two of my good clients and their accounts went off the books. There were many days when it seemed my ship would hit the rocks. The stress and strain of those four or five years was terrific. I came through with assets hardly equal to liabilities.

I START OVER

1934 and 1936 were two of the greatest drought years our nation ever experienced. I had a breeding herd of over 200 head of cattle. My pastures dried up, but with Don's help I was able to get them through by herding them on the roads and elsewhere. Cattle like mine were practically worthless. A net of 5 or 10 dollars per head, after marketing expenses, was about all that could be realized. I held on. In 1937 prices improved and I had something to sell. A few years later, the Quick farm was offered me. I bought the 160 acres for cash. The next year, I bought 80 acres to the south of it from the Winterfeldt estate, also for cash. Then 35 acres from the Liphardts and 30 acres from the Winterfeldt's adjoining it. The last purchase was the 160 acre farm, which in my boyhood, belonged to John Hahn. This was bought at an auction sale. All of this additional farm land is clear of debt. Events keep happening. I have recently sold the 65 acres and bought the remaining 80 acres of the Winterfeldt farm. This gives me three farms of 160 acres each, and these added to the home farm makes a total of 795 acres. Sounds simple, but a lot of wear and tear went into the effort.

CIVIC ACTIVITIES

I had little contact with Main Street while a Farm Advisor. It seemed, however, that I had acquired the reputation from that work of being a good organizer.

I served the Baptist church here in many capacities, such as chairman of the Board of Deacons, teacher of classes, General Superintendent of the Sunday School, chairman of a Pulpit Committee, etc. I was president of both the city and county Sunday School Associations, or Councils of Religious Education as they were later called. Chautauquas were still being held and I was president for a time of our local Chautauqua. On November 18, 1929, a representative of the American Red Cross called. He explained that the Knox County Chapter had made no plans for the Roll Call. Someone told him I might help. I asked how long and he intimated ten days. I got busy. The response was excellent. A month or so later the Annual Meeting was to be held. About 8:00 p.m. the night before a long distance telephone call from Red Cross Headquarters asked me what I had done to make certain I would be elected Chapter Chairman the next day. I replied: "Absolutely nothing." They asked me what I would do. I again replied: "Absolutely nothing." I was told they would if I wouldn't and that a man would be there from headquarters to see that I was elected. So I rose from the ranks to chapter chairman without previously having served in any capacity, except for the brief Roll Call.

Red Cross Chapter work in those days was on a voluntary basis. I was also Home Service Chairman. Several volumes would be required to cover the seven years I was Chapter Chairman and the slightly more than 13 years I was Home Service Chairman. In the latter capacity, I was subject to call from any military post anywhere in the world, anytime of the day or night. I almost shudder now when I recall this fact. In time of peace, the veterans of any war or their families were to be ministered to or serviced by the Red Cross Home Service. In time of war, Home Service is set up to keep things between civilians, soldiers, and the military going as smoothly as possible.

Periodic checks were made throughout Knox County and Galesburg on veterans of any wars who were receiving disability payments. What war did to personalities was disheartening to me. One beneficiary, of I presume the Civil War, was a widow of 104 years.

During the depression, many young men enlisted in the Army thinking it would provide a meal ticket. Tragic results came when some of them tried to escape when they were disillusioned. It was necessary for me to get up case histories on these fellows. One, a fellow church member, was sent to Fort Leavenworth. As, in war times, if any were AWOL or deserters, I had to hunt them up and start them back. An AWOL often developed into a deserter.

When World War II broke out, communications of every kind, telegrams, long distance calls, and letters were almost continuous. Johnny would get terribly homesick. He would tell the military his Aunt Emma was at the point of death. The military would contact me to find out about Aunt Emma. She probably, if she existed at all, would be quite a surprised person to know that considering herself hale and hearty, anyone considered her otherwise. Johnny would also be surprised and possibly saddened to know he would not be released. On the other hand, the home folks might be planning a party. Oh, yes! we'll wire that grandpa is very sick. I would have to determine grandpa's condition. It took sometime for the boys to realize these investigations were made and the number of such requests then decreased. Many were cases of real distress, and the word was sent to that effect.

While numerous actual cases come to mind I will record one that occurred in December of 1942. Don and I were in my office about 6 P. M. Don answered the phone and said the call was for me. The call came from a camp in Georgia. I was told that a soldier from Knox County had just received a telegram that his mother was very sick and that $30.00 to cover his trip home was also wired. "How long will it take you to determine the mother's condition?" the party asked. I said possibly 20 minutes. "Well, hurry it up for we want to get the boy off on the first train and service is not good here. Call back." The wire to the soldier was sent from Galesburg, although his folks were farmers. I called each of the two hospitals here. She was not a patient at either. I then called each of the doctors in the town nearest where she lived. One said he was the family doctor, but had not been called. I then called central in the woman's home town. The girl reported they had no telephone, but had not heard of any sickness. The township supervisor, a near neighbor, gave the same reply. He gave me the name of a nearby relative of the supposedly sick woman. I called them. They were not sure. I requested them to inquire of the family and that I would call back in ten minutes. I was told when I called again that the lady was not sick. I phoned back to Georgia. The chap was plainly surprised and irritated to know it was another "phoney." About ten days later a wire came asking that I visit the soldier's sweetheart to determine her condition.

One of the hardest tasks was to get up case histories where the soldier had become a mental case. The interviews with the parents were most trying. These case histories were sent to Walter Reid Hospital in Washington, D. C. to Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco, and elsewhere. Letters of appreciation came from the medical staffs stating the information in these case histories was exactly what they needed.

I tried many times to be relieved of the Home Service Work but always the word was "no." The military said they got the information they needed, it was correct and promptly given. Hundreds of reports were given. Often the report was the reverse of what the military had been told. Yet in only one instance was a correcting wire sent. A girl's mother told me her daughter had erred in the story she told me.

Those were busy days. We did not often stop to express thanks. Christmas Day in 1942 was an especially busy day. One call came from a person who wanted to know how his folks were in a foreign country. This request, as were other similar ones, routed through Geneva, Switzerland. A man called to tell me his mother had died. His son was in a camp out in the state of Oregon. A very intimate relationship existed, he stated, between the son and his grandmother. "Could I get the son home for the funeral?" I asked the name of the undertaker.

I called him to confirm the woman's death — then sent a wire out to Camp Adair, Oregon. Later in the day — the father called and thought the telegram might be delayed. So I phoned out to the camp. Later in the day, they wired back to the effect that the soldier would be here for the funeral and requested that I so advise his family which I did. I'll have to admit that the letter which follows will always be cherished: Christmas Day 1942 — Mr. E. M. D. Bracker, Galesburg, Illinois, Dear Sir: Many thanks for your successful effort in obtaining a furlough for Martin. In times like this, it is indeed comforting to turn to a man like you and get quick and effective action. Before Martin entered the service, he worked at Butler's and lived here at home with Mother — since I was away from home, she depended on him a lot. The day we took her to the hospital, she said: "If anything happens, do you suppose Martin can come?" Thanks to you, sir, he will be here. Sincerely yours, (Signed) James B. Allen.

I continued the Home Service Work until in February of 1943, when an Executive Secretary was employed by the Chapter.

The duties as Chapter Chairman were equally strenuous. Funds for flood relief, drouth relief, or whatever funds were needed for had to be raised. The Farm Board program collapsed. Here in Knox County, sixteen carloads of flour, made from Farm Board Wheat, in 24 lb. sacks were distributed to relief agencies, through my office during the depression. Every sack had to be accounted for. Over 49,000 yards of cloth made from Farm Board cotton, 15,000 readymade garments, blankets, quilts, and similar items were also distributed. If a relief agency wanted so many yards of cotton flannel, birds-eye or other cloth, I measured up the goods for them. A group of leading women in Galesburg opened up a shop, equipped it with sewing machines and made garments for needy families who did not have sewing equipment. Once the women were in disagreement over a matter and I was called in.

Direct relief to veterans, and their families, of any war was given from my office. Transient veterans travelled the country, stopping at a Red Cross Office for a lift. If the request was just for a meal, we assumed the papers they produced were authentic. If much was requested, we had to investigate.

I could relate many instances of services rendered. Sometimes a parent would become sick and bedfast worrying about the soldier son. I would then determine the son's condition. In one such case a farmer came in and told me his wife had been sick in bed three weeks. She arose, got out of bed a well person when they received my favorable report. A Greek became worried about his folks in the old country. It took months for a reply to my request to come. I wrote a note to the man giving a favorable report. About noon the next day a phone call came from the man's wife. She said they received my letter that morning and that her husband was already a changed man.

Many, many office and phone calls came from home folks, who might be properly called mentally sick. My work taught me ways of rather quickly "brightening them up." I must leave this activity and move on.

The Salvation Army

In the Mid-depression, the Mayor of Galesburg and a layman called at my office. They stated the Salvation Army was badly in need of my help. I was asked to become a member of the Advisory Board and serve as it's president. I agreed to do it for one year only. Nothing very startling happened during that year, as I recall it. It has, however, functioned on a high plane ever since then.

Illinois State Council of Baptist Men

One day a phone call indicated I had been elected President of the above organization. This was about 1933. I had not attended the State Convention. Upon further investigation, I learned that I was President. I had this hard job three years. The set-up was new and there was often opposition to the work on the part of the clergy,

I had other committments and was completely out of touch with this work until the Fall of 1944, when I quite suddenly found myself re-elected. Laymen had found it tough going and were discouraged. I again found it so. I travelled the state, made contacts here and there with the result that interest was revived. One of my duties was to preside at the Men's Banquet, attended by ministers and laymen attending the State Convention from Chicago, as well as out-state. I was closing my work and gave a brief summary of the three years during the depression and the four years during boom times. This was in the early Fall of 1949 at Decatur. I remarked that the laymen's organization had been looked "down on" during the mid-thirties, but now it was "looked up to." I spread the credit for the latter situation around quite generously. Dr. Orr interrupted me and told the men I was entirely too modest about giving credit. He suggested a round of applause. The men began applauding, then arose to their feet and continued applauding.

Other Baptist Services

I served on the Executive Committee of our State Convention one year, beginning in 1944. Meetings were held once a month or oftener. The drive to Springfield, regardless of weather and a long, tense committee session were experiences long to be remembered.

I was elected a member of the Board of Managers of the State Convention for two three-year terms and by reason of my Presidency of the Men's Council was a member seven more years, or a total of 13 years on this Board. The service was not continuous, however.

Green Lake

Two interests, one Victor Lawson, the other a real estate firm, spent over ten million dollars developing a vast and pretentious estate on the shores of Green Lake, Wisconsin. A heavy mortgage on the property was held by a large Chicago bank. They foreclosed and finally offered the entire property for $300,000. The Baptists learned of this and paid $75,000 down to hold it. At the next meeting of the Northern Baptist Convention in Atlantic City, which I did not attend, the laymen asked for the privilege of raising the remaining $225,000. The request was granted and the appointment of a Green Lake Laymen's Committee was authorized. A telegram came indicating I was one of the fifteen laymen selected from across the country. I'll have to confess I had not previously known of the purchase. I served a three year term, was re-elected for a two year term, and again for a three year term. Hope you can all see this great project some day. It is now known as Northern Baptist Assembly.

Incidentally, one of my competitors in the insurance business, a Catholic laymen, had played with his girl friend on the nationally famous 18 hole golf course when the property was owned by the real estate firm. Last summer they thought to play there again. Now, man and wife, they went there for this purpose. Upon seeing the new ownership, they drove on. Not so long ago this Catholic layman stopped to tell me of this experience. He also said: "I told my wife that day, 'I'll bet Mr. Bracker had something to do with this'." He laughed when I told him about the Laymen's Committee of Fifteen.

Laymen's Conferences at Colgate - Rochester Divinity School

In March of 1949, a letter came inviting me to be guest of this school in May. A new President was to be inaugurated and a laymen's conference was planned in connection with it. The letter gave the names of men high up in business and industry who were also being invited. Upon replying, I suggested that greater emphasis be placed on inviting what more nearly reflected our church memberships. Reference to rural churches and unions was made. They acted upon my suggestion, and requested that I head up the Discussion Group dealing especially with the rural church. They also had a union executive lead a group related to his work.

It was a strenuous work-out. We had three meetings of each group. The chairmen met before the group meetings and held a long session after each meeting, as reports of each group were given. The gathering was addressed by President Wriston of Brown University, Sen. Tobey of New Hampshire, Gov. Driscoll of New Jersey, Dr. Henry VanDusen of Union Theological Seminary, and other men high in their respective field. We laymen were honored by having us march in the academic procession.

The conference seemed so worthwhile that another one was held there last December. Before attending it I went on to Mabel's. Spent a day and a night there, enjoying a pleasant visit.

Local Commitments

Over a decade ago, it was apparent to all that Galesburg was becoming dominated in all respects by one man. He had been State Treasurer twice. His political rule was closely held. Finally a Galesburg Civic Association was formed by about twenty people. I was not originally a member. I was, however, asked to head the set-up, whose major objective was to upset the well-established "political machine." We began making plans in the Winter of 1940 and 1941. A mayor and seven aldermen were on our slate opposed to the same places on the opposition's ticket. Came Election Day.

Our candidate for Mayor and five of the seven alderman were elected. This came to the attention of the National Council of Northern Baptist Men. They wrote it up as No. 8 in a Life of Service Series. I will not, therefore, detail the adventurous campaign days. Incidentally this project greatly interested Don. He made up a very fine scrap book of material relating to the campaign. Really believe he was even more anxious for success than many others were.

Possibly as a sequel to this work I have been asked twice to speak over the local radio system in behalf of candidates for elective offices. When our present State Senator was a candidate for the first time I was one of the three persons who spoke, at his request, in his favor. I was supposed to influence the farmers vote in this district.

THE GALESBURG POLICE PENSION BOARD

About six years ago, the City Attorney called and advised me I had been appointed a member of the Board. The four other members elected me President. The City Attorney explained that the President of the Board had the power of a judge in conducting hearings, issuing supoenas, administering oaths, etc. This was a hint of what was ahead. It was necessary to hurry away from this meeting, but within a few days I learned that a widow of a former policeman had filed claim for a pension. She had retained the then State's Attorney, her brother was a prominent Alderman and the claim had the Mayor's backing. We began holding hearings. I administered the oath before each testimony. At one hearing, four policemen, who had signed a statement supporting the claim were called in individually although they wanted to be called in as a group. The Police Chief reported they were sure sweating. I administered the oath to each of them. One day I called for a vote by the Board. It resulted in an unanimous vote to disallow the claim. The next step for the claimant was to appeal to the Circuit Court. As this has not been done, it appears the Pension Board arrived at the proper decision. Other attempts to "nibble" at the funds were thwarted. The "cops" seem to appreciate the way the Board has safeguarded their funds. We may be members for life.

Incidentally a year or so ago a special meeting of the Board was held to consider several applicants. Shortly after the meeting, one of the applicants dropped dead. His medical and other examinations were O. K. His widow now draws practically $100.00 per month. This would not be the case had we waited for a meeting at the usual stated time.

THE GALESBURG ASSOCIATION OF INSURANCE AGENTS

This was formed nearly four years ago. The constitution states a President cannot serve more than two years. It was my privilege to serve the first two years in this capacity.

THE KNOX COUNTY TAXPAYERS ASSOCIATION

I served one term as President of this association. It is a worth-while organization. At present it is bringing facts to the attention of citizens indicating that a lot of tax money could be saved.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

It seems I served the Galesburg YMCA as a member of the Board of Directors continuously for twenty years. The Army took the building over early in 1943. While the Army occupied it sentiment in the community favored putting the building to some use other than a YMCA when the Army moved out. This viewpoint took definite form in the findings of a citizens' committee appointed to study the situation. A public meeting was held in June 1944 which agreed that the YMCA should not be re-established. Early in July 1944 the Board elected me president. I decided that if the YMCA was not re-established I would resign. Anxious weeks passed. In September of 1944 the Board voted to re-establish the YMCA.

The institution had lost its standing. The Community Chest refused for a time to include the YMCA as an agency of the Chest. To do so they said would hurt the financial campaign. This was a shock to me. Their attitude reflected the public's attitude at the time. At last the YMCA was included. Today it is the largest agency in the Chest.

It took several months to rehabilitate the YMCA building after the Army moved out. A program was set up but the response was poor. In time folks started coming back and today it is a bee-hive of activity. I served 4½ years as President as our constitution now limits tenure of office.

Somewhat as a recognition of services rendered the Galesburg YMCA I was elected a member of the National YMCA Council for a three year term. At its close I was again elected for a similar term. Membership on the National Council automatically makes you a member of the Illinois Area Board. The reverse is not true.

I served as Vice-Pres. of the State YMCA Assoc. as well as Vice-Pres. of the Illinois Area Council. I was elected Vice-Pres. of the State Assoc. at its annual meeting held in Chicago early in 1947. Prior to this annual meeting final plans had been made to change from a State Assoc. to an Area Council. As Vice-Pres. I presided when this historic action was taken. Incidentally the Area Council is the legislative body of state YMCA.

The National Council is made up of two laymen and one YMCA executive from prescribed districts. One of the three is elected each year. A number of candidates may declare themselves. The election is held at the annual area council meeting. This is the only elective office I ever sought. My district includes Bloomington and extends to the northern part of the state. Top men in the various vocations consider it worth while to take time to serve the YMCA at all levels, locally, area wide and nationally.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Much of my civic work has been done behind the scenes and not out in front as some of the foregoing activities might indicate. As a matter of fact it always seemed necessary to do a lot of work behind the scenes to keep an organization moving along. The thirteen years of Red Cross Home Service Work was entirely behind the scenes in its execution. It ranks at the top among services I have rendered to organizations.

Some years ago a poem relating to living in a house by the side of a road appeared. It appealed to me. On occasion I have found these "houses" most anywhere. Then, too, quite frequently my office seems such a "house" to some one worn and weary with the strife. My own life has dealt with hard realities. This along with a varied experience as to vocations probably help fit me for a role I am happy to be in — albeit takes time and energy. A lot of people come in to talk situations over with me. Just recently a Scotch farmer when leaving said he liked to talk to me, a Jewess remarked she felt enriched, a Catholic young man discussed a possible change of work. He stated he would depend on my reaction. In July of 1943 Henry D. Wilson, who was general secretary of the Uni. of Ill. YMCA for thirty years, called at my office. I believe it was our only meeting. At one point in our conversation he reached his hand across the desk and after taking mine he said: "I want you to know that what you are saying is of great help to me." When he returned to Champaign he wrote under date of July 23, 1943 as follows: "It has been a long time since I have received the stimulation for our work which you gave me indirectly in the good visit it was my privilege to have with you. I shall long remember it, and hope for another chat in the not too distant future. With appreciation, and sincere personal regards, Cordially yours, Henry D. Wilson."

I am pretty much the product of the kindnesses, in word and deed, shown me by friends, relatives and kindred folks. Surely if some measure of a similar interest can be rendered I would indeed be remiss if the opportunity to do so was not availed of.

It just occurred to me that I have overlooked mentioning my Rotary memberships. I became an active member in 1918. One year it was announced that I had a perfect attendance record. It was largely because of Red Cross and other similar activities that my days were so crowded that I dropped out of Rotary in 1935. Three years later I received word that because of these activities the Galesburg Rotary Club had elected me Honorary membership. This is my present classification.

Some Pulpit Experiences

At times I have been asked to bring the message at a Sunday morning church service. One such call came from a Presbyterian church. I used Job, 5:7 'Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward" as a basis for my remarks. Some months later they phoned to the farm and left word that they wanted me to be back the next Sunday and preach for them again. When a phone call came asking me to take a Sunday morning service at the First Christian church here in Galesburg the party wanted my subject. I said: "What's Ahead." The Bible abounds in material that clearly indicates man's destiny, once his course has been set. Fortune tellers, crystal gazers, etc. are unnecessary.

A DISPLACED PERSONS FAMILY

My typing this account was interrupted by mail. A letter came from a displaced persons family, now living in Germany, indicating they planned to come over if and when the immigration authorities permitted. This all came about last June while I was attending a National YMCA Council meeting in Washington, D. C. A YMCA secretary, who had worked with displaced persons in Germany for several years, had charge of a booth relating to them. I had a brief talk with him. About two months later he wrote me stating he made some notes after I left him and indicating he knew two families in Germany he thought might fit into my situation. I completed a job assurance form for both with the understanding that the second family was not to come unless the first one could not. Six months later the first family wrote me. It took all that time for the multitude of organizations involved in this set-up to act on my application. I replied to his letter and just now it is evident a final agreement between us has been reached. His letters make interesting reading. We are mutually hoping that this will prove to be a way out for each of us.

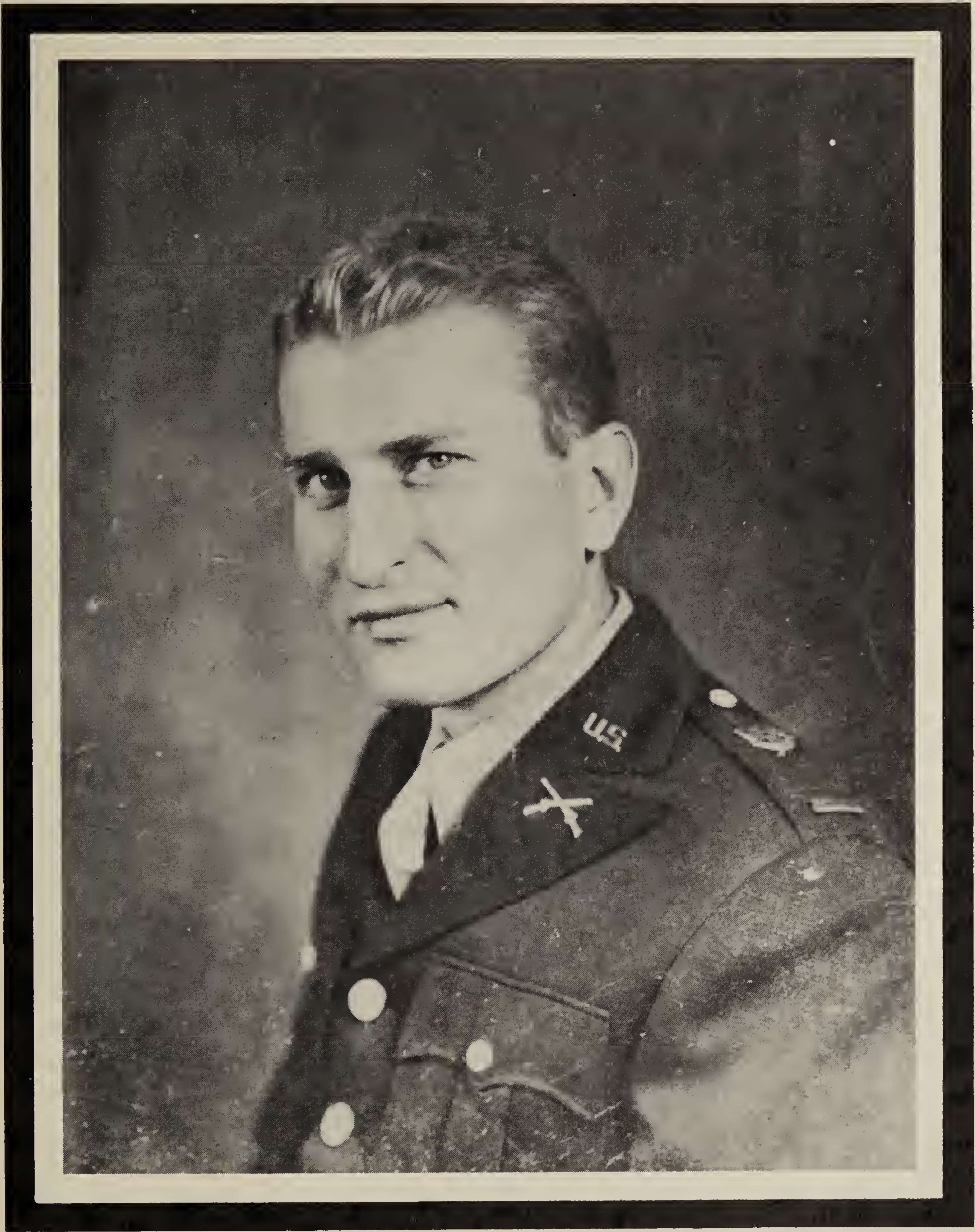
BETTY

Betty was named Charlotte Elizabeth after her birth September 8th, 1914. We were then at Corvallis, Oregon. It was at once evident that she was having a difficult experience. An extra doctor and nurse helped her condition. Upon returning to the farm in August of 1915 she was taken to a number of doctors. One of these was reported to be the leading child specialist in the U.S. He gave us no hope and specifically advised against spending money trying to improve her condition. Never-the-less she was placed with a lady in Wheaton, Ill. for a year. Extended Chiropractic treatments, both in Davenport and Galesburg were given her. All the efforts to help her condition were of no avail. Margaret has given thirty years caring for Betty. It is a much appreciated service.

DON

Don was named Donald Clare. He was born 2/23/22. In time he noted that I had three initials so he added "M" for Mark. Later his signature was similar to mine. When Don came in the office in the spring of 1942 and stated he had enlisted in the Army I suggested that he get the name Mark legally added to his name. This he did.

When he was a baby I gave him the necessary attention at night. One night I heard his childish voice call "dad." It was dad forever after. I read to him from one volume of a childs set of books I bought. This one volume had a story about the farm in it. Don had me read and reread this part of the book. Long before



Lt. Don C. M. Bracker
Killed in action in Germany, December 13, 1944, aged 22. Picture taken late September or October, 1944, in Virginia. Buried in Henri Chapelle Military Cemetery, Belgium. Awarded Silver Star and Purple Heart. The son of Emil and Ada Bracker, Galesburg, Illinois.

Don could read he would pick out this volume and bring it to me to read the story again. I marvelled at his ability to do it.

Don did not enter grade school until he was six and one-half years old. This gave us more opportunity to be together during his early childhood. Trips to the farm were his delight. After entering school he often took a school mate with us. At vacation times we might be at the farm a week or ten days at a time. Once Don told me we had taken one boy with us 42 different times. We "batched." The boys knew they had to earn their "keep" and willingly did the jobs assigned them. When Don was in grade school I would call the Principal and ask that he be excused from school to go to the farm with me. She always consented. One time I remarked that she might think it strange that I would take Don out of school. I explained that I did it because I thought he learned more on these farm trips than he did at school. She thoroughly agreed with me.

For the most part Don earned his spending money as I did when a boy. He carried a paper route. Later, when in high school and in college he ran a newspaper delivery truck. His routes varied but usually it was a trip of at least 75 miles each week day, regardless of weather or road conditions. One day a heavy snowstorm slowed him so that he missed a train connection that was to take the papers on. He took down the road after it with his head out the door, for better visibility, and overtook it at a station. It was characteristic of him that he always delivered, whatever the objective might be. Don clerked in stores and had other employment. In time he took over the work in my office. His work here was tops.

Don early showed a lot of ability as a basket ball player. Later he chose to develop teams at the YMCA. His teams played other YMCA teams in Galesburg and elsewhere and contended each year for the city championship of Galesburg. They won many championships. The name "Y" Braves was used. I saw Don play most of his competitive games. Several stand out. I recall one game played in Davenport with a YMCA team there. Don was still in Junior High. I took five players with me. Another auto load got lost and did not arrive. It was tough going for the "Y" Braves. With the score tied just before the game ended Don slipped past the defense and with a one handed shot, his speciality, made a basket that won the game.

In high school Don was active in school activities, especially the band. He served the band as drum major. He made the honorary high school fraternity.

He entered Knox College in Galesburg. A former basket ball player — then an official came to my office and stated Don would be one of the greatest basket ball players ever to play for Knox. As in high school he preferred to continue with his YMCA teams. At Knox, Don was a member of Phi Gamma Delta fraternity. He was President of Scabbard and Blade of the Honorary military fraternity.

In April of 1943 he was called to begin his basic military training. Camp Croft in South Carolina was his camp. Don was then sent to the University of Illinois for a few weeks. The Army selected sixteen trainees, of which Don was one, who were sent to Knox college at the beginning of the school year in 1943. The group were housed in a fraternity house under strict military orders. The studies taken were applied toward graduation. Don lacked just a few months work for a degree from Knox. In December of 1943 the Army sent these men to various camps for officers training. Don went to Fort Benning, Ga. He was commissioned a 2nd Lt. in April of 1944. He had arranged for me to meet him in Chicago upon his arrival from Fort Benning. Don told me he knew his assignment and that it meant war would not last long once he got into combat. Most unfortunately this was true. His brief contact, with its tragic results, are clearly set forth in the military citation appearing in this book. The posthumous award of the Silver Star indicates that Don, as usual, delivered his best.

As Don was packing ·his grip preparatory to leaving for basic training I said to him: "Don, I don't believe a young man ever left Galesburg who had more friends than you have. The many inquiries from young and old people during his service in the army together with the flood of sympathetic messages that came following the word of his death all bore testimony to the fact that my comment was a true one.

One source of comfort to me has been the fact that our relationship was a very close one. When at the farm we either hiked or rode horseback about the country, taking our meals along to be eaten out doors. One such trip impressed Don. At least his former girl friend said he related it to her. One evening about dusk we rode into a heavy timber where we built a fire to cook part of the meal. After the meal the fire died down. Don suddenly noted how dark it was. In his boyish voice, at that time, he said excitedly: "Dad, let's get out of here." He mounted his horse and rode rapidly away.

Don was a good companion regardless of the situation we found ourselves in. He expressed a desire to again see the World's fair in Chicago. Money was scarce then but we rode in the cab of a truck that took a load of cattle from the farm to Chicago. Not much sleep was had during the night trip in. After a long day at the fair we left late at night and walked across the city to the stock yards. We got a little sleep in the doorway of a building there. I was on the lookout for the truck as it was coming in with a second load. I found it. The trucker brought a man along from the farm and they took over the cab. So Don and I each got a box to sit on and rode in the truck. Usually the trucker gladly paid for meals. A meal stop was made. We were hungry. I had to cut Don's order down as I figured the trucker did not intend to pay for our meals. As he did not Don and I had to shell out our last money. We really ate "crow" that trip but Don never complained. This was also a truly depression experience. We had many, many other pleasanter trips to Chicago and elsewhere. We attended many big league ball games and saw athletic events in the stadium and coliseum in Chicago. We saw such plays as Life With Father, Blossom Time and the Student Prince two times. Of all the eating places Don liked Old Heidelberg best. In 1936 we went to Seattle and from there to Vancouver. Mt. Ranier National park was also visited. One of my insurance companies put on a volume campaign. My reaching the quota assigned the agency made the cost of this trip practically nothing. If I attended any kind of an event in Chicago Don noted that one of my first comments would be that I had the best seat available. Once he sent me a wire when I went there indicating this fact. This reminds me that I made the Wake in the Chicago Tribune a number of times. Those who make the Wake constitute a Wake family. An annual banquet is held. I attended one. This accomplishment interested Don. I was impressed with the serious way the banquet was conducted. The idea seemed to prevail that the Wake performed a very helpful function in the lives of its readers. At any rate it was not the hilarious affair one might think it to be.

The Closing

This life story must close although much more keeps coming to mind that could be written. It has been a somewhat sobering experience to scan a whole life time in a comparatively short period. A varied experience as to types of work engaged in is evident. What, for instance, would be my lot today had I followed one especial field of endeavor? These and a multitude of other questions arise. It seems that I am no longer an introvert.

Along with other members of the Hauberg Clan I shall endeavor to pass on the rich heritage left to us by our forbears. I want also to express appreciation for the privilege of serving the clan as its president for a five year period, beginning in 1935.

ADA D. BRACKER (MRS. E. M. D. BRACKER)

An Autobiography

My maiden name was Ada May Dinkleman. I was born in Madisonville, a suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio, the only child of William Bronson and Clara Hunt Dinkleman; attended the local grade schools and was graduated from the Madisonville high school. Later, I went to Denison University, Granville, Ohio, receiving the degree Ph. B. in 1908. I attended the University of Cincinnati during my junior year because of my mother's health. She passed away in May of that year.

Following graduation I was assistant registrar at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky, for two years. It was there in the fall of 1908, that I met my husband-to-be, Emil Bracker. I taught in missionary schools near Savannah, Georgia, and near Asheville, North Carolina, and my deep interest in the southern mountaineers dates from my years of work among them.

My father having died when I was a baby, I grew up in the home of my grandfather Dinkleman, who was a retired Baptist minister. So through training as well as conviction, I joined the Baptist church when about eleven. As my whole family was very active in the church, it was natural that I should take part in church work from childhood. I began teaching in the Sunday School in my teens, and have taught most of the years since—tiny tots to adults—in Ohio, Kentucky,

A little party at "Uncle Mark" Haubergs'. Front row: Johnny Hauberg, Catherine Hauberg, Uncle Mark, Donald Clare Mark Bracker, Aunt Katie Walther and Mrs. Ada Bracker. Rear row: Sue D. Hauberg, Emil M. D. Bracker, Anna Hauberg, Louis Hauberg, Uncle Charley Walther and John H. Hauberg.

Georgia, North Carolina, Oregon and Illinois. Except for seven months, I was superintendent of the primary department in our Galesburg Baptist church for over thirteen years — from the fall when Donald left it for the Junior Department until the Sunday after we received the telegram telling of his being killed in action.

Emil and I were married August 28th, 1912, at the home of Uncle Will Hunt, 3646 Woodford Road, Kennedy Heights, Cincinnati, Ohio. We spent the first three years of our married life in Corvallis, Oregon, where he taught at Oregon Agricultural College. We have had four children — two babies who died — a boy born May 2th, 1913, and a girl born November 11th, 1918. Charlotte Elizabeth (Betty) was born in Oregon September 8th, 1914, and Donald in Galesburg, Illinois, February 23rd, 1922.

Activities

In Oregon, I was president of the Baptist Woman's Society, taught a class of girls part of the time, and was active in the Mothers' Section and the Sociology Section of the College Folk Club.

While we lived on the farm, near Hillsdale, Illinois (1915 - 1918) I taught a class of women in the Bethel Baptist church, and, with the help of neighbors, organized a Mothers' Club, which met in the different homes of the neighborhood; also was president of the women's division of the Farmers' Institute. Wishing to enter more fully in to the farm life of the community, and although still a very inexperienced homemaker, I ventured to enter some of my handiwork at the county fair and the Farmers' Institute. I think both Mother Bracker and Emil (as well as the entrant herself) were surprised and pleased when I won first prize for cake, fudge, canned vegetables and fruit, jelly, embroidery and *patching*. I would not dare do it now!

Since we have lived in Galesburg (1918-1948) I have taught several Sunday School classes of different ages, was superintendent of the Primary Department for thirteen years, had general charge of Daily Vacation Bible School two summers, held various offices in the Woman's Society, was president of the Galesburg Council of Church Women for two years, and delegate to the biennial convention of their national organization at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, in 1939. While Donald was in the grades and high school I was active in the Parent Teachers' Association. I have been a member of the Juscarora Club (literary) for over twenty-five years, and have held nearly every office from chairman of the various committees to president; as member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, I have been first vice-regent for the past two years — am to be chaplain next year — have been secretary, registrar two years and chairman of several different committees, attended the National Congress in Washington, D. C. in May, 1947 as delegate from our chapter, and am a member of the D.A.R. State Committee on National Defense.

As member of the American Association of University Women I have been active in the International Relations Study and Discussion Group; have been a member of the Civic Art League, also of the Civic Music Association for a number of years. Last year I rejoined the Woman's Club after a lapse of over twenty-five years, and I belong to a Neighborhood Club which meets for social purposes only. I have helped with various campaigns, such as the Y.M.C.A. and I worked in the Surgical Dressing Department of the Red Cross during the late war, also did some U.S.O. work.

January 11th - 18th, 1948 our First Baptist church celebrated its 100th anniversary, and I was on the program committee which planned for the events and speakers for this Centennial Week. For the past two months I have been the chairman representing our church in planning and carrying through the "Winning the Children for Christ" crusade put on by the Galesburg Council of Churches, a five weeks project of Bible Story Hours and handwork in Christian homes planned to reach the children of the city not attending any Sunday School.

As a young woman I sang in the choir of my home church and at Berea, and also played for various organizations, but since my marriage have done little along musical lines. My present hobbies are books, flowers, needlework, travel, photography and certain radio programs.

As for celebrities, my contact with them has been slight. In this college town we have many opportunities to hear worthwhile speakers and musicians. I have heard the Poet Carl Sandburg several times and last January he returned to the town of his birth to celebrate his seventieth birthday, and was given several ovations. Pearl Buck was one of our interesting speakers last fall.

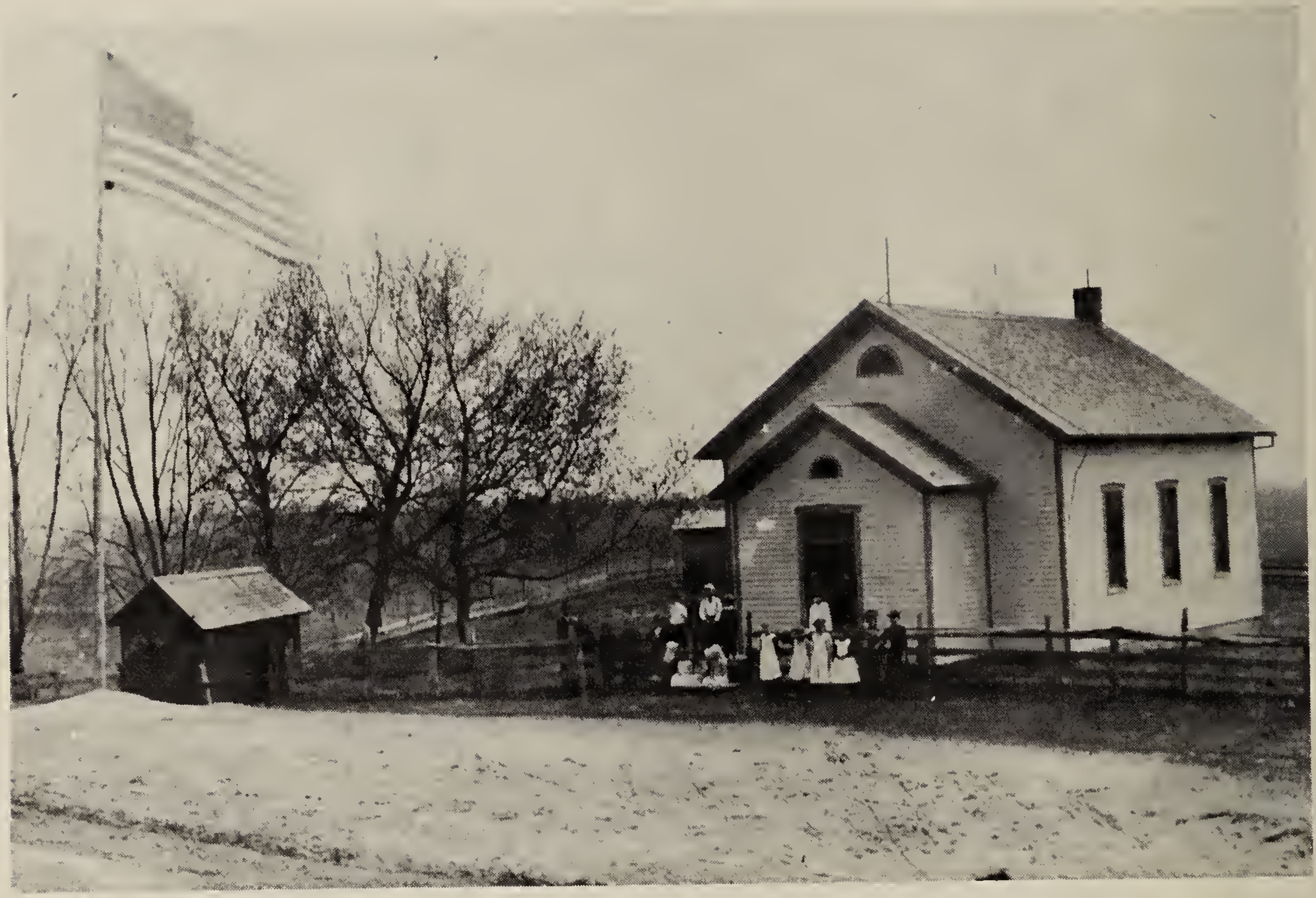
I grew up from childhood in the same town (Madisonville, Ohio) and the same church as Charles Sawyer, present Secretary of Commerce and former ambassador to Belgium — and he was in my mother's Sunday School class of boys.

Grandmother Dinkleman (as Charlotte Baker) played with General Grant as a child and she and her brothers and sisters took turns riding the horse in his father's tannery in Georgetown in southern Ohio. Grandfather Dinkleman, in his pre-theological years, taught school and among his young hopefuls was Robert J. Burdette, who recalled, in one of his lectures, being punished by Grandfather for burning feathers on the school-room stove.

The childhood home of Grandmother Hunt (then Elizabeth Conklin) was on Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, next door to the famous Beecher family and they used each other's flatirons.

Point Pleasant, the birthplace of General Grant, was about two miles from Clermont Academy, a private school which Uncle Parker and Aunt Sarah (his wife, and Grandma D's sister) conducted for many years. It was as students at this academy that my father met my mother, and most of my uncles and aunts met there. Uncle Parker was a staunch abolitionist and in earlier days, before the Civil War, his beautful, large home (where many of the students roomed and boarded) on a hill overlooking the Ohio River, was a link in the underground railway for escaping slaves.

As for ancestry, Grandfather Dinkleman was of Pennsylvania Dutch parentage — born near Harrisburg, Pa. My other forebears were almost all of English descent



Enterprise school, formerly called "Sandhill" school, attended by the children of the J. D. Haubergs' and the D. H. Brackers'. Both men in turn served on its board of Directors. It is in Canoe Creek Township, Rock Island County, Illinois. It is still in use (1950) but will doubtless be closed at the end of the year, for consolidation into one larger community school.

— the Hubbards from Connecticut; the Hunts and Moores came to Ohio from New Jersey: and long before the Civil War days, the Bakers freed the slaves on their Maryland plantation, except one who chose to go with them to Kentucky and later into southern Ohio.

In thinking back over the years of my life, that, of which I am most proud is that I was privileged to be the mother of such a fine brave son as Donald.

MARGARET BRACKER

An Autobiography

March 14, 1948

I was born May 3, 1880 and I am very thankful to our loving Heavenly Father to have been born into a family of parents and grandparents who feared and obeyed God. We have a Lutheran hymnal and prayer book which my father gave to my mother in 1881.

As children we all went to the Enterprise country school. Some of our teachers were Godly Christians and we had Bible reading or a five minute hymn sing at the beginning of each day which was a blessing to all of us.

My first long trip away from home was when I went to the Chicago World's Fair, 1893 with brother Herman and sister Katherine.

In 1904 my mother and sister Mabel and I went to the World's Fair in St. Louis, Mo.

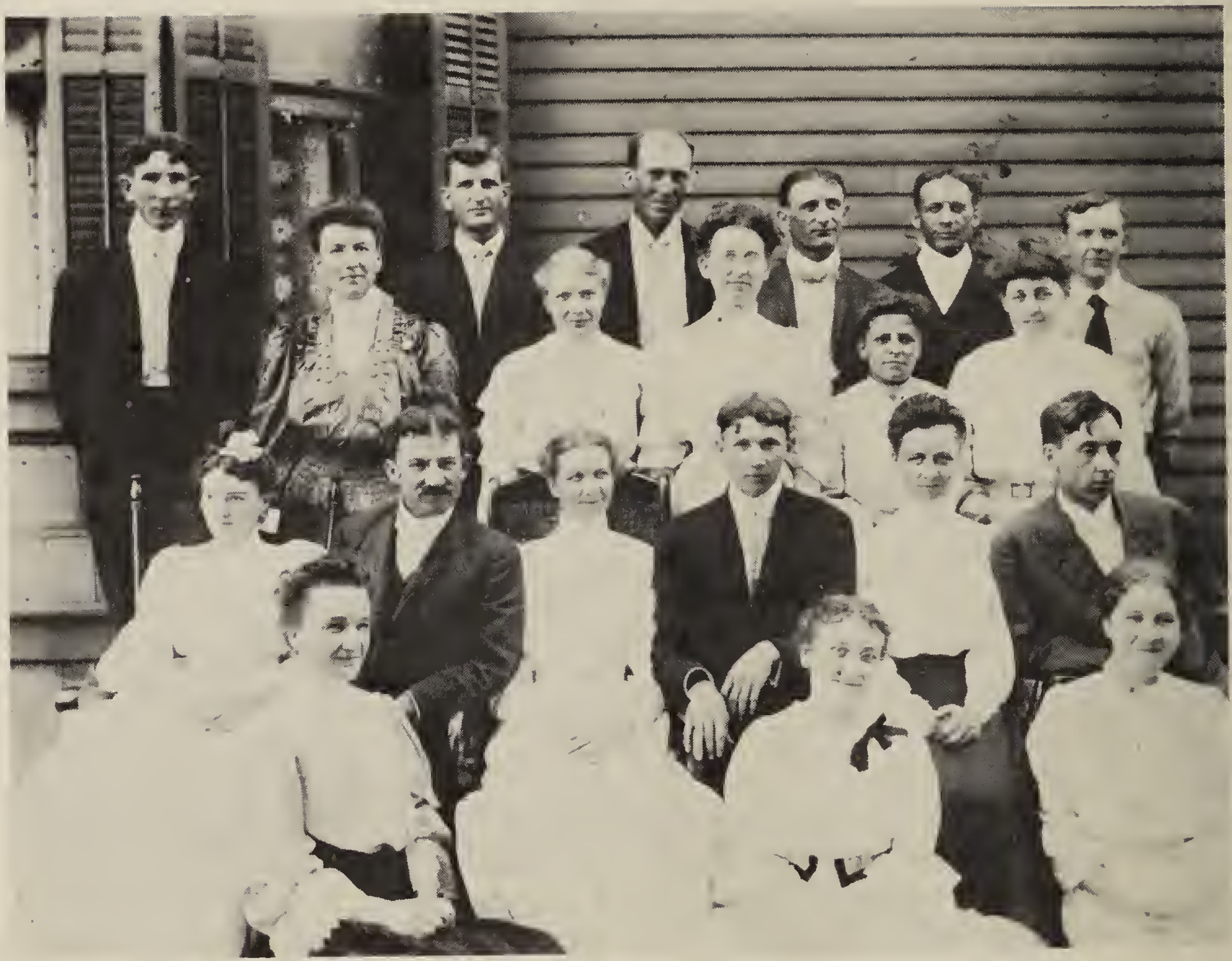
In 1911 I went to visit brother Emil in Berea, Kentucky, and enjoyed very much the hospitality of the southerners in the blue grass region.

I spent thirteen years in Chicago from 1905 to 1918. In 1910 I went to the Worlds Sunday School convention in Washington, D.C. I was a teacher of junior age girls in the Moody Sunday School. A group of us, including the superintendent and also the assistant superintendent of Moody Sunday School traveled with other Sunday School delegates in chartered coaches. It was a very enjoyable trip.

In December of 1912, my mother and father and I went to Corvallis, Oregon, and visited with brother Emil and his bride, Ada, for a week, which we enjoyed very much. Emil was teaching in the college there. We stopped over for a day or so at many of the large cities on our trip.

While in Chicago I did dress making in shops as well as in private families. On Tuesday and Friday evening for a ten weeks period during two winters 1917 and 1918 I taught dress making to a class of young women in the newly built Fourth Presbyterian church in Chicago on Lake Shore Drive and Chestnut Street. The women were members of the young womens club of that church. It was a real pleasure to teach them.

In February and March of 1918, Billy Sunday conducted an evangelistic revival campaign in Chicago. I was one of the personal workers in that campaign. For a



Grandchildren and in-laws of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Hauberg

Every family group represented except Uncle Dave Hauberg's. Seated, left to right: Goldie Ashdown (Mrs. Edgar Walther), Katherine Bracker, Edward H. Lyford, Anna Hauberg, Clarence Walther, Lillie Walther (Mrs. M. Arthur Cook), Ada Hauberg (Mrs. John E. Furland), M. Arthur Cook, and Mabel Bracker (Mrs. Lewis Johnson).

Standing: Edgar Walther, Elnora Hauberg (Mrs. E. H. Lyford), Emil Bracker, Jessie Warnecke (Mrs. Dr. Louis H. Stuhler), Herman Bracker, Margaret Bracker, Louis D. Hauberg, Dora Stilz, John H. Hauberg, Bess Mirfield (Mrs. Clarence Schroeder) and Clarence Schroeder. Picture taken 1905.

month or so before Billy Sunday and his co-workers came to Chicago, Christian people met for prayer to pray for the salvation of lost souls. I was one of many others in the city, especially the north side, who was appointed to find homes where prayer meetings could be held; my division was on Dearborn Avenue, between Elm Street and Goethe Street. I remember one afternoon I was having a hard time and I went past one place, because the lady who lived there told me she was a Catholic and all of her roomers were of like faith. I had gone a few steps past her place, when this same Catholic woman opened her front door and called to me and said I could conduct a prayer meeting there that evening. I went and quite a number of Catholic women were there. After the meeting they told me they enjoyed the service and thanked me for coming.

In December 1919, my sister Mabel married Lewis Johnson so I stayed here at home with Mother. I have lived here ever since and have been a humble home maker for brother Herman and niece Betty. We all are very fond of flowers, so I have some very nice house plants, two imported tuberous begonias and lots of flowers in the garden. I have always raised some chickens.

My life verse is: I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. Gal. 2:20

KATHERINE BRACKER

An Autobiography

My recollections of my girlhood days which I spent at Grandmother and Grandfather Hauberg's home have been very happy ones.

My earliest recollection of being in their home, was on a Christmas eve when I was about four years of age, and for some reason or another, we spent the night at Grandmother's, and sister Thresa and I slept under the big Christmas tree which was in the parlor.

I loved to go down to Grandmother's and eat some of her "Kuchen" which she was an expert at making and which, according to my taste, tasted extraordinarily good.

When cousin Odelia Stilz came to make her home with them, I used to go down and stay all night with her. We would have such fun when we went up to bed naming bed posts and naming apple seeds.

What joy we had as we wandered along the creek in the woods, picking honey suckles, jack-in-the-pulpits, Johnnny jump ups, etc. Then, later on in the season, we had such good times picking and eating the plums that grew in the woods along the creek.

I feel that God especially favored our family by giving us the fine parents that we had. They exemplified by their lives the fine principles of life, which they taught us, such as hospitality, kindness, loyalty, industry, generosity, etc. They saw to it that we received an education, and they took us to church where we learned the true way of life, through the knowledge of our Lord and Savior.

What happy times we had at home when our cousins would come over and play with us. Those are never to be forgotten days, also when we were given the pleasure of visiting our cousins.

I remember that when Herman and I visited Uncle Mark's family, John, Herman, Rosena and I used to play ball called, "One Old Cat."

One of the many things that I thank my parents for is the opportunity of studying music, that they gave me, because it not only afforded me an opportunity of making a livelihood, but was also able to use it in service for others.

I graduated in piano and harmony from a music school in Moline. Also studied voice there. After coming to Chicago, I continued my music study at the American Conservatory of Music.

I took some normal work there, also took some kindergarten work. Taught two children and would take them down on Saturday at which time, one of the normal teachers used these children to demonstrate her work in kindergarten music, by the instruction which I had given them during the week.

I also studied music in other places of learning in conservatory and institute. Also studied voice with private teachers as well, which enabled me to use it in solo work in choirs, in recitals, in churches, etc. Have played for services in the Fourth Presbyterian church, Chicago, for over thirty-six years. Have played for the Fidelis Society twenty-six years, the Wellspring Bible Class over twenty-four years, and the evening missionary society twenty-one years. We met at dinner on a Wednesday evening after which time, we made our reports of the calls we had made on behalf of this church. Also was a member of the women's council of the Fourth Presbyterian Church. Am a member of the women's federation of this church, and represent the church at the women's auxiliary, of one of the institutions of Chicago.

It has been my pleasure to study oratory at the Columbia School of Oratory and public speaking at the Moody Bible Institute, and under such teachers as Prof. Phillips of the University of Chicago and Prof. Bittakofer.

Have had the joy of taking Bible work at the Institute, which greatly helped me in my work in the mother's ward of Cook County Hospital. I worked under the Light Bearers Association, who gave us a piano, which was placed in one of the rooms of this ward and which enabled us to hold a regular religious service in this ward. I did religious work in this ward for over twenty-five years, during which time I was able to contact about twenty-eight different tongues and dialects, mostly through the printed page.

While serving as chairman of the hospital committee of the north division Christian Endeavor Union, the hospital chairman of the west division Christian Union, I started a fruit shower to be distributed among the patients of Cook County Hospital on Thanksgiving morning. Young people and others attending the sunrise prayer-meeting would come to the hospital after the service to distribute the fruit.

Not only would they distribute the fruit among the patients, but they also distributed religious literature and sang hymns in the corridors.

Cook County Hospital houses 4,000 patients. Of course, at first we were not able to give fruit to all the patients, but as the work grew, about everyone received who were able to have it. When I first came to Chicago I joined Moody church where I had the pleasure of serving in different capacities. It was my privilege to play for the pastor, Dr. R. A. Torrey's Bible Class for six years, after which time he became an international evangelist, and Dr. Wm. R. Newell's Bible class on Sunday afternoon, for three years. Their Bible teaching has meant everything, also as have the messages which Dr. John Timothy Stone, Dr. Harrison, and Ray Anderson of the Fourth Presbyterian church have given. Their spiritual training has built me up in the faith, and given me fortitude to stand in times of affliction, operations, etc. One such trial I passed through six years ago this month, when a squad car knocked me down, and my hip and foot were fractured. Was told at the Presbyterian hospital that I would never walk again, but God ordered otherwise.

I want to pay tribute to the Hauberg Clan for the fun and fellowship that we've had at our reunions.

HERMAN D. J. BRACKER

An Autobiography

I was born on a lot where the Adelphia schoolhouse now stands, where Father was running a blacksmith shop.

When I was four or five years old we moved to a farm just over the hill north. Here I went to school with my cousins Anna, John and Rosena also Odelia; also went fishing with Grandfather down at the 'Docia a number of times.

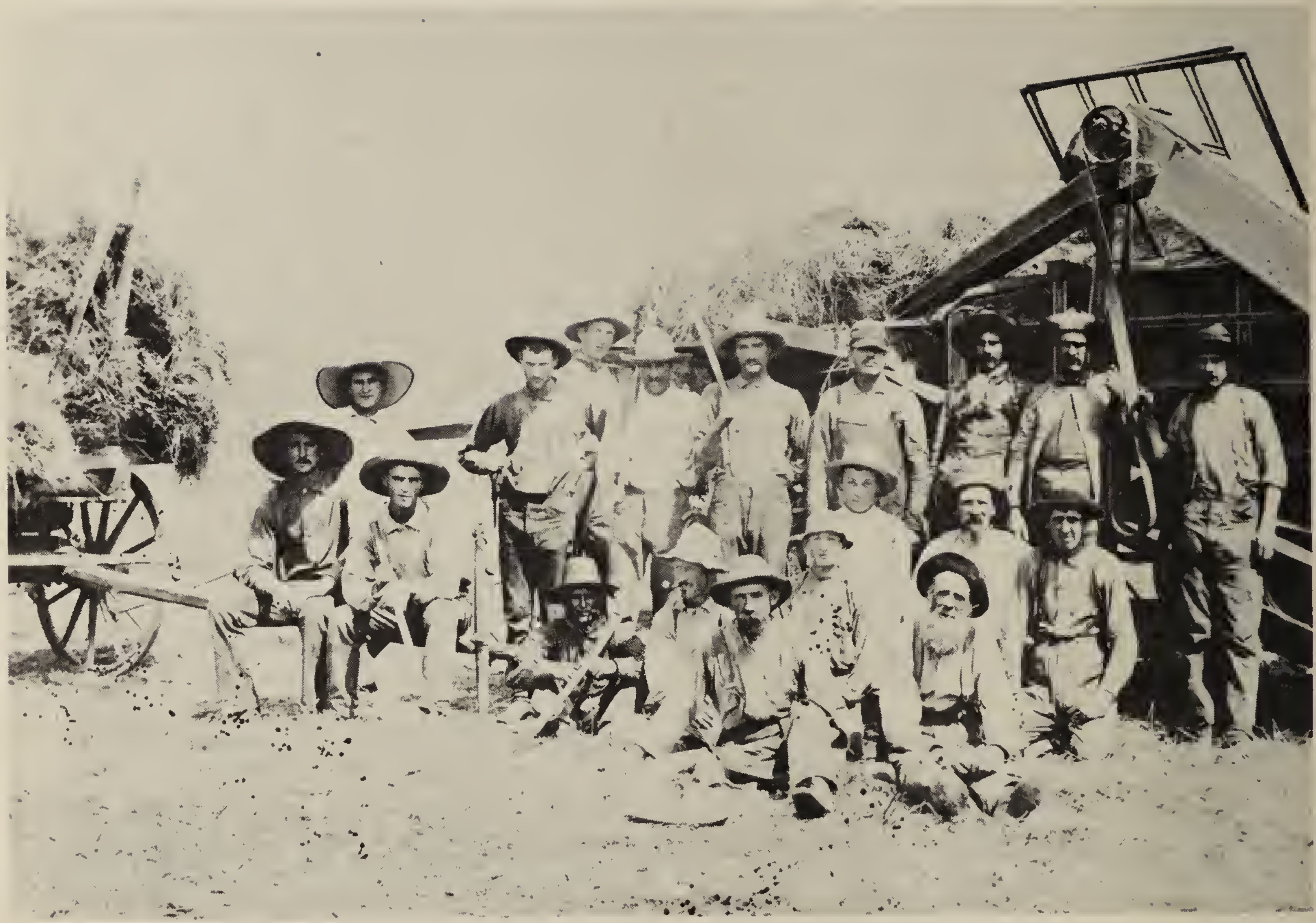
In the year 1882, we moved to the farm in Canoe Creek Township in the month of March. I was twelve years of age that same month. Here I went to school with another cousin, John D. G. Hauberg.

I mention this because it was not the lot of many of the Hauberg clan to be in such intimate relationship with their relatives. Later I attended a Business College in Clinton, Iowa.

The Canoe Creek fair was held not far from where we lived. It may be of interest to some in this highly mechanical age to know that in those days the merry-go-round was worked by hand. The men worked in relays. The slow mule race was a source of no little amusement also. Another thing that brought the neighbors together was threshing when we helped each other through.

At this time we attended the nearby United Brethren church where I taught Sunday school and was also superintendent of the school.

In December, 1915 Mother and the girls and I moved to Erie, Illinois, Father



Threshing at Brackers — the annual exchange of work among neighbors. Seated, left to right: Ora Johnson, Clarence Goodrich, Fred Lambert, Henry Ashdown, Dedrick Bracker, Louis D. Hauberg, John Onnan, Willie Waddell, M. D. Hauberg, (behind Willie) and Robert Waddell. Standing: Charley Genung, Jim Camp, Herman Bracker, John Hahn, Cassius Genung, John Waddell, Jim Waddell, Will Cain and Dave Waddell. At left is John H. Hauberg's load of bundles. It was Waddell's machine.

having passed away the previous month, and so I have lived in Erie almost as long as I lived on the farm.

Among the places I have worked was at the Hill Evergreen Nursery in Dundee which was the largest of its kind in America, three different seasons when extra help was needed. I sold some evergreens and other nursery stock.

It was only in recent years I learned that Grandfather came to Tennessee to work in the forestry there. It is in a line of work I am adapted to and which I still work at to some extent.

While Mabel was here I went with her to the Christian church but joined the Baptist church before she left, where I have served in various capacities. I much enjoy bringing flowers to church when they are in season.

(Herman died August 16, 1949)

ELIZABETH STILZ HEATH

Elizabeth Stilz Heath passed to her reward at Kenosha, Wisconsin, on the 24th of September, 1942 leaving her husband William Heath, son Stanley and Stanley's wife, Leola, nee Roberson, as her survivors.

Her parents were Gottlieb Stilz and Dorothea — or Dores Hauberg Stilz, and she was born June 28, 1872 on their farm in Henry County, Illinois, a short ways south of Geneseo, the sixth child of that family, the others being Mary, Lena, John, Odelia and William. A younger sister, Dora was but seven weeks old when her mother died. Her father remarried, for he had on his hands a family of children of tender age who needed a mother. Of the later union three children were born: Laura Stilz, 1878; Minnie, 1883 and Walter, born 1886.

"Lizzie" had a lot of personality and readiness of tongue in repartee. Anyone trying to talk her down usually came off second best. My last call on her before her marriage was at Gunther's Candy store in downtown Chicago, where she waited on the customers as saleslady.

On May 23, 1901 she married William Heath and they honeymooned in old England, to visit his folks and friends there. They settled at Kenosha and lived there 39 years, and here their only child, Stanley, was born; grew to manhood, and married Miss Leola Roberson, a teacher in the Kenosha Public Schools. Upon these three the blow of Lizzie's passing falls the heaviest.

A member of the First M. E. church of Kenosha, Lizzie served in all the Women's organizations, and for many years taught in the Sunday school. Her first assignment in the Sunday School was the teaching of the Young Men's class — a position usually reserved as a man's job, but Lizzie always was resourceful and equal to any reasonable task.

At her funeral service, her pastor said among other things: "Death overtook her at her work" and "This is the largest Methodist church in Wisconsin and she helped to make it so." His text was Job 5:26, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of grain cometh in its season."

William and Elizabeth had a fine little home in a quiet part of the bustling city of Kenosha, where they could have their own garden of flowers and vegetables. She sat at the table with the family as late as two Sundays ago. She was troubled with aenemia, and had had a blood transfusion not long before her death, but it failed to save the day for her.

At the funeral, with the day a dark, cloudy one, right in the midst of the services the sun came out brightly as if to lend its bit to the benediction. I am sure many people in attendance felt that way about it.

Her widowed husband said of her: "Everybody would speak to Lizzie on the street. Whether rich or poor, young or old, they all had a good word for her." Friends have asked: "What did Lizzie have that I haven't got, that everyone spoke to her?"

REV. ALBERT and ODELIA STILZ KUHN

By Albert Kuhn

Odelia C. Stilz was born March 14, 1867 and died November 21, 1946. She was the daughter of Gottlieb Stilz and his first wife, Dorothy Hauberg, Daughter of John Hauberg, Senior.

Although she lost her mother when only about 7 years old, the latter had made such a deep impression on her that she often talked to her husband of her, and always with affection and great veneration.

Upon Mother's death she was brought to her grandparents, who spent their last years on a forty joining the farm of her Uncle Mark. She soon became the right hand of the old couple doing many of the chores on the farm, including the milking of the cows. How many were the stories which in our long union she told her husband about Grandfather and Grandmother and their dog Shep! She there learned self-reliance and acquired the habit of industry and selfless service which she retained throughout her life. Schooling she received very little; she often told how she owned only one book, an old geography, but the pioneer life of her home was an education in itself.

After Grandfather's death she spent a number of years in Rock Island, boarding now with her uncle and aunt, the Schroeders, now with her sister, Helena, while she learned sewing. In those days she walked daily across the bridge to Davenport. Then she entered for a year the service of a Miss Cable, an aristocratic belle of Rock Island. She often spoke of her bare back riding on the Cable ranch near San Antonio, Texas. At about 18 she entered the service of the "Lumber King" Frederic Weyerhauser family and by her trustworthiness she soon acquired in that home the status of not only a servant, but a trusted friend and steward. The 17 years spent in that home brought her vivid and happy memories which she never tired of sharing with her husband. To her both Mr. Weyerhauser and his wife, Sarah, were lovable and outstanding personalities. She would accompany them to the lumber camps and on their boatrides down the Mississippi, from St. Paul to Rock Island.

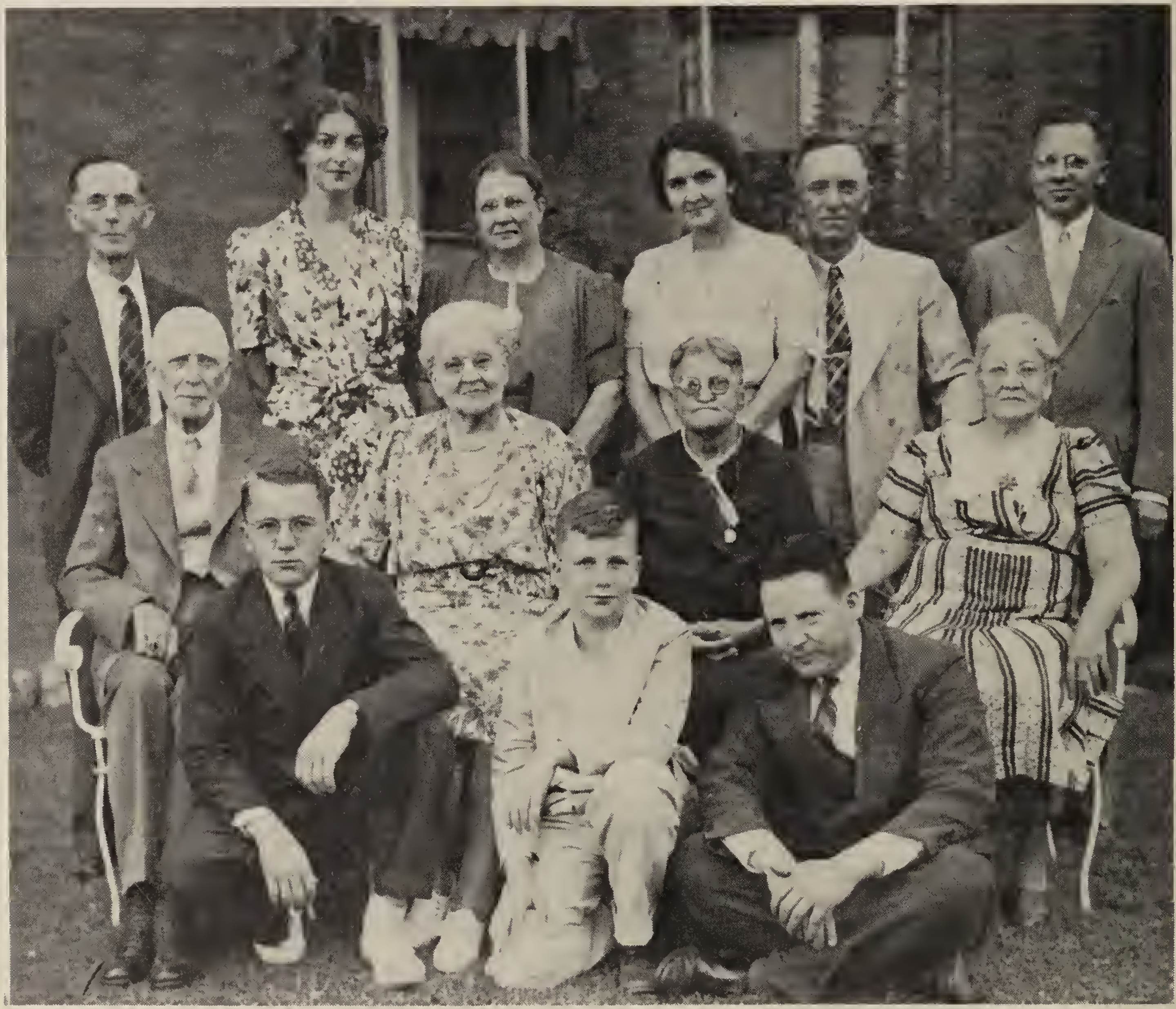
While at Weyerhausers in St. Paul she found a deeply satisfying religious home and a circle of friends in the little, charming Bethlehem Presbyterian Church situated at the foot of Summit Street Hill. Under the inspiring leadership of Rev. Nicholas Bolt, later a famous novelist, and of Rev. W. C. Saube a group of earnest Christian young people tried to follow in the foot steps of Jesus. As a young preacher I was called to this church as the successor of Rev. Saube. I was soon impressed with the lovely personality of Odelia and began to escort her after meetings to the Weyerhauser home on top of the hill. Within a few months this companionship ripened into a courtship and then into marriage. We spent an unforgettable honeymoon in the Alps of Switzerland. Then followed two more years of pastorate at St. Paul where Odelia developed into a pastor's wife beloved by all and deeply interested in pastoral work.

I was then called as Professor of Latin and Greek to the Presbyterian College and Seminary at Dubuque, Iowa. Here our two children, John and Elizabeth were born. Odelia became a devoted and wise guide to their young life, and gained a distinguished position as a friend of students and a teacher at the Church Sunday School.

During the first world war, I resigned, after 13 happy years at Dubuque, and accepted a position at the Marguand School for Boys at Brooklyn, New York. I remained there only one year but in that year both Odelia and the children received a taste of Eastern Metropolitan life.

Then came a call to the Bethany Presbyterian Church at Omaha, Nebraska. It was a church situated where the colored element began to encroach upon an old German American neighborhood and when the old settlers moved out and transient whites—Catholics, Protestants, Jews, moved in. The church became a home mission project. Odelia threw herself wholeheartedly into this work, visited the homes with her husband, collected children and taught them, helped him with his cottage prayermeetings, became one of the moving spirits in the women's circles. Later I added teaching at the University of Omaha and she accompanied me to social college functions.

The depression of the early thirties hit Omaha with a bang. Our church members lost their jobs, the school where I taught turned municipal and I lost my teaching job; our investments went with the wind. Yet in these years of great financial hardship Odelia never once lost courage, never once complained, but with good cheer bore every sacrifice. It was in those hard times that we lost our beloved daughter Elizabeth. She had developed into a lovely young woman, a fine singer, a greatly esteemed teacher, a wonderful friend to her parents. Odelia grieved much but bore the blow in Christian fortitude and faith. She still had left her son, John,



A Stilz group, taken in 1940. From left to right, standing: William Heath, Leola Heath, Jessie Warnecke Stuhler, Clara Brandt Conrad, Clarence Conrad and John Kuhn. Middle row: Emil Warnecke, Helena Stilz Warnecke, Dora Stilz and Elizabeth Stilz Heath. Lower row: Leslie Conrad, Don Kuhn and Stanley Heath.

who was the apple of her eye, and to her husband's satisfaction had developed into a strong personality and an efficient businessman.

In these difficult times we were offered and accepted a pastorate in the lovely foothills of the Ozarks in Missouri. Odelia threw herself into the new situation with enthusiasm and zest. The simple country folk soon loved her, and she enjoyed rural life, with cow and chickens, and sheep and a large garden. Every Sunday she drove with her husband on his ministerial circuit and during the week through the often rough country roads to the homes of the farmers.

Then came another seven years of college life at the University of Dubuque. The war playing havoc with our student attendance, I resigned and we once more went pioneering, this time in the former Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota. There we lived in a lovely parsonage, with Indians as our only near neighbors. But good Odelia was as alert and peppy and devoted there as ever, and that in spite of the handicap of a deafness which gradually became more pronounced. She was adored by a large class of little children who filled their homes with the praise of her. She accompanied her husband on almost all his pastoral calls. After 3 years of this vast, treeless prairie, another and last change came in her career; we accepted a call to a lovely little church in the picturesque city of Winona, on the shores of the Mississippi, the same river upon which she had in her youth, in Rock Island and St. Paul and later Dubuque, gazed so many times. Here, in spite of declining physical strength, she entered wholeheartedly into the work, became a friend of the people, a beloved teacher in the Sunday School, and remained a wise counselor to her husband. But her days were numbered; about two months after our arrival she was in the middle of the night, struck with a heart attack. She lingered between life and death for a month, during which time, on her bed of sickness, she endeared herself to her attendants by her patience, her friendly concern for them, her constant attitude of trust and confidence in God, and expressed in her own lovely way her deep love and attachment to her son, her sister and her husband. She died as she lived, one of God's true noble women.

HELENA MARGARET WARNECKE

An Autobiography

Helena Margaret Stilz, was born in Coe Town, a mile west of her Grandparents, log house at Sugar Grove, in 1862, the daughter of Gottlieb and Dorothea Hauberg Stilz. Married Emil Warnecke in 1885. He died April 28th 1949 and was buried in Chippianock cemetery, Rock Island, Illinois.

I was born in Rock Island County, eight miles from Port Byron on a farm owned by my parents, Dorothy Hauberg Stilz and Gottlieb Stilz. It was a half mile from the home of Grandfather and Grandmother Hauberg. One corner of Father's farm was taken to put up a small building to be used for a church on Sunday and for a school on week days. It is still standing and is still used as a school house. The clan in recent years has met there for Sunday services several times.

I was born on this farm in 1862. When I was 4½ years old, Father sold the place and we moved to Rock Island, where Mary (my older sister) and I went to school. Seems I must have been an outstanding scholar as I slept most of the time. Then Father bought a farm near Geneseo, Ill. Here at the age of eight I started milking cows and Mary helped at drying dishes. We pulled weeds and bugged potatoes, and in the evening we gathered the eggs and got the cows from the pasture. We fed the calves and held our finger in the calf's mouth while teaching it to drink the milk. Mary saw Father hold the calf between his legs while he tried to get it to drink, so Mary tried it but the calf was too strong for her and ran off with her astride of its neck. It ran out into the orchard with her.

We walked to Geneseo going through the cemetery on the way, to attend the German Lutheran church and also the Lutheran school. I was confirmed while we lived there.

My mother passed away seven weeks after twin girls were born. One passed away right after birth. That was a very sad blow as we were a large family by that time. This was our family: Mary, who later married Henry Brandt, Lena, myself, as I was usually called, who married Emil Warnecke, John, who died when he was twelve years old, Odelia, who married Rev. Albert Kuhn, Will who married twice but is now a widower, Elizabeth who married William Heath, and Dorothy, who never married. Brother Will and I are all that are living now.

Later Father bought land near Coal Town, which is near Moline. I went to work as a clerk in a dry goods store in Rock Island and boarded with Aunt Margaret and Uncle Fred Schroeder for a time and then with Mr. and Mrs. Gates, who owned the store. I clerked for six years and then married Emil Warnecke in May, 1885. He was a cigar-maker by trade but his health did not permit him to continue doing in-door work. So he became an express messenger for the American Express Company. After changing runs several times he got back to Rock Island and had a run from there to St. Louis for 29 years. While in Rock Island, I became a member of the Broadway Presbyterian Church and also a member of the Opportunity Circle of the King's Daughters. My name is still on the list of church members as is also my membership in the Rock Island Chapter of the Eastern Star of which I am a past matron.

I organized a Reading Circle, called the Optimist Club, of 20 members. After running for 50 years it was disbanded last fall as the members felt they were getting too old to keep it up. Through it, many lasting friendships were made.

Emil has memberships in several Masonic orders; Knight Templars, and the Shrine. He was born in Rock Island in 1859. His father lost his life in the Civil War. Emil is a 50 year member of the Blue Lodge Masons and the Modern Woodmen.

When he left the Express Company he went into the confectionary business in Dubuque. He liked it but the hours were just too long and seven days a week. After seven years we sold the business and moved back to Rock Island for a short time. Then came to Rochester to live with Jessie and Louis. I was 86 years old on April

12th, 1948 and Emil will be 89 on July 28th, 1948. Jessie was our only child, born at Rock Island, July 7th, 1886. She has meant much to us, as a child, and throughout our lives. She has two fine boys whom we love so much too. Mentally, we are still quite fit but both of us are bothered with cataracts. (Emil died in May, 1949.)

GEORGE D. HAUBERG, M. D.

By Luther T. Hauberg

George was born on the farm, Nov. 16, 1883. Married Emma E. Rydell, June 24, 1925, died, June 23, 1947 and is buried in Riverside cemetery, Moline, Ill.

Dr. George was born on the farm near Hillsdale, Illinois, November 16, 1883, the eighth, the youngest child in the Dave Hauberg family. His schooling began after mother married Nicholas Schnoor and the family moved to Iowa; he attended the little two-room school at Mt. Auburn from the fall of 1889 till he began working as a clerk in one of the two general stores in the town at the age of sixteen.

The school at Mt. Auburn was one step ahead of the traditional little red schoolhouse, it had two rooms, was built of white clapboards and had two teachers, the only school in the township so pretentious. Of course the teachers were thought to be very strict, which may account for the progress the pupils made in the days when home work was seldom thought of.

Unlike his young contemporaries, George had only to go across the street to school, and he and his brothers felt slighted that many of the pupils brought their lunch to school but they had to go home to eat. At one time George had the job of taking care of both rooms in the school, sweeping out and dusting and building the fires in the cold weather, which earned him two dollars a month — and that made him the envy of the other boys in the town; that made him a plutocrat!

The home George grew up in was the usual country-town frame house, two stories, four walls and a foundation, and a cellar for storing the winter's supply of potatoes, cabbages and other vegetables. There was no furnace, only a cooking range in the kitchen, a hard coal base burner in the living room, and a quick heating wood burning stove in the parlor; and it was the boys' job to see that coal and wood and kindling were always at hand. The upstairs was never heated; and on cold winter evenings the young boys often undressed behind the living room stove and then made a dash for bed.

The summer he was fifteen, George worked on a farm. For the first time in his life he plowed corn, made hay, helped with the harvest, and did the usual farm work. This was the only time in his life that he did any actual farm work, but those three short months instilled in him a love of the soil; in later years he bought two farms, which were his pride and joy, to satisfy the yearning to watch things grow.

He worked in the store after school and on Saturdays for some time till he became a fulltime clerk. From the time he was sixteen till he left Mt. Auburn to attend school, he clerked in a general store that sold everything — groceries, feed, shoes, clothing, cement, dry goods, toothpicks and farm implements—and he learned to meet

Dr. George D. Hauberg

people and speak the language of trade and commerce. He was popular with the patrons of the store as well as with his employer, who trusted him implicitly. He was offered a partnership in the store but declined, he had decided to go to school. During all this time he lived at home.

At the age of twenty-one George left the store to attend Iowa State Normal School at Cedar Falls, now Iowa State Teachers College, for two years and a summer session to prepare for admission to the State University at Iowa City. Not having attended high school, he was obliged to overcome the deficiency in his education before he could enroll at the University as a candidate for a degree. He did it in seven quarters, but years later he said, "I barely made the grade." During the summer of 1906 he was with his brother, Luther, working for the Yellowstone Park companies at Mammoth Hot Springs, Wyoming, and served as a guide in conducting tourists over the "formation." He carefully saved his wages and tips to help finance his education.

George entered the medical school of Iowa State University in 1907, and transferred to Northwestern University in 1909, from which he graduated in 1911 with the degree of Doctor of Medicine. He served his internship in Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago, where he received training under some of the greatest physicians and surgeons of the day. He was obliged to "write" for admission to the staff of interns of Michael Reese Hospital, and stood first among the thirty who took the examination.

George was president of his class at Iowa University the second year of his attendance there, and was a member of Phi Rho Sigma fraternity. He transferred to Northwestern University because there were more and larger hospitals in the Chicago area and consequently greater opportunities for study, observation and practice under some of the world's greatest medical men.

Dr. George chose Moline for his labors. In 1913 he opened his first office in the McKinney Building, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Fifteenth Street, and waited for patients. Many years later he reminisced, "My income that first year averaged just one dollar a day." Mother moved from Mt. Auburn and made a home for him at 2002 Fifteenth Street, in which the family lived till he bought the present family home at 918 Twenty-third Avenue in 1935. When the First National Bank Building was built, he moved to larger offices there. His practice grew and soon outgrew that location, and he moved to larger, more commodious offices in the newly erected Fifth Avenue Building in 1930.

George tried to get into the fracas in World War I; he applied for a commission in the medical corps but was rejected because he was so much underweight, he stood 6′ 1″ and weighed only 135 pounds. He served, however, as examiner for the draft board. He was director of District 4 as special examiner for the draft board during World War II. (He weighed about 170 pounds in the early 1940's but was then ill and too old for military service.)

He spent much time in postgraduate study, attending classes at the New York

Polyclinic and Postgraduate Hospital, Columbia University medical center, and Dr. Joslin's diabetic clinic in Boston. He became much interested in the study of diabetes after Dr. Bandy's discovery of insulin and was the first physician in the community to use insulin in the treatment of that ailment.

As a young doctor he felt the need of an organized study group for local physicians to keep them posted on new developments in medicine, and so the Moline Physicians Club was organized and he became its first president. He was also Past President of the Rock Island County Medical Society and of the Iowa-Illinois State Medical Society, and a fellow of the American Medical Association. A staff member of the Moline Lutheran and Public Hospitals, he was elected president of the Lutheran Hospital medical staff in 1942 and served in that capacity for a number of years. He was one of Moline's leaders in the medical profession.

Dr. George knew he suffered from an incurable ailment and that he had, at best, only a few years to live after its discovery in 1940. The strain of added practice during the war years while the younger physicians were in war service, his work as plant doctor for the Minneapolis-Moline Power Implement Company, and his own continually growing practice began to take their toll. He did not "take it easy" as he was so often advised to do. He continued his office work, called on his patients and maintained his place in the hospitals, disregarding the pain and distress he suffered. Toward the last Ruth Ann drove him on his house calls, as he was growing too weak to drive the car. His last surgical operation was the removal of Cynthia Burke's tonsils only a few days before he was forced into retirement and to bed on March 14th, 1947. He died June 23rd, the loved and trusted physician, husband and father who so often sacrificed his own time, comfort and convenience to make others well and happy but who, at last, could not heal himself. He was buried in the family plot in Riverside cemetery, Moline.

During his last illness, Dr. George read much to keep himself mentally active and alert to keep abreast of current events. He especially enjoyed Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales and stories of American pioneers. He was deeply interested in the study of American history, which may be why he was such a thorough conservative in his thinking.

George loved his native land, his home, his family, his friends. He was conscientious in all his engagements, loyal and faithful always; helpful, cooperative and utterly unselfish. He was a good man.

MRS. EMMA ELIZABETH RYDELL HAUBERG

By Luther T. Hauberg

Miss Emma Elizabeth Rydell became Mrs. George D. Hauberg June 24, 1925. She was born at DeKalb, Illinois, December 27, 1899, of Swedish parents, the only 100% Swede in the Clan. She is known as Dell to all the Haubergs, a nickname carried over from her hospital days when little tots could not say Rydell.

Mrs. George D. Hauberg

Dell was educated in the public schools of her native city and the Augustana Hospital School of Nursing in Chicago, and was instructor in Lutheran Hospital School of Nursing in Moline from 1922 to 1925. Marriage put an end to that career. Dell knew and respected George's profession and entered into his life and career with her whole heart and being. They spent their honeymoon in New York, where George did postgraduate work in Vanderbilt Clinic, Columbia University, and Polyclinic and Postgraduate Hospitals, and then returned to Moline to begin their new life. Dell in time became president of the local grade school and high school Parent-Teachers' Associations, and is active in the women's organizations of Trinity Lutheran church, Moline. She and George were a perfect match and their married life was very happy.

George and Dell have two charming daughters. Mary Elizabeth was born December 7th, 1927, at Moline. Mary graduated from the Moline High School in 1945, where she was active in the various school activities. Her forte was English and writing; her column "My Daze" was a feature of the high school paper. Entering Augustana College, in Rock Island, in the fall of 1945, she graduated in 1949 with a Bachelor of Arts degree. She attended the Summer School, American Section, University of Neuchatel, Switzerland, in 1949, and is now attending the University of Chicago as a candidate for a Master of Arts degree, majoring in English and French.

Ruth Ann was born at Moline July 11, 1930. She graduated from the Moline High School in 1948 and is now a sophomore at Augustana College, Rock Island, majoring in English and Spanish. She is a member of the Spanish Club and the Future Teachers of America, a busy girl, a lovely lass whose chief interest now is to make good grades and be hostess to her sorority sisters when studies permit.

LUTHER THEODORE HAUBERG

By Nellie Belle Yale

"Montana, The Land and the People," by Dr. Robert G. Raymer (1930) says this:

"Luther Theodore Hauberg has had many prominent relationships with business and public affairs in Montana, but undoubtedly the office by which he is best known and which he regards as the greatest personal honor that has come to him is that of grand secretary of the Grand Lodge of A.F. & A.M. of Montana. He has always been a hard worker, and his industry and energy have counted for a career in which he has reached prominence in more than one line." (Note:

Luther T. Hauberg

Luther in company with some of the country's highest political officials, was in 1949 elevated to 33d degree Mason.)

Luther was born on the farm near Hillsdale, May 19th, 1881. His schooling began in Moline, and later he attended the public schools at Mt. Auburn. He took a course in bookkeeping and stenography at the Cedar Rapids Business College in 1899 and 1900; and two years later, after experience in offices with educated and cultured people that woke him up, he entered Iowa State Normal at Cedar Falls for a year of schooling in an effort to acquire a little more learning.

During his boyhood he worked on the farms around Mt. Auburn, beginning the spring he became ten years old. He recalls the time clearly; his birthday present from Mother that May was a box of a dozen paper collars. He went to country schools during the spring and fall terms and worked on farms during the summers, and attended the town school during winter terms, till he was twelve years old, and thereafter attended the town schools during the winter months only till he was eighteen years old. He enrolled at the Business College that fall. That was the last of his work on farms, a work that he thoroughly disliked and at which he admits he was not good. His pay as a farm hand ranged from $5.00 for a summer's work to $14.00 a month, and the last summer a dollar a day as a hay and harvest hand.

Upon completing his stenographic and bookkeeping courses at Cedar Rapids, he found employment in a law office at Estherville, Iowa; and when his employer closed his office for the summer, he returned to Cedar Rapids and became assistant bookkeeper in a wholesale and retail coal office, then in the auditing department and Assistant Superintendent's office of the old B.C.R. & N. Ry. now a part of the Rock Island Railway System. He quit this job to go to the State Normal School at Cedar Falls. While brief may have been his stay at the State Normal, he at least learned what books are for and how to study; it was the turning point in his life.

Luther was a member of the Iowa National Guard while he lived in Cedar Rapids. When he reached Cedar Falls he learned that the State Normal had a cadet battalion and that military drill was compulsory. That was not so bad, he enjoyed military drill, but then he was thrown into a company of rookies who had never carried a gun nor marched a step. All new students were put into new companies whether they liked it or not. About two weeks after school opened the Commandant, a retired Major of the U. S. Regulars, announced an examination for commissions. That seemed to be a chance to get away from drilling with rookies, so the examination was undertaken. Luther made the grade, he passed with a grade high enough for commission as Lieutenant, but he was then told that freshmen would not be commissioned! He was made top sergeant, however, in an older group or company and strutted chevrons of gold lace that reached from his shoulders almost to his elbows.

He withdrew from Normal School because his funds were exhausted. Mother had collected his wages while he was at home, just as she did for all three of the boys, and it was these earnings that paid his expenses through business college. He supplemented his allowance, however, by working in restaurants during meal hours for which he got his board. He found there was little work available at Cedar Falls for new students — the older ones were given preference — and not knowing how nor desiring to borrow money, he went back to his stenography. His hope to return to school never materialized; his later studying was in his room through correspondence courses.

His first position of any consequence was stenographer to the president of the Minnesota Mutual Life Insurance Company at St. Paul. He reached that city in February, 1903. He was made secretary to the president in the summer of that year and continued as such till after the the Hughes investigations of life insurance companies in New York placed the companies in a rather bad light before the public and policy writing dropped to about ten per cent of normal. This company was forced to cut expenses to the quick and discharge clerks till there was only a mere skeleton of the former office organization. His salary was reduced to less than when he went with the company, and instead of having two stenographers with him in the president's office he had none, he was the only one left. In the spring of 1906 he took a civil service examination. While waiting for the returns and an appointment, he went to Yellowstone Park as clerk to the superintendent of hotels and worked there from May 11th to September 30th. His office hours there were from six in the morning to ten at night but he liked it; he was offered the position of traveling auditor for the hotels the next year but declined.

His first appointment in the civil service was clerk and stenographer in the U. S. Land Office at Helena, Montana; he arrived in that city October 13th, 1906, and went to work October 15th. In the fall of 1907 he was promoted to Special Agent of the U. S. General Land Office and became an investigator for Uncle Sam, to investigate all kinds of public land matters, both civil and criminal. This work required some knowledge of law, so he began the study of law by correspondence and finished the course eight years later, doing most of his studying in hotel rooms and on trains. It was a traveling job. One examination was written in the depot at Pocatello, Idaho. He had to conduct hearings and try cases involving infractions of the public land laws and prepare cases for trial in the Federal Courts.

A little break in his civil service occured in 1912-1913, when President Taft appointed him Receiver of Public Moneys at the U. S. Land Office at Billings, Montana. That was probably his most difficult and exacting work; he collected over a quarter of a million in cold cash (no checks) over the counter in one week during a sale of Indian lands. Government accounting does not permit doing things the easy way; one's accounts are written their way and balance perfectly, or else . . .

Luther resigned from the civil service in August, 1915, and organized the Deering-Hauberg Company, a corporation for dealing in lands and land scrip, and began the practice of public land law. He was admitted to practice before the Department

Mrs. Luther T. Hauberg

of the Interior and the Treasury. He never attempted the state bar examination, because he was engaged in the trial of land cases in northwestern Montana in June, 1915, when the examinations were held, and could not leave them, and later because he did not dare take the chance of failing, his business would have been hurt too much. He was successful as a land lawyer, but by 1922 and 1923 the public lands were gone; the 640-acre homestead law of 1916 had taken all that was left; there was not enough business in that field to justify remaining in the work. He closed his office and took a job.

September, 1923, found him employed as assistant to the Grand Secretary of Masons in Montana; and in 1925, his superior officer having died, he was elected Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of A.F. & A.M. of Montana and has served in that capacity ever since; he devotes his whole time to the business of the Fraternity. At the same time he was elected Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons and Grand Recorder of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters. In 1943 he became Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar. He is a past presiding officer of his lodge, Chapter, Council and Commandery, and also a Past Patron of his Eastern Star Chapter. He is now, in addition to Grand Secretary and Recorder of the bodies named, secretary of Helena Lodge of Masons, secretary-treasurer of the Helena Masonic Board of Relief, and President of the Masonic Library Board. He is a Knight Commander of the Court of Honor in the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry.

He has served as Police Commissioner of his city since 1930, and is a director of the Florence Crittendon Home. He was formerly a director and treasurer of the Helena Y.M.C.A., director of the Montana Children's Home, director and secretary of the Montana Deaconess School, and member of the advisory board of the Salvation Army and the executive council of the Boy Scouts, which adds up to too many jobs. He resigned from them all but the Crittendon Home and Police Commissioner, so he might regain his health and devote his time to his office in the Masonic Fraternity.

Nellie B. Yale Hauberg became Mrs. Luther Hauberg October 24th, 1907, in the First Christian church in St. Paul. She is a descendant of the distinguished Yale family of Connecticut and the Manchesters and Gibsons of New York. She was born December 17th, 1888, on a homestead near Imperial, Nebraska, the daughter of Washington Yale and Nellie Bell (Manchester) Yale, lived a year or two in Lincoln, Nebraska, and from early childhood till her marriage, she lived in St. Paul.

Nell has musical talent and a splendid soprano voice; she was soloist for the First Christian church in St. Paul, of which she was a member, and has been active in musical circles since coming to Helena. She was director of the choir of the First Baptist church in Helena for several years, and also directed the Eastern Star choir. Becoming especially interested in Eastern Star music, she compiled two books of music for them which have found nationwide sale.

She is a Past Matron of Miriam Chapter No. 1, O.E.S. at Helena, and was Worthy Grand Matron of the Grand Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star of Montana in 1944-1945. She is also Past President of the Home Economics dedepartment of the Women's Club, and Past President of the Baptist Ladies Aid Society.

Nell and Luther have a modest home at 524 Hauser Boulevard, Helena. She is a charming hostess, a gifted cook and homemaker; their home is the gathering point for friends and co-workers.

They have had three children: John Yale, who was born in March, 1909, but lived only a week; Priscilla Yale, now Mrs. John L. Brence, who was born August 9th, 1912, in St. Paul; and David Yale, who died aborning in September, 1917.

Priscilla attended the public schools of Helena, graduating from high school in June, 1929. She entered Montana State College at Bozeman that fall. While still in the fourth grade she said to her mother, "How about Aunt Jess, Aunt Florence, Aunt Pearl and Aunt Stella, all college women and what are they doing with it? I am going to take Home Ec and then if I get married I'll use it as long as I live." The prescience of babes! She is now married and has three children. The aunts spoken of are friends of the family; she had no aunts in this section of the country, so she adopted her mother's friends as her family.

The John Lawrence Brence Family

Priscilla met her master at college and married him January 15th, 1933. They went back to college the next year and graduated together, in June, 1934, she with a degree of B. Sc. in Home Economics, and he a B. Sc. in Dairy Industry.

John Lawrence Brence was born in Waukegon, Illinois, February 20, 1907, and came to Montana when his family settled on a ranch in the southeastern part of the state, near the Post Office of Mill Iron. He attended the country school and the high school at Ekalaka. He hustled his way through high school by working in a garage as "chambermaid" and "studied between gas tank refills." He entered Montana State College the fall after he graduated from high school (1927) but being the oldest child in a large family, and his parents needing his help on the ranch, he attended college the fall and winter quarters only and went home to the ranch to help with the spring planting and summer harvesting and threshing; and he pieced out his summer earnings by doing odd jobs during his college days.

After they graduated, John and Priscilla came to Helena to live and John worked in a creamery till the summer of 1941, when they moved back to Bozeman. John was made an instructor and given charge of the college creamery. He continued his studying and was given his degree of Master of Science in June, 1944. He is now Assistant Professor of Dairy Industry and still hopes to win his doctorate.

John is a member of Alpha Zeta, honorary agricultural fraternity, Alpha Gamma Rho, social ag fraternity, Sigma Xi scientific research fraternity, and the American Dairy Science Association. He is also a Freemason, and both he and Priscilla are members of the Order of the Eastern Star.

Last August John was called to the State College of California, at Davis, to address the meeting of the Western Division of American Dairy Scientists on "The Vitamin A and Beta-Carotene Content in Montana Butter," the subject for his thesis for his Master's degree. The college is now printing it. Several of his articles on dairy subjects have been published in scientific and dairy journals.

The Brences are Baptists; both of them sing in the choir, Priscilla a soprano and John a tenor. He has been superintendent of the Sunday School the past three years. Three children have blessed their home.

Phyllis Ann Brence was born at Helena June 15th, 1934. She enters high school this fall. She is a member of the Baptist church and Sunday School at Bozeman, the junior choir and the Young Peoples Group, Junior Hi chorus of Emerson school and Camp Fire Girls. She taught Vacation Bible School beginners in 1947. Her hobby: baby sitting.

Betty Lou Brence first saw the light of day at Helena April 4th, 1937, at Helena. She enters sixth grade this fall. She too is a member of the junior choir of the Baptist church and the Sunday School; she was awarded the attendance pin for a perfect attendance record in Sunday School in 1947. She is an enthusiastic dancing student — tap, ballet, acrobatic and toe — and taught beginners last year.

John David Brence came a day too late to give his dad another exemption on his 1947 income tax returns, he was born January 1st, 1948, at Bozeman. His chief claim to fame is that he is the only grandson on this side of the family. Like his Grandfather Luther and Great Uncles John and Herman, he is redheaded, long and slender, and has a skin so fair that he will have beautiful freckles.

HERMAN MARX HAUBERG

Married Maybell Audrey Mahana, March 28, 1916

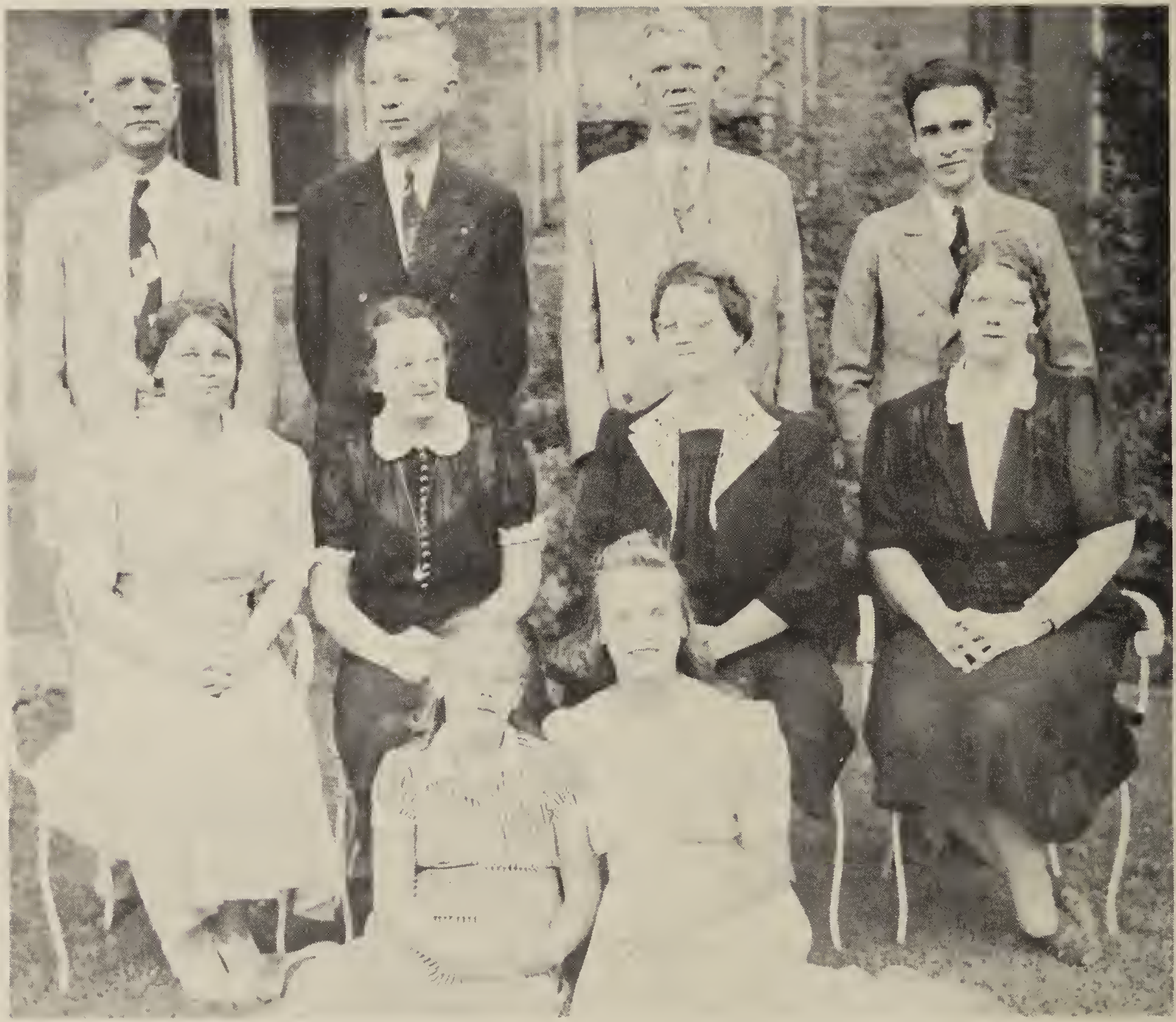
By Luther T. Hauberg

Like the other Dave Hauberg children, Herman was born on the farm near Hillsdale; he first saw the light of day October 12th, 1878. His first schooling was at the old Sand Hill school, and later at the schools at Moline and Mt. Auburn.

Like other boys in a farming community, he went to school when there was no farming to do, that is, from the time he was able to handle a pitch fork he went to school, during the winter terms only. He worked for different farmers but mostly for Wallace Call, about a mile and a quarter west of town, and was considered a good farm hand, until he reached his majority, his pay — from $2.00 a month when he was twelve years old to $20.00 a month when he dusted off his shoes and left to go to school.

The Cedar Rapids Business College taught him accounting in 1900, and he then went to Lakota (then Germania), Iowa, to work in a general country store in another small town. He was there four years.

Being ambitious, and seeing greater opportunities and a wider field, he secured employment with the firm of Chrischilles & Herbst, now the Chrischilles Store, at Algona, Iowa. He arrived in Algona April 13th, 1905. He has been associated with that store ever since the day he reached the city, first as clerk, then as assist-



A 1940 group.
Uncle Dave Hauberg's family. Standing, left to right: Dr. George D. Hauberg of Moline, Ill., Herman M. Hauberg of Algona, Iowa, Luther T. Hauberg of Helena, Mont. and John Brence, son-in-law of Luther's, of Bozeman, Mont. Seated, Mrs. G. D. Hauberg, nee Emma Rydell; Mrs. Herman Hauberg, nee Maybelle Mahana; Mrs. L. T. Hauberg, nee Nellie Yale and Mrs. Brence, nee Priscilla Hauberg. Down in front, Anne and Mary Hauberg, daughters of the Doctor.

ant manager and manager; he has seen the plant grow from just a good store to one of the leading department stores in northern Iowa, and its growth has been due largely to Herman's personality, his ability as a merchant, and his standing in the community. Algona has been good for Herman and he has been good for Algona.

No small part of Herman's success may be credited to his charming helpmate. He and Miss Maybell Audrey Mahana were married March 28th, 1916, at Erie, Illinois, her girlhood home. Herman wrote when this event was in the offing, "She knows the family and is willing to take a chance." She too, has been good for Herman, probably better than either of them would admit; she has entered wholeheartedly into his plans and activities and helped to mold his career, she has been a successful wife and partner. They met at Algona, where both were employed in the Chrischilles store; and though he had been girlshy for many years, it was soon evident his bachelor days were numbered. They have been very happy. The one regret is that they have no children.

Herman was inclined to be a bit cynical in his younger days, till shocked out of his attitude by responsibility and broadening experience, the shifting of responsibility to his shoulders by his employers and the experience of meeting and handling people. He never dodged responsibility, he took it as it came and asked for more; and when it came his cynicism evaporated like dew on a bright summer morning. Now he is a staid and honored citizen, a well-to-do merchant who thinks he will retire — sometime, if not soon.

Herman was made City Treasurer in 1920 and he served as such till 1931. That is his only attempt at public office — but he was successful at it. He has been active in every drive for funds — bond drives, Red Cross, church financing. etc.— since he found himself in Algona, which he thinks of as only doing one's civic duty, he seldom speaks of them.

Herman is a Rotarian and was president of the Algona Club in 1933-1934. He was the club's representative at the annual meeting of Rotary International in Boston during his year as president; he and Mabell enjoyed the meeting and the experience to the fullest. As most country lads would, he learned that Boston is full of history as well as codfish; the drives about Boston, under the guidance of an intelligent native, were a revelation to both of them and they returned to Algona inspired with renewed patriotism and a new admiration for America.

Not neglecting the spiritual, Herman is a trustee of the First Congregational church at Algona and is faithful in attending to the duties of his office. He is director of Algona Charities, Incorporated and also of the Algona Federal Savings and Loan Association and the Security State Bank of Algona. Fraternally, he is a Freemason, and both he and Maybell are members of the Order of the Eastern Star.

Herman and Maybell have a beautiful, spacious home in Algona — built thirteen years ago, southern colonial architecture, tall trees, wide and deep lawns, and Maybell's garden and flowers — and here their friends gather to enjoy bounteous hospitality. They had a comfortable smaller home at first but both dreamed about what they would do when they could. The present home is the culmination

The Herman M. Hauberg residence at Algona, Iowa.

of their dreams and their planning. It is like them — generous, hospitable, neighborly, in the right setting. He may retire from active business life sometime and enjoy the home they have built and the happy reflections consequent upon a well-spent life.

JOHN DETLEV GEORGE HAUBERG

John Detlev George Hauberg was born on the farm near Hillsdale, Illinois, on December 19th, 1867, the eldest of the children of Jurgen and Wiebke Messer Hauberg. He was always known as "John D. G." to distinguish him from his cousin "John H." He had a healthy head of red hair, was over six feet tall and of slender build. "Sandhill" school, known today as "Enterprise" school of which his father was a director, proved to be John D. G.'s principal institution of book learning.

John D. G.'s father's health broke down to the point where he could no longer carry on the farming operations and it was necessary to sell the farm in 1887 and they moved to Moline where John D. G. found employment at one thing and another, for a time, but having a spirit of adventure, he "went west" to seek his fortune.

LaPorte, Colorado, where the Cache la Poudre comes pouring out from the mountains was John D. G.'s first anchorage. Here he raised garden truck in their amazingly fertile, irrigated soil with lettuce heads so large a single head filled a half bushel measure. While here he was visited by cousin John H. and the latter's brother-in-law, Will Schmoll, who helped load a large topbox wagon with vegetables with which on July 14, 1891 they were off for Cheyenne, Wyoming, a trip of some forty-five miles north, and too far for a single day's drive, so they slept out on the open prairie overnight. Vegetables were peddled from house to house, turnips bringing five cents per bunch; cabbage at 2½ cents per pound or five cents per head, and cauliflower at ten cents a pound. These are samples of prices, and with an all season's labor; rent; to say nothing of expenses including these long trips to Cheyenne and Laramie which were his best markets, John D. G. was not heading toward any great bank account.

With no pot of gold in sight at LaPorte, John D. G. headed for the gold mines at Ward, Colorado, where his cousins the William T. Schmoll's and Emma and Bert Fairhurst were holding forth, and here he spent some fifteen years of happy life, with miners in the gold and silver fields; mingling socially, and here became a Thirty-second degree Mason. He was not content with being but an employe and with Albert Fairhurst, joined a Correspondence school and while Bert took the course in mining engineering which was his forte, John D. G. took the courses in Minerology and Metallurgy. John D. G.'s cousins Amelia Schmoll and Emma Fairhurst testify to John D. G.'s qualities as a man among men and that the general

John D. G. Hauberg in his truck garden at LaPorte, Colorado. At your left is John H. Hauberg; center, John D. G., and at the wagon, William T. Schmoll.

run of miners considered him as being in a somewhat higher level. John D. G. himself would have made no such claim.

On August 1st, 1905, he said goodbye to Ward and was off to the farther west. He sought land in Utah, for like his grandfather John D. Hauberg, he was land hungry. A letter written to his cousin John H. Hauberg accompanies this sketch, and tells of some of his adventures leading to Grant's Pass, Oregon. He left Oregon about 1909 for Montana.

John D. G. never married, but when his brother Luther took a wife he sent them a gift of $20.00, and visited them at Helena in December 1910 having been subpoenaed to appear as a witness in the Federal Court, which gave him mileage and per diem sufficient to cover the expense of the trip. One evening Luther asked him, "I suppose you wonder how that twenty was spent?" and of course he did. He was shown a chest in their bedroom and the stack of baby clothes that his present had bought that would have been worn by their first baby had he lived. The baby was born in March, 1909, but lived only a week. Luther told John that the baby was spoken of as "P.J." before he came, that if it was a girl she would be named Priscilla after Nell's sister, and if a boy he would be named John. John was still, the tears running down his cheeks.

The urge to own a bit of soil he could call his own never forsook John, and he filed on a government homestead of 320 acres north of Circle, Montana in the fall of 1909, as his grandfather John D. Hauberg had done in Illinois a little over a half century before, and established his residence on the claim in the spring of 1910. This claim was then sixty miles or more from the nearest railroad, and was reached only by prairie roads and trails.

When John was returning to his claim from his trip to Helena in December, 1910, he rode with others to a ranch about seven miles from home. The stars were bright but there was no moon, the country was covered by a foot of snow and it was cold. After supper John concluded he could get home that night by walking. He started out, but the snow made all the hills look alike and there were no landmarks, no trees nor high hills nor broken trails, no neighbors, and before he realized it he was lost. He kept walking and then realized that he was getting tired, and he dared not sit down to rest for fear of falling asleep and freezing. He must have walked in a circle, he got back to the ranch where he started well after midnight, utterly exhausted. He was offered a bed, but he felt he should not use the family bedding because somewhere along the trip home, either in the day coach of the train or some bachelor's bunk where he had stopped or some place like that he had picked up lice. He sat up all night, exhausted though he was, and started homeward on foot next morning. He never completely recovered from that experience. That was probably the beginning of his ill health.

John had built a small, one-room shack for a home and a small barn, and planned his fencing and farming; but in the fall of 1911 he suffered a paralytic stroke. He was found in his bed in his shack the forenoon after he was stricken by a neighbor who noticed John's barn door was not open and that he was not moving about;

Miss Ada Hauberg in the role of public school teacher, at Fairview school, on Colona Avenue, Moline, Illinois. These young pupils had been so ungovernable that their former teacher left them, whereupon the Directors applied to the Valparaiso school heads, to send them someone who could maintain discipline. Ada got the job. She survived.

he was unable to move or give an alarm, one side was paralyzed and he could not talk. As soon as he could be moved he was taken to Mt. Auburn, where Mother nursed him through the worst of it; he recovered so he could be up and about but he was never well enough to return to his homestead nor to undertake any kind of work.

John died at Mt. Auburn, September 25th, 1912, and was buried in the family plot in Riverside cemetery at Moline, Illinois.

ADA HAUBERG FURLAND

An Autobiography

Born, a daughter, May 19th, 1882, to Anna Margaret and Marx Detlef Hauberg, in the rock house on Sugar Grove farm, Coe Township, Rock Island County, Illinois. This daughter was named Ada Helena — the eighth child born to the above parents.

I, Ada Helena, did not, like Topsy, "just growed." Having five older sisters and two brothers, besides my parents, I grew up under rather close supervision.

Nora (Elnora) and I grew up together and had many experiences in common as we were only two years apart in age.

I remember Walter, who was two years younger than I, and who died in his second year. He and I used to play together around the big cupboard. Also in my pre-school years, I enjoyed spending vacation days with sisters Amelia and Emma who had a dress-making and millinery shop in Port Byron. They did so many nice things to make me happy. Amelia made dresses for my dolls. When Emma wanted me to run an errand for her, she would let me wear one of the new hats in the store and daub a generous amount of perfume on my clothes before my departure. They also let me comb their hair, which I loved to do. I am sure if there had been beauty parlors in those days, my ambition would have been to be an operator of one.

As we grew older, Ma had us do the little tasks about the house and help her with the garden. The garden had to be cleaned and freshly hoed before expected company arrived because Ma wanted them to see her garden.

My first teacher was George Wheelock. He was highly respected by all the patrons. Since he had fifty or more pupils, ranging in age from six to twenty-one, he often had the older girls in school "hear" the primary classes.

One outstanding experience, which has affected my whole life, happened when Mr. Wheelock called on my father who was a director of Bluff School. While visiting with the new teacher Ma suddenly turned to me who was standing beside her and said, "This little girl will start to school Monday. She is left-handed. If you see her writing with her left hand, just slap her fingers." Those words cut deeper than anyone will know, for I never tried to use my left hand for writing from then on. However, I do everything else left-handed.

During my school years at Bluff, we had some very fine teachers. Some of these were Anna Matthews, Chas. Swisher, Leonard Trent, Nan Sullivan, Ida Coffman, and Eliza Durbin.

County eighth grade examinations were introduced about the time I left country school. Our teachers usually asked the pupils to mark in their books where they left off at the end of the term.

Even tho we had no music nor dramatic instructor, no athletic director and no hot lunch program, we did have wonderful "Exhibitions," and Literary Societies. We could almost raise the roof with our singing. Athletics consisted of games such as "Blackman," "Baseball," "Snowball," "Hide-and-Seek," and "Pussy-Wants-a-Corner," and a generous amount of chores for each pupil after school as soon as he could get home and get into chore clothes.

The average health of the school was good, tho in the winter our lunches would sometimes be frozen solid.

Pa and Ma were great hands for raising fruit, so in the autumn we girls would gather up the hems of our aprons and fill them with grapes and apples, and carry them to school.

Pa was school director for many years. He never allowed his children to complain about a teacher. However, if the teacher was poor, he took care of that matter at the next election.

Among my classmates thru the grades were Jennie Riewarts, Elsie Ziegler, Alice Guinn, Fred Ashdown, Henry Eisenhauer, Lizzie Grensman, Goldy Ashdown, and others.

One of the high-lights of each school year was for Elsie Ziegler and I to exchange overnight visits. I usually tried to stay with Elsie around strawberrytime because they had so many strawberries and we had none. Mr. and Mrs. Ziegler were always very kind to me. My parents enjoyed Elsie when she came to see me because she had a way of being able to visit with older people.

In this so-called modern age, we wonder how the mothers of earlier years got their enjoyment. I am convinced that Ma got hers mostly at home with her family. She was tops at playing "Rabbit" at Easter and "Santa" at Christmas-time. I know now that she must have spent many days and nights planning what she would do on these occasions for the children.

I began going to parties when I was fourteen. Since Bluff School had mostly girls of party age, and Fairfield School, mostly boys, it was natural that the two groups get together for parties and kitchen dances. Eventually, a number of Fairfield swains picked the cream of Bluff School. Clarence Saddoris married Metta Riewerts; Richard Ashdown chose Jennie Riewerts; Ed Lyford, sister Elnora; Henry Reiling, Lydia Ashdown; Charles Simpson, Lola Ashdown. Edgar Walther slipped over from Greenwood to capture Goldie Ashdown.

I "wasn't took," so I planned a teaching career. Eliza Durbin had encouraged me to become a teacher. I attended Grammar School in Clinton, Ia., for one year, then one year at Port Byron Academy. Four of us lived in the upstairs apartment of Rev. and Mrs. Almer Harper. They were Winnie Day of Cleveland, Ill., Irene Hennegar of Barstow, Dora Ziegler of Rapid City, and myself. Prof. Rugar, Miss Johns, Miss Daniels, and Miss Maxwell were very fine teachers and I felt myself growing in Christian stature that year.

This seemed to be a year of sleighing parties. The farm-boys would come in with hay racks on bobs, and either a two or four horse team, all the sleigh bells they could find to encircle the horses, and a cow bell at the end of the sleigh tongue. Usually there were two big loads of us. We would laugh and sing all the way to our destination. Ed Lyford always took a team. His lusty yell could often be heard above the din of the others. Besides Ed, I recall Francis Lyford, Harry and Lucian Shreve, Chas. Simpson, Bert Shafer, Edgar Walthers, Andrew Frels, the Reiling and the Will Ashdown boys, and Clarence Saddoris. There were other boys and a goodly number of girls. Some of the homes where we were entertained were Chas. Ashdown, Matthew Shafer, Theodore Frels, Ziegler, Saddoris, Simpson and Will Ashdown homes. We usually had oyster stew or ice cream and cake for lunch. A big load of us upset in the snow the night we went to Theodore Frels. No one was hurt.

That same winter two loads of Epworth Leaguers went to the Lyford home where Florence, Ed, and Francis held forth. Dr. and Mrs. Sensebaugh and Rev. and Mrs. Henry Crane were our chaperons.

The spring of 1900 I received my teaching certificate. This meant that I must make application to several boards of education so that I might have a school to teach in the fall. Pa seemed to think I might stand a good chance with the Dillen School, where Mr. Wm. Dillen was director, so I went to call on him. I found him cutting hedge and proceeded to make verbal application. He humiliated me very much by saying, "I'll have to see your certificate before considering you." Later, I learned that the Zuma School had hired me for a two month term at $25 per month. Alf Wainwright, John Daily, and Sam Beal were the school board. I stayed with Alf Wainwrights. Edna Wainwright went to school and was old enough so that I could more or less pal with her. I do not remember the number of pupils I had but all the seats were filled. The only pupil that annoyed me unduly was Ralph Beal, who would bring live grasshoppers into the building and pull off their legs and wings.

Since the big boys would be attending school the winter term, the board thot it best to hire an older teacher for winter and asked me to return for the spring term, which I did. I again stayed with the Wainwrights, during which time I acquired a deep appreciation and affection for Minnie (Mrs. Wainwright). That first winter I taught the old Cement School on Rapid City Bluff. Other schools I taught were the Pleasant Point and Stone School. I drove a horse and buggy to the latter school and boarded at home. Some days when Pa needed the horse, it was necessary for me to walk the three and one-half miles. At the beginning of the second term's work in this school, a defective flue caused a fire which destroyed the school building. My directors, Will Moody, Jake Smith, and Bob Marshall, arranged to have school in the creamery nearby until a new building could be finished. We moved into the new building in January. I had twenty-five pupils and it was evident that they came from very good families. The last day of school we had a big picnic with everyone in the district present — the Marshalls, Trents, Cools, Opdykes, Luther Pearsalls, Nuifers, Moodys, Jake Smiths, and others I do not now recall. The men churned gallons of ice cream and there were plenty of fresh strawberries and other good things for all.

To prove to you that the teacher was highly regarded, I will say that I hired Howard Moody at ten cents per morning to build fire for me the second year. At the end of three months, Howard and his two sisters, Hazel and Laura, crowded around my desk one morning to tell me that Howard had bought a calf from his father with his money and decided to call it "Ada."

Having taught for three years, I had saved some money, but not enough to keep me in college for more than one year, but I decided to enroll at Valparaiso, Indiana, and stay as long as I could. By working for my board, I was able to stay until I received a Bachelor of Science degree.

My first room-mate was Mary Buxton who said her father was a Methodist preacher and had the largest church of that denomination in Ohio. My next room-mate was Zora Hager of Indiana, who, before the term was over, decided to be a nun in the Catholic Church. Valparaiso University at that time had an enrollment of around seven thousand different students including the Summer term. President Brown and Vice-President Kinsey had exceptional executive ability and chose instructors wisely. This made for a wonderful college which drew students from all over the United States.

Classes started at 6:30 A. M. and continued through the day until 8:30 P. M. One day each were taken off for Christmas and New Years, and a half day off for Thanksgiving.

Working for one's board is not without its compensation, for we who worked thusly had a lot of fun when the boss was not around.

In one boarding hall where I dried dishes, a Pharmacy student washed dishes; a music student and a Medical student peeled a tub of potatoes each evening; and other students waited on tables. In one corner of the kitchen by a sink stood a skinny fellow with shiny pants, washing kettles and pans. I had met him only once before at a joint Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. meeting where we chatted for a while about our home state, Illinois.

It is said that menial tasks need not affect anyone's pride, so long as he uses them as a means to an end. After one hundred weeks of college, I received the degree for which I was striving.

After teaching in South Moline, and Lynn Grove, my old college friend, Carolyn Fritz, induced me to go with her to the state of Washington where salaries were more lucrative. I spent a pleasant fifteen months teaching at Ritzville — a great wheat center of eastern Washington.

Through all these years since I left Valparaiso, the above-mentioned skinny man kept wasting postage stamps on me, so I finally decided to put an end to that.

On March 16, 1910, John and I were married in a double wedding ceremony with sister Rosena and Eli Furland. Rev. Blancke, Davenport, Ia., performed the ceremony in the presence of forty-five relatives. In the evening we were lustily charivaried by two large groups of men and women — one from the north, the other from the south of us.

At eleven o'clock Ed Lyford with his black driving team and a surrey took us to Cordova to meet the twelve o'clock train. With Ed were the four newlyweds, John Hauberg, and George Furland. The two latter were wedding guests. Also there were six suitcases. Ed made the "Up" and "Down" train O. K., and saw us off on our honeymoon.

Our new husbands were not acquainted with this section of Illinois so did not know that there were no hotels in Fulton. Consequently, we thought of taking a street car across the river bridge to Clinton. However, we learned that the street cars stopped running at midnight, so it was necessary for us all to walk across the bridge at Clinton.

The boys had been away getting married and honeymooning for two weeks. Since they were new in South Dakota, they were surprised when they returned to find that most of the farmers were through seeding. They felt badly about this for they had a farmer's reputation to gain or lose. They soon demonstrated to the neighbors that they were workers, not loafers.

The boys, owning this 640 acre ranch together, made it necessary for us to live together the first year. Rosena and I organized our work. One week she would cook and do the housework while I tended garden and took care of the poultry. The following week we would alternate the work. Poultry there meant one hundred fifty chickens, twenty each of geese and ducks and a large flock of turkeys and guineas.

There were also five dogs to feed — four hounds and a shepherd. One night when the boys came from town with groceries, they accidentally left the kitchen door ajar. Next morning we discovered that the hounds had helped themselves to the ten pounds of steak the boys bought. But then we paid only ten cents per pound for the choicest steaks in Artesian in 1910.

We attended church in Artesian regularly beginning with the first Sunday. This was a distance of six miles. Rosena and I felt quite proud of our two-seated surrey, the driving team(?), and last but not least, our new husbands. We soon had many friends and by mid-summer felt quite at home in Dakota.

The boys learned the technique of South Dakota farming the first year and from then on, carried on quite an extensive program of combined grain-farming and cattle-raising.

In 1911, John and I moved to Mt. Vernon. Our farm was three miles from town and there we lived for twenty-six years. A schoolhouse stands just across the garden fence, so it fell to my lot to board the teacher. We completely modernized our home in 1929. When the Federal Land Bank asked John to spend all his time with its business, it was with some reluctance that we left our farm home in 1937 to move to Mitchell, where we now reside.

Seventy-five of our neighbors gave us a nice party on our twenty-fifth anniversary. Again when we left for Mitchell, we were given a big party.

While at Mt. Vernon, I taught the Women's Bible Class in the Methodist Church for many years. I served as president of the W. C. T. U. and the local Extension Club. Also, I was president of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church for seven years. In 1927, I was a delegate to the National Convention of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society held in Minneapolis. I have held numerous offices in local and district organizations. For nine years I have been on the Board of the Mitchell Young Women's Christian Association.

I have done Red Cross sewing and have been on the Red Cross drives for funds in World Wars I and II.

Since living in Mitchell, I have worked in the Methodist Woman's Society as Secretary of Supplies and circle chairman. I was Flower chairman for the church for six years. I have also been chairman for six years for the annual city-wide canned food drive for the Methodist State Hospital. I have been president of the Magnet Service Club of the Methodist Church for three years. I have been a member of the Dakota Wesleyan Faculty Women's Club for ten years. I am a member of the ToDay Study Club — a federated club. In the spring of 1948, I attended the annual general Federation of Women's Clubs meeting in Portland, Oregon, as a delegate from South Dakota. I have also attended several state conventions as a delegate, while living in Mitchell.

John and I have a comfortable home in Mitchell, and most of the time we are as busy as can be with one thing or another. However, that has been our lot throughout our married life. When on the farm, we had hired help and school teachers with us much of the time.

During the thirties when depression, drouth, grasshoppers, and dust-storms struck at the same time, it was necessary to have faith sufficient to tide us over to better days.

Since John was at that time Sec'y. of the Mt. Vernon Loan Ass'n., he heard many hard-luck stories from farmers who could not hold onto their farms any longer. Some who never would have dreamed they would have to mortgage their farms came to John for Federal loans. Farmers from a radius of thirty miles came, and if John was not home, I would ask them to wait, and very often found myself with "extras" at mealtime. John used the dining-room for his office. While he wrote a farmer's application, I would entertain the others in the living-room. Many a night it was after eleven when we were free to retire. Farmers came in the morning too. I remember one morning when a man and his wife came at six-thirty. We were just up but had not had breakfast nor done any chores. Before John finished writing their application, another man came so that we could not eat breakfast until nine o'clock and it was ten o'clock before the cows were milked. For several of those years, I planted garden seeds that came up the following year only to wilt and die in a few weeks or days.

In several cases where we saw that the farmers were not going to send their children to High School or College, John and I made a special effort to see that they got there.

Earnest, the boy we made a home for at nine years of age, stayed with us until he was through high school.

John and I have taken many trips to Illinois and Colorado to see relatives. We have visited eastern Canada and northeastern states, and have been to the Pacific northwest three times. We have visited California and southwest states. We enjoy riding in Buicks — the only make of car we have ever had.

I have attended three World Fairs: the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, the Alaska, Yukon, Pacific Fair of 1909, and the Chicago Fair of 1933. In each case, the progress shown by mankind has been great.

Since 1882 when I first saw the light of day, we have raised high our standard of living in the U. S. Peace in the world seems at a stalemate at present. However, I have faith that Christianity will triumph and that future generations shall see a nearer approach to "Peace on earth, good will to men."

JOHN E. FURLAND

An Autobiography

In attempting to write this brief autobiography, I at once realize how humble and unspectacular has been my lot and, also, the number of times I have fallen short as compared with those where I seemingly have made good.

First of all, I am thankful for my good parentage and the fine training I received during my early years. I first set my feet under my father's table February 26, 1879, in a modest farm house near Creston, Illinois. I was the sixth of a family of nine children and I was the first where my mother had the services of a licensed physician.

Both of my parents were born near Stavanger, Norway — my father coming to this country in 1857 at the age of twenty-five, and my mother in 1866, at the age of twenty four. Each made the voyage to America in a sail ship which required seven weeks from Liverpool to New York. My father worked ten years as a farm hand, which included the Civil War period, and was paid fourteen dollars per month for a nine month season and ten dollars per month during the winter months. My mother received one and one-half dollars per week for her work.

I often heard my father say that he had saved twelve hundred dollars during the ten years and this was the capital on which my father and mother started farming when they were married in 1867.

My father, of course, bought a lumber wagon but had no spring seat the first year unless they borrowed one from a more prosperous neighbor. I think that first spring seat was perhaps as much of a luxury for my mother as a new Cadillac is to

John E. and Ada Furland, Mitchell, South Dakota. As of March 1, 1950.

an ordinary family today. I was seven years old when my father went to a sale and bought a spring wagon and a hard coal heater. (I might note that my parents did not have any W. P. A., F. S. A., Social Security, or what not, during those twenty years when their only conveyance was a lumber wagon.)

I received my early education in a rural school and attended school at Creston for three months each winter from the age of thirteen to seventeen, at which time I took an examination for a teacher's certificate which entitled me to teach three winter terms in a rural school. I was paid thirty dollars per month the first winter and forty dollars per month the last term taught.

My parents had only seven weeks of school per year, a handicap which made them more keenly interested that their children should take full advantage of the opportunities of our public school — always willing to make sacrifices to see that we were punctual in our attendance and that we took our school work seriously.

There are a number of incidents during my early boyhood that stand out in my memory which seem somewhat humorous now. One that I always recall when I go to or hear of a Camp Meeting, occurred when I was seven years old. A Methodist Camp Meeting was being held in Dexter's Grove, about six miles from our home, and all of my older brothers and sisters prepared to go on Sunday, taking a basketful of food as the dinner was a pot-luck affair. My sister, Anna, who was eight, just got under the line and was allowed to go but the vote was unanimous against me on account of my age. I'll never forget my keen disappointment as they drove off and how my curiosity was aroused all the more as to what a Camp Meeting was really like.

I knew it was too far to walk but, all at once, I remembered I heard Inga, who worked for our neighbor forty rods down the road, was expecting Hans (her beau) to come and take her to Dexter's Grove. I thought this might be my chance. I went down and asked Inga in the most polite way that I could muster if she and Hans would take on a passenger to Camp Meeting. I assured her I would ride home with my folks. Inga said she guessed so if my mother wanted me to go. My mother wasn't as easy as Inga, but my plea finally won her over.

I'll never forget the unwelcome hospitality of my brothers and sisters as I trotted up to one of the tables when they had just started to eat. By the way, I had to sit in the bottom of the spring wagon all the way home as there seemed to be no forgiveness. However, I thought knowing what a Camp Meeting was like compensated me for all the inconvenience and humiliation I had to endure. (By the way, none of the Camp Meetings I have attended since have given me that same thrill although I did finally become a member of the Methodist church.)

I enrolled as a student in Valparaiso University in 1902, and received my B.S. Degree in 1906. Just following my graduation, I taught school at Bangor, Iowa, for one year and at the end of my school term, I engaged in farming near Marshalltown, in partnership with my brothers, Theodore and Eli.

In the fall of 1909, Eli and I sold our holdings in Marshall County, Iowa, and purchased what was known as the Hawkeye Ranch, together with all the stock and equipment, near Artesian, South Dakota. My brother Eli was then taking care of the City collections for Sprague, Warner Co. — Wholesale Grocers, Chicago, Illinois. Therefore, it fell to my lot to take over the operations in South Dakota, October 1, 1909. The livestock consisted of two hundred eighty head of cattle, eight hundred sheep and one hundred forty pigs. This part of South Dakota had an unusual amount of snow that winter and, consequently, I got pretty well initiated to the South Dakota blizzards which seemed to be quite frequent. We had 270 tons of hay included in our deal. This was located about two miles from the buildings and yards, and it seemed we could never get much of a reserve for stormy days.

On March 16, 1910, I was married to Ada Hauberg, the youngest of the Hauberg family, and that event is what gives me the green light to get my bit into this book of Hauberg history. It might be interesting to recall that I was enough of a juggler to persuade Ada to resign from a good teaching position at Ritzville, Washington, to cast her lot with me in putting our faith in South Dakota farming for a livelihood.

After farming in partnership with my brother Eli and Rosena during the first year of our married life, Ada and I moved to Mt. Vernon, South Dakota, and carried on our farming and livestock operations until 1937, when we gave up our personal operation of the farm and moved to Mitchell, South Dakota, where we now live.

We, of course, had various experiences during the twenty-six years from 1911 to 1937. However, as I look back, they were full of interest and I cannot remember that we ever became discouraged or downhearted if we had some failures or other disappointments. It seems we always acccepted the challenge, which gave us inspiration, an impetus for new ventures that we thought would work out.

We soon learned that the best insurance for a South Dakota farmer was plenty of livestock, in view of the cheap grass land in our part of the state. It was during our first years of farming that we took advantage of getting five year leases on school sections which rented from thirty to forty cents per acre, depending on the location. We had to go about fifteen miles into our adjoining county for this grass land. The lessee had to furnish his own fence and water. However, the state issued permits for these improvements, which made one reasonably sure of a renewal when the five year term expired. My neighbor, John S. Haynes, and I had joint leases on two sections, and sometimes three, for over thirty years and always pastured enough cattle for our neighbors to pay all of the rent. We always took the cattle to pasture May 1st and left them until the first part of November. It was a big day's work, taking the cattle to and from pasture. As the herds would get together in the morning of our drive, there were always three or four large bulls and they usually decided during the first couple of miles who would be master that season.

South Dakota was badly advertised during the thirties when, following the many bank failures, we had unprecedented dry weather, grasshoppers, dust storms, together with ruinous farm prices.

We were told by pioneers that Indians had said that at one time all the lakes were dried up so that grass growing in the lake beds could be mowed. This story seemed to us to be incredible. However, after about the third year of drouth, many of our so-called big lakes did dry up, and grove after grove of nice trees died. Many of these groves had been tree claims.

In 1936, the U. S. Government began working on the shelter belt which was to extend from Canada down to Texas. It was not compulsary for farmers to have shelter belts. The W. P. A. was put to work planting trees which the government not only furnished, but cultivated for several years thereafter. Seven acres of each quarter constituted the farmer's shelter belt. They were seven rods wide and a half mile in length. Trees used in our territory consisted of Cottonwood, Cedar, Bull Pine, Chinese and American Elms, Ash, Hackberry, Russian Olive, Plum, and also a few shrubs such as lilacs. When nature once again favored this section, the trees began a rapid growth. Now our country is again beautiful with trees, and our lakes are full.

Just a line about the dust storms. We were not exactly in the dust bowl, though we had some severe dust storms which shut out the sun to the extent that we had to use lights in our homes most of the day. The women never could tell from one day to the next how their homes would look and whether they and their company would have to eat from grey linen and dusty dishes.

In some places the soil was blown along the fences in deep drifts which completely covered the fences. In the following years it was quite a task to dig out these fences and level off the soil.

In the later thirties we would have had better crops but by that time the grasshoppers became so numerous that they destroyed most of the grain. However, the farmers decided to plant Sugar Cane, Brome Grass and Milos, instead of corn. Since hoppers do not care for these feeds, as they do the corn, the farmers had plenty of feed for their stock. The early small grains ripened a bit too early for most of the grasshoppers, so that, too, was saved.

Eventually, with the aid of grasshopper poison and Mother Nature, the grasshopper scourge has all but vanished.

Since the Missouri River Valley Irrigation Project has been started, it is hoped that many of South Dakota's farming and economic problems will be solved.

South Dakota's first bad year was in 1933, when the Roosevelt administration with Henry Wallace as Secretary of Agriculture, advocated the killing of the little pigs and the government purchase of cows from fifteen to twenty dollars per head.

It was during this year that the Sherman brothers and I drove to Fort Thompson, the Indian Reservation, thirty miles north of Chamberlain, South Dakota, and rented nine hundred sixty acres of Indian land at ten dollars per quarter section. This had not been mowed for a couple of years. This was about ninety miles from Mt. Vernon. Kenneth Sherman was then a medical student at the Northwestern Medical School, and Willard was farming with his father who was a close neighbor. Kenneth was interested in making money out of the deal while Willard and I needed hay to save us from disposing of any of our foundation herds. I hired a man and the Sherman brothers made a deal with a couple farmers to each furnish a three-horse mower and get hay as pay. This made five three-horse mowers. The Shermans lost one horse from being bit by a rattlesnake. They rented an old baler and the hay cost me less than four dollars a ton delivered to our farm. Now no trucker would haul it that distance for that price.

Mrs. Sherman and Ada baked dozens of loaves of bread and various pastries each week and the two families alternated our trip every three or four days for keeping the boys supplied with food.

Kenneth Sherman is now a surgeon in one of the Chicago hospitals, and Willard is an air pilot and carries mail from Chicago to Denver. He served in World War II and rose to the rank of Captain. He has never had a forced landing during his eleven years of flying. Kenneth, also, bought ten hundred forty acres of land in our county, which land I am servicing. He bought this when land sold so cheap in the late thirties, paying $19,500 for the 1,040 acres. I sent him over $13,000 for his share rent in 1947, and he will come close to repeating it this year as he has about 6,000 bushels of corn alone for his share.

The year of 1933 was also the beginning of the period when farmers found it difficult to keep current on their mortgage indebtedness and pay expenses incidental to their farming operations. However, in June, 1933, President Roosevelt gave a radio address over a national hookup, assuring the farmers that no farmer would have to lose his farm as he would cooperate with the new Government program that our Congress had approved.

I was then Secretary-treasurer of the Mt Vernon National Farm Loan Association which had about six hundred thousand dollars in outstanding loans. This job was a sideline for me as I was then farming eight hundred acres of land and usually wintered approximately one hundred fifty head of cattle.

Congress had appropriated a large sum of money to be handled by the Farm Credit Administration, and an added department to each of the twelve Federal Land Banks was set up to loan this money on second mortgages to Federal Land Bank loans. The Federal Land Banks loaned fifty per cent of the appraised value and the Land Bank Commissioner could loan another twenty-five per cent; insurance companies, banks, and individuals compromised on their top-heavy loans and the Federal Land Bank took them over.

It so happened that the following six years in South Dakota experienced unprecedented drought, grasshoppers, and dust storms; therefore, only the most thrifty and capable farmers were helped much by the extra credit. Before 1940, the Federal Land Bank became the biggest land owner in the state. Some borrowers deeded their land to the Bank and several others were foreclosed, the Bank usually bidding less than the principal amount of the loan plus accrued interest.

All of this changed the demands on the Federal Land Bank — there were loans that had to be extended, and the many farms acquired had to be leased and serviced. This could not be done as a part-time job; therefore, several associations were consolidated, establishing a central office, with a full-time secretary-treasurer and sufficient office help to take care of the extra work.

Our office in Mitchell was established in 1936 and I was elected secretary-treasurer on a salary basis — with two office girls, two field assistants, and later two salesmen for selling the farms owned by the Bank. Since 1944, we have acquired no farms, had no collection problem, and all the owned farms have been sold. Therefore, at the present time, I have only one office girl and much less to do than when we first opened our office. I have enjoyed my work since coming to Mitchell and have found it much easier than my years of actual farming operations.

As for my connections with the moral, social, and civic life since coming to South Dakota, I became a member of the Methodist Church of Mt. Vernon in 1911, was a member of the official board, and always served on the financial committee. At the present time, I am one of the trustees and a member of the finance committee of the Mitchell Methodist Church.

I am a member of the Board of Directors of the Dakota Wesleyan University — now serving on the Executive and Endowment committees, respectively; also, on the Board of Directors of the Y.M.C.A. and served as president of the Community Chest Board in 1947.

Recently, I was appointed on the steering committee of twelve citizens for the drive for raising two hundred fifty thousand dollars for an addition to our Methodist State Hospital. An agency from Des Moines, Ia., has already set up an office here and will supervise the drive.

I have been a member of the Mitchell Kiwanis Club since 1938 and was a delegate to the International Convention in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1942, and to the Convention in Los Angeles, California, in 1948.

All in all I feel that both Ada and I, throughout our thirty-eight years of married life, have been greatly blessed with health, fair financial success, and fine opportunities for service.

Throughout the years, I have received inspiration and comfort in that favorite Bible passage — "He hath showed thee Oh man what is good; and what does the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

ELNORA HAUBERG LYFORD

Elnora Louisa Magdalena Hauberg born January 8, 1880 was the seventh child of Mr. and Mrs. Mark D. Hauberg. She attended Bluff school, took music lessons, sang soprano, made herself useful and on October 19th, 1904, married Edward Hall Lyford. They were the parents of two children, daughters, accounts of whom will be found elsewhere in this book. Nora was industrious and thrifty. She was a charter member of the County Home Bureau; treasurer of her Methodist church organization, and held similar offices. In the field of home and farm management

Edward Hall Lyford, his wife Elnora Hauberg Lyford, and their two children, little Ada Mary and her older sister Helen Jane.

she and Edward did an extraordinary achievement. She with her husband took charge of the extensive Dr. William H. Lyford farm properties, with no understanding as to their legal position with regard to them — they just kept working, year after year. Eventually the Lyford family divided the holdings. One of them said: "We knew Ed was a hard, and careful worker but we had no idea that he had worked the farms out of debt." As a result, Edward and Nora secured the old home place. A terrific fire took the big barn, but it was rebuilt. Edward purchased the Woodward farm, next south of the home place so he now had two farms, but it required that he mortgage both in order to borrow for the new purchase. Then he took out life insurance to amply cover the debt in case anything should happen to him. He passed to his reward, May 4th, 1927.

Nora now collected the life insurance and offered to pay off the mortgages on their two farms, but the mortgagee refused payment since the notes were not yet due. She deposited the money in a Rock Island Bank, and, the depression catching all the banks, Nora was unable to draw the money when the notes were due! All the lands mortgaged and no money with which to pay, but she managed the farm so well that she paid off the debt nevertheless. In time, when danger of losing their lands was past, she did recover her bank deposit.

Their two daughters each inherited a good farm — Mrs. Virgil Simpson and Mrs. James R. Burke. The lands lie within a half mile of the Mississippi river and are among the best in the County. Part of them were taken up from the government by Edward's grandfather, Dr. Jeremiah H. Lyford.

Edward H. Lyford was a prince of a man. His heart was in the right place and as to various experiences he was rich. His father had extensive land holdings including two hundred acres of woodlands, but was a practicing physician, thereby robbing the farms of his close application. Edward was said to be his "right hand man" caring for the horses, hitching them up, but most of all — the lime kilns at Port Byron were operating full blast making the "Famous Port Byron white lime" consuming vast quantities of cordwood in the processs. Edward used to tell of being out at 4:00 in the morning loading up wood and hauling it to the Cordova and Port Byron Kilns. No mercy was shown the boy, rather he was a man before his years. Many years they lived at Port Byron, in those days a regular steamboat stopping place. Edward must have had the desire to ride one of them, but strangely, about the year 1912, when Sue D. Hauberg was giving a family party aboard the Denkmann steamboat the "F. Weyerhaeuser," Edward said this was the first time he had ever had a ride on a steamboat. Today we would say he was brought up the hard way.

After his marriage, he continued as before, working early and late. His friends would tell him he ought to have an understanding with his father or the family as a whole as to whether he was working for wages, or was he to receive part of the lands for all his work. The situation could lead to grief. As mentioned above, when the time came to "settle," the family were surprised that instead of just marking

Louis D. Hauberg

time, Edward had practically worked off all the debts on the lands, and when he made claim to the old home place it was granted him.

Edward died before his time and he is greatly missed, for he loved to reminisce, particularly along lines of his grandparents — with "Grandmother never riding uphill. She walked to spare the horses and would come, dragging a lot of wood for the home fires" etc. etc.

Elnora outlived Edward by seventeen years. She had had severe heart attacks years before but had fairly well outlived them but did not fully regain her health. On September 22nd, 1944, she took a little express wagon into the orchard for apples. Fortunately, Helen and Virgil followed shortly and found her. Her spirit had fled to its maker.

LOUIS D. HAUBERG

An Autobiography

The First Seventy Years

I was born January 8, 1878, in the stone home built by my father in 1866, on Section 12 of Coe Township, of Rock Island County, Illinois.

My father was Marx Detlef Hauberg, born near Kiel, Germany, migrating to this country with his parents in 1848. My mother, Anna Margaret (Frels) Hauberg was born in a log house on a farm three miles east of Hampton, Illinois—the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frels. Mr. Frels was reared at Oldenberg, Germany and came to this country in the thirties, and to Rock Island County in 1840. Mrs. Frels was a native of Ober Hessen, Germany.

They tell me that at my birth I weighed 14 pounds and that my mother, when visiting neighbors, would take me in a wheelbarrow, in my younger days. I was always good sized for my age. At sixteen and a half years of age I was almost six feet tall, and weighed nearly 170 pounds.

My earliest recollection of myself was one summer day when Ada Lamphier, of Hillsdale, was here to give my sisters, Amelia and Emma, music lessons on our parlor organ. As she was leaving by horseback I stood in the yard with my sisters. I was dressed in a navy blue dress with brass buttons on it. I think I was under four years of age.

I was tongue-tied when I was born. Before starting to school my mother took me to Dr. Fleming — a kindly, full-whiskered gentleman of Port Byron. He used a common scissors to cut the cord which held my tongue down. Sometimes I think he loosened it too much.

On another occasion I was at Dr. Fleming's office with my mother. She was wanting treatment for a boil to bring it to a head. He pulled out one of the drawers of his desk — in it there were a few broken peach leaves. He remarked that he didn't gather enough leaves last fall for the season's demand.

We had a large slippery elm tree in our pasture that had a one by four foot strip of bark removed from it. This was used to treat one of our neighbor women who was sick. So much for home grown remedies!

I started to school at the spring term when I was six years of age, and continued to attend the fall, winter and spring terms until I was nine, then got tired going in the spring. I preferred going to the field with the men so Dad put me to plowing with the walking plow with Flora and Nell. The lines were tied on the plow handles, and all I had to do was to say "Giddap" and "Whoa"—the horses would turn at the corners; they really knew more than I about plowing.

Do you know, Reader, that it's about 100 years ago that the first horses were purchased to work on this Sugar Grove Farm, by our grandfather. January of this year, 1950, I sold my last four horses for $100. Two of them George and Jim brought from the Dakotas would be 20 years old this spring. They were still a good team. The other two, nine years of age, would easily have brought $400, or more, thirty years ago.

What a valuable and trusted service the horses rendered to us farmers. It was interesting to hear the whinny in the morning before feeding time. Through a window one of them would watch for me as I left the house door. It would give the signal that I was coming; entering the feedway, they would whinny and paw as much as to say, "Feed me first." Even the little colts soon learned; when a man stepped in the feedway they expected something to eat. It was quite an event when a little colt was born; other horses seemed just as eager to see it as we folks.

We cleaned the barn, curried and brushed the horses, and sometimes harnessed them before breakfast. After breakfast we would bridle them, let them out to drink, and then off to work. On one occasion our horse, Prince, when through drinking, walked down in the field to his proper place in front of the plow, ready to be hitched when I arrived with the other horses. We had a blind mare which was familar with the fences in our field. When I rented the farm from my father I rearranged these fences. A few weeks later, when plowing these fields, when we arrived where one of these old fences stood, this mare would always stop. One summer working in the North field, I had to pass through a couple of gates. I tried my best, time and time and again, to get in the wagon unnoticed by the horses. Sometimes I would stand beside the wagon a while; the horses stood also, but the second I put my foot in the wagon box they started. How many times these horses brought us home the darkest kind of a night, and sometimes facing a storm. They never got out of the road — always made the right turn at the right place, and brought us safely home. Brother that is just good HORSE SENSE. I go to the horse barn and see the harness and saddle hanging on the hook, and my soul is saddened. With the present economy the horse is no more except as a riding hobby.

We kids did enjoy going barefooted in warm weather. Our mother had a tradition that it wasn't warm enough to do so until we heard the whippoorwill sing in the spring. It was a happy evening when we heard that bird sing.

I remember being at Uncle Dedrick's when I was about sixteen in the fall of the year. It was rainy and muddy; I was barefooted, with an overcoat and straw hat on, and the men laughed at me.

We kids had a great time in the winter coasting down our hill. We would get the hill so slick that our horses couldn't walk up the hill without they were sharp shod; the result was we got a great many scoldings for coasting in the road. It would be interesting to know the speed we attained when there were two or three on one sled. Sometimes we sat upright, but the more favorable position was belly buster, with one or two piled on top. Sometimes when racing we took terrific spills. It's a wonder our nose wasn't disfigured; with this B.B. method of coasting one could guide and stop the sled with the toes of your boots. Then in a short time the toes in your boots were worn through and that meant another scolding, and sometimes a whipping.

Uncle Dave also lived on a hill; we went over there to coast. Their road gate on one end was about two feet off the ground. We aimed for that place and ducked when we went under the gate. This coasting business is great sport even for adults. We didn't do so much skating, I suppose because the ponds were so far away. Uncle Dedrick had the ponds but not the hills so close at hand.

Rosena and I used to chum and work together considerable. When I was 10 years of age we used to pick up a couple washdishes full of green apples every day; then, with some salt we'd go up the roof of the cattle barn and sit in the cupola to eat them. A couple years later we snapped two loads of corn a day for the cattle Father was feeding.

When I was around 14 years old, Father took me to Hillsdale, to the shoemaker Roscoe Rose, better known as Bolly Rose, to have my measure taken for a pair of boots. It was interesting to watch Bolly Work. The leather used was cut from rolls of half hides he bought. It seems needles and metal nails were unknown to that profession. Then when sewing Bolly would twist a hog bristle at the end of the thread; the thread could then readily be pushed through the punched hole. The soles were pegged with diamond-shaped wooden pegs made of hickory wood one-half inch long; with hammer and awl he would punch a hole, insert the peg a stroke or two with the hammer and the peg was set; he had considerable rhythm and speed in his work. There was an occasional stop in his work to spit tobacco juice through a knot hole in the floor.

At 14 years of age I was doing considerable work, plowing, harrowing, pulling weeds, and picking up potatoes—that was the worst job. We usually had a couple of top box loads to put in the cellar. I often think of all the fruit and vegetables put into the cellar in the fall of the year—potatoes, cabbage, rutabagas, carrots, several bins of apples of different kinds, canned blackberries and peaches and a barrel of molasses. We took wheat to the Erie mill to be ground into flour—not so dependent upon the store as we are now. Sugar was lumpy and had to be crushed before using.

We had a big orchard and there were many loads of apples hauled to Clinton, Iowa to market. We would get up at three o'clock or earlier, feed the horses, eat a light breakfast and get off. Father usually took one of the children along for company sake. A few miles above Albany we would drive on the ferry to take us across the Mississippi to Clinton. This ferry ride was a pleasing experience, to watch the engine turn the big paddle wheel and hear the signal bells which the pilot gave to the crew below. Usually there would be quite a string of teams waiting at the ferry landing to cross the river—several loads of hay, loads of wood, of grain and farm produce, besides folks afoot, horseback, and in buggies and wagons just crossing to do some shopping. I think the ferry took about a dozen wagons at a time.

The Lamb and Young saw mills were running full blast and employed a lot of men. These were our best apple customers. Those men got $1.50 per day, raised large families, paid for their homes, and had money to buy apples. I remember Pa and I were three days selling a load of strawberry apples; they were red as fire and delicious to eat. We got $65.00 for them and that was a lot of money. I remember a boy at a brick kiln came to the wagon and said the men wanted to buy apples, and that he would like some samples. I gave him a hat full of the choice ones. I guess they enjoyed them; he didn't come back to buy.

We usually made two trips a week to Clinton. We always had so many apples we finally had them made into cider, at 2c per gallon, the day before we went to market. We then took a couple barrels of sweet cider along to sell at ten cents per quart. A bushel of apples made three gallons. In warm weather this cider would soon ferment. By this time they had a high wagon bridge over the Mississippi. Driving over this was faster than crossing by ferry. On one occasion just as we crossed the bridge one of our barrels of cider started fermenting. It was corked too tight and burst with a bang, and the cider flowed to the street.

Our early apples were Early Queen and Strawberries; then came the Snow apples, Vandiver Pippin, Spitzenberg, Ben Davis and Willow Twig—these were the more common varieties. In later years we had over thirty varieties.

Our father enjoyed exhibiting apples and vegetables at the County Fairs and won twenty-five to fifty dollars per year in premium money.

It is still a quandary in my mind how we children could eat so much fruit. We had a peach orchard of fifty or so trees. When the apples and peaches were ripe, en route to the field we filled our jacket and pants pockets to the brim with fruit; it seems to me these pockets would hold nearly a half peck. In a half day's time this would all be consumed. Sometimes I think one of our father's failings was buying fruit trees; he was everlastingly at it and everything he planted grew.

Our family usually made a trip or two a year to the 'Docia to fish, where Grandfather Hauberg used to fish every few days. It seems it's more fun fishing with a bobber on the line, when that bobber goes under it's time to pull out the fish; we really enjoyed this. Later years there were so many black snapping turtles in the water they would take the bait from the hook as fast as we could bait it. Of course we caught a lot of them too; they were from six to ten inches across the back and heavy to pull out. On one occasion Father was cutting the hook out from a big turtle's mouth when the turtle bit down on the blade and broke out a large nick.

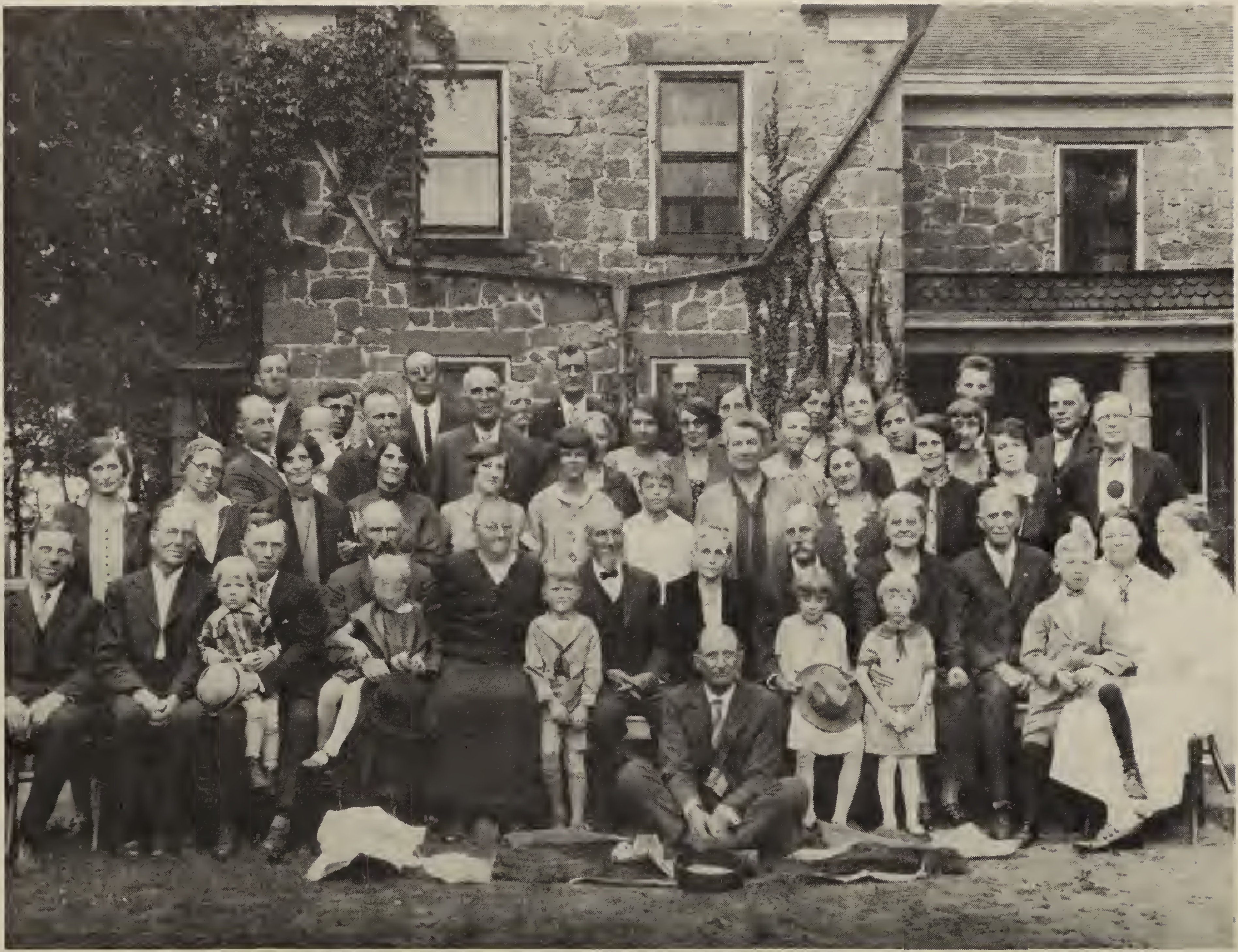
We lived two miles south of this Marias 'Docia Bottom. This Bottom overflowed with water once or twice most every year. The first was usually caused by excessive rainfall on the snow during the month of March, or ice jams in either the Mississippi or Rock River; the water would then come over the bottom very rapidly. When both rivers acted up their waters would meet at the Middle Crossing, the highest point between the two rivers where the early stage crossed; and it is still a public road. Floods in January or February usually ruined the fences, the ice freezing to them and going down together.

The second overflow was usually in June when the heavy rains brought the snow water out of the forests of Minnesota and Wisconsin. Snakes, frogs, mice and squirrels sought the high ground when the floods came. Bridges were floated from their moorings. On one occasion the two Quick boys and John and I pushed one of these bridges from the shore for a ride. Out away we decided to do some sounding with a 16-foot fence board. Unable to reach bottom, we paddled for the shore over fences and trees. Through drainage ditches and tiling the water level on the 'Docia has been lowered; they now raise ninety-bushel of corn per acre where we fished.

It wasn't a case of all work and no play at our house. Our first organ was a five-octave one; Amelia and Emma could both play hymns, home and folk songs; they and Anna did a lot of singing, and then we had considerable company. When the dog barked it was the usual signal—Company Coming. Along in the eighties a six-octave parlor organ was purchased. Rosena having taken lessons to become a music teacher, she was now our home organist. By persistent practice John became quite a good violin player—never took lessons from a teacher but could play some classical numbers. He and Rosena played duets very entertainingly for home and community programs. Elnora had quite a good soprano voice, and Ada a melodious alto. John naturally was a bass, but being I was a bass he sang tenor; quite often at noon and most every night we had music and a sing. Our mother and father both had good clear soprano voices.

Along in the nineties our home became more modernized when Rosena purchased a piano. My, my, how we adored it! We were now attending the Bethel Baptist Sunday School and took part in the special programs. On some of these occasions Rosena was the organist, the rest of us spoke and sang. I learned to play chords on the piano and could sing songs by the hour.

The leading homes of the community usually had a couple social functions during the year, a dance or party or both. Oyster Suppers and taffy pulls were also common. With invitations sent we usually knew about how many to expect. Beds had to be taken down and set outside or in other rooms if it was winter time. No folding chairs in the closet those days! A soft plank or board was brought in from the barn and placed between chairs for seating. Worthy of mention was the consideration usually given the guests' horses. When guests arrived one of the men went out with a lantern and had the horses tied in a shed, a driveway, or the cows were turned out to accommodate them.



This is Louis D. Hauberg's party for his father M. D. Hauberg's ninetieth birthday anniversary which occurred September 29, 1927. All present were relatives except Mr. and Mrs. Tom Crawford, both the Hauberg and the Frels sides being well represented. The man at front center with whiskers and black bow tie is your "Uncle Mark." Seated on the ground, in front is the host, L. D. Hauberg.

Ladies, please bring cake; never heard of sandwiches then nor of Devil's Food cake: no, nor hot dogs.

Spelling bees were a thing of the past when I came on the scene. We attended Literary Society meetings at Bluff, Sand Hill and Stone schools. The program usually was varied—a songfest plus special vocal and instrumental numbers, readings, recitations, plays and quite often a debate. These meetings were both interesting and constructive. A few years later I became one of the leading promoters of this type of community interest. For a year or two we included Parliamentary Rule practice in our program—that required keen-edged preparation. It was a great help to all who participated later in life in civic and religious meetings. People generally enjoyed these meetings and drove several miles to attend them. At times all seats and standing room was occupied in the school.

Bluff school, where three generations of Haubergs attended, was headquarters for quite a variety of interest in addition to the regular school. The Baptists of Cordova held meetings in the fifties and sixties. The Lutherans did likewise and had the first organization of that faith in the Bluff district in our county. The Latter Day Saints had meetings in the nineties; had a flourishing Grange in the fifties and sixties; during the Civil War a Relief Headquarters; American Protective Association, Protective Association Against Horse Thieves; and Farmers Mutual Benefit Association. Hypnotists, ventriloquists, phrenologists and magicians showed their stuff for usually a door charge. There was at least one school play every winter, and generally a Literary Society meet every week or two during the winter. It was our American way of life and we liked it.

I continued going to school at Bluff during the winter term, after we had the corn husked out, until I was nineteen years of age. I enjoyed studying geography, history and grammar, was quite good in spelling and fair in arithmetic. Baseball, Pull-Away and coasting down the hill was our chief pastime during noon and recess. When coasting we passed the girls' rest room (we had another name for that building then). One winter we had a lot of fun putting some of the boys in this room, and we finally put Len Trent — our teacher — in. In freezing weather we poured water on the hill it became slick as glass.

During '99 and 1900 I attended the Port Byron Academy. It was a small school but a great help to one. I stayed in town during the week and came home on week-ends.

We always had a lot of chores to do on our farm. Our cow barn held 14 cows in a row and 6 in another row, (two of my sisters usually helped to milk), then a pen for the little calves that had to be fed milk and oats, and a bigger pen for the bigger calves; break the corn for them and give them hay, and feed the cows. Then there were 15 or 20 horses and colts; the horse barn didn't hold them all, some had to be put in the cow barn, clean the cow and horse barn every day and bed it. All these cows, horses, colts, cats and dog had a personal name; I don't know if they knew it but we did. There were 150 to 200 pigs and hogs, and the chickens and turkeys. When we got the chores done in the winter we would get up the summer's wood, chop, split and pile it neatly so it would dry out and not get soaked by rain. Then we'd go to town once a week to get the mail and groceries and take the eggs along. The cream man came once a week; they measured the cream and we were paid by the inch. Don't just remember the price but it was higher than calico.

In the summer time we put in a rather long day in the field from about six in the morning to near sundown in the evening.

In April of 1901 I started for Ward, Colorado. I shall never forget my first panoramic view of the snowy range of mountains at sunrise — a great sight — the most wonderful sight I ever beheld. At Ward I had two married sisters — Mrs. William T. Schmoll and Mrs. Albert L. Fairhurst. I remained here nearly two years working in the gold mines, mostly with my brother-in-law Bert Fairhurst, and I stayed mostly at their home. My wage here was $3.00 to $3.50 per day, which was a lot of money for a farmer. It was quite an experience to work with men whose habits mostly were different from mine, however, they were a kindly intelligent group.

Getting the gold is like many other kinds of work — you must work to get it. John D. G. Hauberg, a cousin, also worked in the mines here in this town and stayed at the Fairhurst home. Sister Rosena was also there a year or so. There was seldom a lonesome day among us relatives. Visited Boulder and Denver a few times and took trips to lakes and mountains. Will Schmoll being a liveryman, we had splendid access to transportation.

Working hours here were from 7:00 to 5:00 with one hour out for lunch, and no chores. My, my, the idle time! I attended all the church services; there were 50 or so attending. With the church, Sunday School and Christian Endeavor activities the place was quite homey. I did a lot of reading, and in the two years I became familiar with all the incidents of the Bible.

My father wrote me a couple times about coming home to help with the farm so in February, 1903, I started for home. When I arrived home I had a mustache of three months standing, my first and almost last one; the stand was rather thin.

I worked for my father for seven years at $30 per month. During this time I spent a couple two-week periods at the University of Illinois, Urbana, during the University Farm and Home Week in January, attended classes and lectures on Farm Management, and how to improve and care for grain and livestock. I still maintain the knowledge gained from these courses made me many thousands of dollars in my farming operations. I attended more meetings later but they were of a shorter duration, for one week and classes for two and three days.

In 1910 with $1000 saved I rented the farm from my father for two years on a two-fifths basis. I desired to practice systematic rotation of crops and divided the fields to be farmed to the best advantage. I took fences down and pulled 380 posts with a man and team in one half day. The 10- and 20-acre fields were changed to four 32-acre ones, and three 10-acre ones on the sides. With these elongated fields one could plow six to six and one-half acres per day with six horses on a two fourteen inch gang.

I had a keen desire to make good as a farmer as things had been going tough for my father for some years. I raised rye on some of our sandy soil to have more straw to have more bedding for the stock to make more barnyard manure to grow better crops. One hundred and three bushels of corn per acre on a five-acre strip was the best I did in corn raising; 200 to 250 hogs per year was my usual run. Never bought a load of cattle to feed, nor sold a veal calf, raised 15 or so calves per year and fed them out for market. This farming game is a most interesting one and I like it. Up to the present time I have used nearly 500 tons of limestone and 40 tons of raw rock phosphate to help maintain fertility.

In 1918 I bought the 300-acre farm from my father for $40,000, paying $10,000 down and giving a mortgage for the balance. That fall I built a 26 x 26 ft. 5-room tenant house for hired help. In 1919 we built a new kitchen to our stone house, with a porch and wood shed attached, rearranged the living room and parlor somewhat, took out the little steps which the hired men and we boys used to go upstairs. The tread on these steps were inch boards; in 54 years of use they were worn to one-half inch in thickness. A bathroom was installed in the little hall; had running water upstairs and down, and basement. By the middle thirties I was out of debt.

Became a charter member of the Farm Bureau in 1916, attended many county, state and one national convention. This organization has been a marvelous help to farmers in more efficient production and marketing. Attended a good many County and State Farmers Institute Meetings. At a state meeting at Sterling reports were prevalent that feeding silage to cows would cause them to lose their teeth, and the liquid from silage would eat the concrete. One bold farmer came forward among a bunch of men on the sidewalk and said he had tried it and didn't believe there was any truth in it. This is a good deal like putting a piece of salt pork in a cow's tail to cure her of a malady.

We live in what I consider a very fine cooperative neighborhood. In 1918 I joined 14 other farmers in the purchase of a threshing machine. It had a 36 inch cylinder equipped with a self feeder and swinging stacker, and grain elevator, a steam tractor, and tank wagon, all for $3800. To operate this machine nicely it required 9 bundle wagons, 5 pitchers, 4 grain shovelers and 4 crew men; 2000 bushels of oats threshed in 4 hours was our best record.

Most of our neighbors raised from one to three car loads of hogs per year. We helped one another to haul these to market; a rather interesting sight to see a dozen or so hog wagons in a line going to town. Cattle were driven to town. When limestone became necessary to maintain soil fertility, car loads of it were hauled out by these farmers. We also helped one another in sawing the annual supply of stove wood; this was usually a one day job at each place. Getting up the annual supply of wood on these farms was no small job; it was done in the winter; the days were short, we worked at it off and on for a month or two.

I think I might say that the two high lights of the year in my younger days was the Christmas season and the Hillsdale Fair. Of the Christmas parties there are three that I remember distinctly — one at home, one at Uncle Dedrick's and Aunt Lizzie's, and one at Uncle Charlie's and Aunt Katie's. Of course I had a lot of sympathy for Santa Claus. I took a bundle of hay down hill to the gate for his reindeer. They ate it, for sure enough it was all gone in the morning.

Going to these parties it seems it was always in cold weather. We had so many clothes on we rolled in the bobsled, it had a top box on and was well padded with straw; then we covered up with horse blankets and bed quilts and merrily we glided along over the snow with the constant ringing of the sleigh bells reminding us that it was Christmas time. We had so much snow in those days that the roads were always blocked somewhere, and the drifts were frozen so hard they would bear up the team and sled. Often we drove over rail and hedge fences and around hills and across fields to get to our destination without shoveling snow out of the road. We arrive, and the house is filled with happy people. One room in the home is the secret place — no admittance. After an hour or so we hear the sound of a horn. It's Santa Claus! The door to the secret room is swung wide open, and sure enough Santa Claus is just leaving for the next place. The Christmas tree is all aglow with lighted candles; strings of popcorn are draped gracefully around it; large beautiful cookies and popcorn balls are hanging on the boughs, along with many handmade gifts of mittens, stockings, wristlets, caps and hand sleds; a buffalo robe and a buggy whip may be one of the gifts. Our dear grandmother worked many days and nights knitting some useful article for each one of her grandchildren for Christmas time.

After all the excitement we are served coffee, coffee cake, cookies and cake and by that time it's near midnight, and we get sleepy so we wend our way home. It's cold, but we've had a glorious time.

The Hillsdale Fair had a special interest in our young lives. My father and Uncle Dave were officers in the organization, and then Amelia and Emma, my sisters, had some obligations in the Ladies' Department. I remember one year we went to the fair in a brand new Mitchel lumber wagon. This was not an uncommon conveyance in those days. There was a lot of seating room in one of these wagons, and we needed it. A spring seat came with the wagon, and my mother and the driver rode in this; (father always walked hours before we left home). The rest of us sat on seat boards or in the box, for a farmer to have two spring seats bordered on luxury. With so much travel on the road it became dusty, and sometimes this dust rose so thick you could not see the team ahead of you. Arriving at the fair sometimes a long string of teams were ahead of you to enter the grounds. Once inside the grounds you start looking for a shade tree to leave the team and wagon. Now you are off to see the sights — the stand for prize boxes, the merry-go-round, (this was operated by men pushing upright levers back and forth), races, foot and horse; and to hear the band play. Seems we only heard a band at the fair and on the fourth of July. Just to look at those band men was something; they had uniforms on with gold braid trimmings. The balloon ascension was the big attraction and talk of the day — it was thrilling. John and I even tried that when we got home — out on the sand hill. We had a seamless sack; we could get it full of hot air but the thing wouldn't go up when we said "Go."

My church activities began when I was young, my parents taking me to the German Lutheran services held at the Bluff school house once or twice a month. At about 12 years of age I began attending the Bethel Baptist Sunday School. About four years later I was a regular singer in the church choir, and am still at it.

I became active in the Sunday School and Christian Endeavor work; was immersed October 14, 1906; and in 1906 was received into church membership. I taught several different classes in the Sunday School — Adult, Young Peoples and other classes; was Superintendent of the school for 11 years; District Chairman of the Upper End County schools; Chairman of the Adult and also Young Peoples Division; and Chairman of the Upper End County Picnic Association for 11 years. In the County organization I was District Chairman for 20 years or more; and attended a number of County and several State Conventions. In Christian Endeavor I was Chairman of our local society several times and held other offices and Chairmen of committees at diffierent times. In 1911 I became President of the Rock Island County C.E. Union which also included part of Henry County. Had this office three and a half years. Attended several State Conventions and one World Convention in Chicago, in 1915. Here I heard the leading Christian leaders of the world. In 1924 I was elected president of the Young Peoples Training Camp, a Bible school at Archie Allen Camp.

For 18 years I was church clerk and a trustee for five; one of a committee of three in the remodeling of the church in 1916; sang in a number of male and mixed quartets, duets; and sang solos in most all of the churches of the upper end of our county. It seems I have helped to sing at funerals of most every family for several miles around. For ten seasons I helped to sing the Messiah in a chorus of 300 or more in the Handel Oratorio Society at Augustana College; was also Chairman of our Farm Bureau Chorus one season. I have written words for songs for special occasions at our church, community gatherings and County Farm Bureau meetings; a few skits and dramas, and two historical pageants, one celebrating the 150th anniversary of our Independence, July 4, 1926 — the other for the Port Byron Centennial Celebration in 1928. I directed the production of most all of my writings.

A few years ago the Davenport Times wrote me up as a traveler and farmer. My first extensive trip was to Chicago with my father when I was 9 years of age. My father used to buy hogs and cattle to ship to the Chicago market. On this trip he had eight car loads of hogs; at that time a shipper could get a round trip pass on the railroad with one load of stock. There were four of us went up on passes. The caboose was slightly more comfortable to ride in than a lumber wagon on country roads. It had a stove in one end — those who sat next to it were too hot and those sitting at the other end of the car were too cold; and when they did switching, which was at most every town, you had to hang on or slide from your seat, It was truly a great sight to see train loads of stock unloaded at the yards, and hear the drovers holler. We went through a packing house, saw all kinds of stock slaughtered; the steam and the smell weren't so inviting. We then visited South Water Street where Jack Rabbits (cotton tails), dressed veal calves, sheep, and I think deer, were stacked up like we piled cord wood. There were wild turkeys and tame ones, dressed ducks, geese and chickens, all hanging along the sidewalk. We then saw the panoramic view of the Battle of Gettysburg. When I got home my mother and sisters asked me what I had seen. I replied I had seen land on top of the buildings, (that battle was a reality to me, not a painting). That was all they got out of me until I had had 12 hours or so sleep and rest.

My father shipped a carload of bulls one time. John and I and our hired man, Henry Abraham, helped to drive them to Hillsdale. John and I were horseback; Henry had the team and wagon with a load of straw to bed the car. We started with our big red 1600 pound bull. At the Tom Quick place a smaller bull was added to the drive and a vicious 20 minute fight was on in which Henry's load of straw came near being upset. At Brackers Corner we picked up another small bull Uncle Dedrick was sending, so another scrap. At D. Trowbridge's another small bull, and another scrap. Then on to the Henry Banker place for a large roan bull. Here was the real fight until they were both tired out. At Poplar Grove corner another small bull. None wanted to fight a small bull any more so on we went down the main road to Hillsdale with the roan bull in the lead. All had their tongues out from the heat and extra exertion. Our red bull couldn't forget nor forgive; he still had revenge in his soul; suddenly, with the speed of a race horse he charged down the road and struck that roan antagonist a terrific punch in the rear end. The roan was so surprised and scared that he let out a bellow heard for miles, and the two went down the road at a terrific speed for 20 rods or so. We arrived at the yards safe and sound, and put the bulls in different yards.

I think we ate dinner at Gerhardt's store. In the afternoon we went across Rock river to Kempsterville three miles southeast of town to get three bulls and other cattle. Two beautiful bulls, a black and a roan in prime condition, put up a terrific fight. They pushed each other back and forth across the road and through hedge and wire fences as though the fence was mere hazelbrush. We finally got the cattle to the ferry and on it. As the ferry moved across the river the cattle got to crowding and some jumped over the railing into the river and swam across. Cattle don't like to leave home; in driving these cattle they would run back on us so much one finally got crazy and took after Henry who was afoot. Henry dropped to the ground and rolled under the fence as the steer drove past him. In relating this Henry said, "By goodness, I tot sure my time had come." Well, we landed them at Hillsdale. My, my what a day! My advice is, don't try to drive bulls even if they have only two legs.

In 1893 John and I and several neighbor boys attended the World's Columbia Exposition at Chicago; were there several days and greatly enjoyed it.

In 1904 Anna, Elnora and Edward Lyford and I attended the St. Louis Fair.

In 1933 I made two trips to Chicago to attend the Century of Progress World's Fair.

In 1939 to the Golden Gate Exposition at San Francisco.

At our Coe Township annual meeting in 1935 I suggested that the township celebrate the 100th anniversary of the first settler. The proposition got the "green light." I was chosen Chairman for the occasion and selected a committee of four to assist in arranging the two-day celebration. Three historical markers were erected with appropriate ceremonies, and all sessions of the program were well attended.

I was active in arranging several Corn Husking contests in our county, being chairman of different committees; attended several State and National Contests. These were most thrilling events watching the contestants husk from 40 to 50 or more ears of corn per minute and throw them in the wagon.

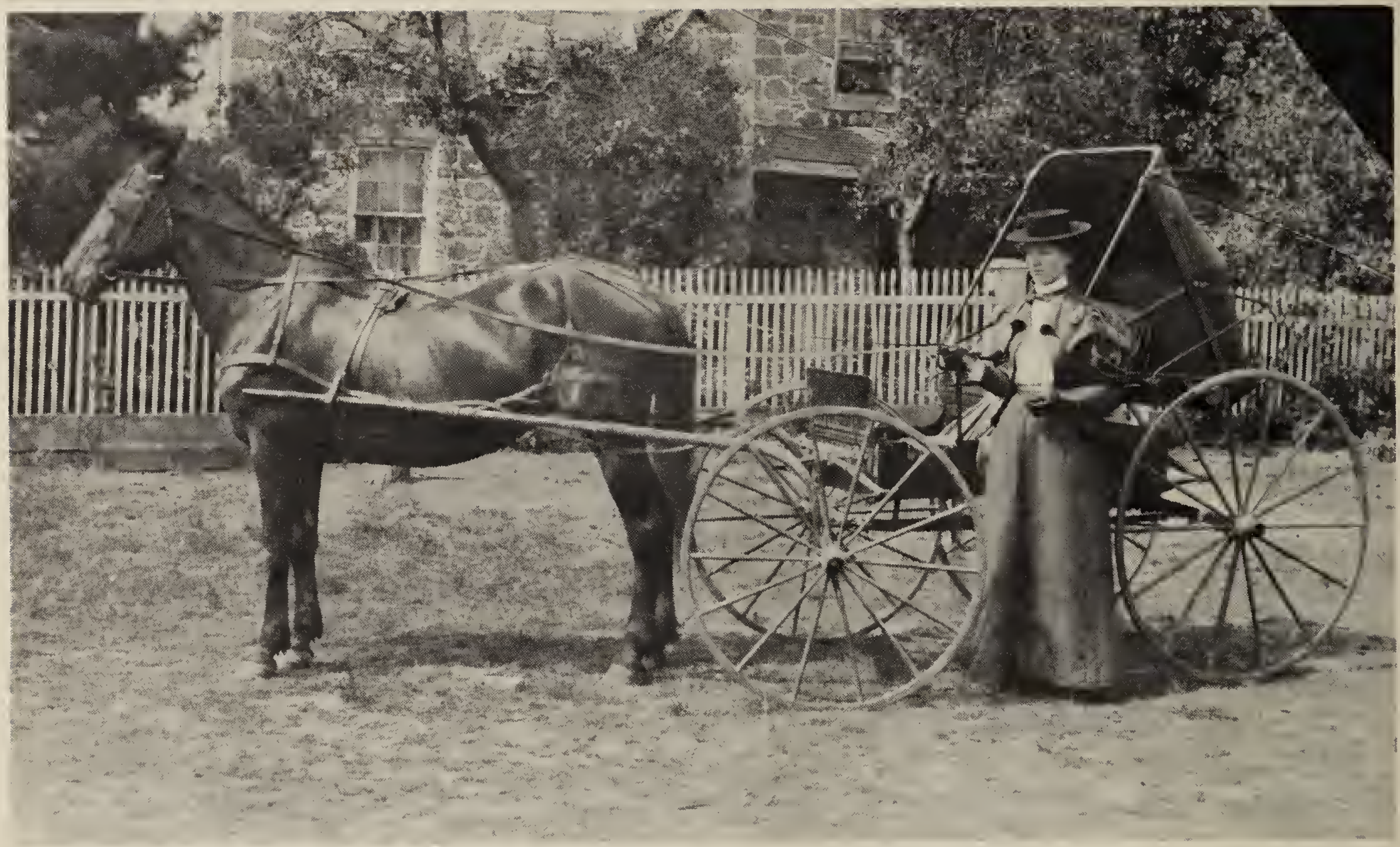
In 1948 and '49 I was selected Chairman of a drive to solicit corn, soy beans and cash for World Relief Sufferers, from the six townships in the upper end of our county. This relief proposition is known as C R O P.

Very much to my surprise, I received a letter from the Moline Rotary in November, 1944, stating that I was elected to membership in the club and their wish that I would accept the same, which I did a year later. My classification is Farming — Grain. Meetings held every Monday noon at the LeClaire Hotel. A year previous I became a member of the Moline After Dinner Club. Membership in this club is limited to 390 men. Meetings are held the second Monday night of the month, eight months of the year. Program — Outstanding dinner, music and a speaker. I thoroughly enjoy the fellowship in these two clubs.

I am a Board member of our County Historical Society, and also a member of our Illinois State Historical Society, and a member of our County Pioneer and Old Settlers Society, and have led the singing in this society's meetings the last twelve years. The last five or more years have been Chairman of our local district school community club.

Our first rural telephone lines were from Port Byron to Rapids City and around the bluff to Hillsdale. Later, December 15, 1899 a wire was strung from Port Byron to Hillsdale, the line attached to poles and fence posts.

Rural free delivery was another convenience. It came to our community out of Port Byron, Nov. 2, 1901. We had our mail box at Bluff School, three quarters



Rosėna Henrietta Hauberg and old Nell, about to leave for her music pupils' homes. This would keep her busy, and away from home, from Tuesday to Friday, of each week.

of a mile from home but that was still much more convenient than to drive eight miles to town for it.

Just for a little variation I attended the National Democratic Convention at Chicago in 1940. My, my, what a jam of people - 21,000 people in the auditorium, and I think that many were outside on the street. Those Democrats made more noise than a bunch of wild coyotes.

I heard William Jennings Bryan speak several times, and even visited with him one time enroute to South Dakota. I was in his audience when he once spoke in Rock Island. That was the first time I was packed in a standing crowd so tight I couldn't turn for 15 minutes. I also saw a patriotic torchlight parade in Moline one night when I was a kid. Somehow I never chased around hunting a political office.

In 1929 Anna, Elnora and daughters Helen Jane and Ada Mary and I took an auto trip to South Dakota, Black Hills, Yellowstone Park, Grand Tetons, Estes Park, Ward, Colorado, Denver, Lookout Mountain and home.

In 1933 I started going on the Big Hikes with the Black Hawk Hiking Club. With eleven of these Big Hikes to my credit, I have seen all the states in the Union except three; been through Mexico to the Pacific Ocean; up to Canada four times; saw the Canadian Rockies and the Gaspe Peninsula and in between these two points. In 1941 John and I went to Seattle, Washington by plane to attend the wedding of John H. Hauberg, Jr. and Ann Gould; it was a 5500 mile trip. Attended Farm and Home Week at Illinois University in January, 1940. In February I spent a week at New Orleans attending the Mardi Gras and seeing the city. July 4th week-end spent three days at Lake Geneva with the Hiking Club. In October, three days at Springfield, Illinois, attending the State Historical Centennial Meeting.

Yep, I'm a typical Hauberg! I like to work, write history and go places.

ROSENA HENRIETTA HAUBERG FURLAND

Married Eli Furland, March 16, 1910

An Autobiography

I was born March fifteenth 1874 in Coe Township, Rock Island County, Illinois. My mother's maiden name was Anna Margaret Frels and father's name was Marx Detlef Hauberg. I married Eli Furland on March 16, 1910. He died July 10, 1918.

I attended Bluff school in Coe Township, one year in Clinton, Iowa Grammar school and Valparaiso University in Indiana. I was confirmed in the Lutheran Church at Hampton Bluff at the age of fifteen. Began studying music while in grade school. Began teaching music in 1892 and I believe that Katherine Bracker and I were among the pioneers to bring the teaching of music into the homes of the country folks.

My first music pupils were Country boys and girls. Since those were the horse and buggy days, I drove Nell our faithful driving horse from place to place to give the pupils an hour's lesson each week. Taught those who lived near my home on Saturdays and Mondays. Tuesday morning I left for Henry County, teaching pupils enroute, crossed the Rock River on a ferry boat at Cleveland. A large bell on the Rock Island County side was used to announce the fact that you wanted to cross the river. Within a few minutes you would see the ferry operator coming down the path from his home to bring the ferry across. The ferry was run with a cable stretched across the river. Nell was such a knowing horse that when the ferry came within a rod or two of the bank, she would begin to paw the ground wanting to have a ride across. When the ferry neared the opposite shore, she would again let me know that she was ready to walk off and be trotting briskly to the homes of my pupils. I also had pupils in Cleveland and Green River. I would return home by way of Barstow and Port Byron, reaching home on Friday night. The father of one of my Henry County pupils would come in from the field when he saw the music teacher drive up, to watch proceedings. I would have to play on the piano for him. Once he said, with emphasis, that I played just like a brass band. That was supposed to be a very complimentary remark. Since at that time there were few occasions in a year that they were privileged to hear music of any kind, I felt I had at least done some good. In Port Byron, I had the privilege of teaching a member of the only colored family living there. My driving horse Nell was not the skittish sort, so I could travel along and do a lot of reading during the week. The only formidable looking object we would see on the road was an occasional threshing machine. Some of the crew would take Nell by the bit and lead her past it without any trouble. She walked faster than other horses. I would be reading, she would overtake another rig and without my guidance, would turn out, pass the other on a brisk trot until past and then settle down again to a walk. She very positively knew where my pupils lived, and especially where her noon feed and overnight stops were.

After several years of teaching, I spent some time in Ward, Colorado, with my two married sisters, Emma and Amelia. While there, I acted as church organist and also played in an orchestra.

I had many interesting trips in the surrounding majestic mountains. One was going on horse back one evening to watch a forest fire. Every few minutes we would see huge pine trees fall. Really a weird spectacle.

One summer a party of six including Will and Amelia Scholl and daughter, Hazel; Bert Fairhurst; Louis Hauberg and myself went horse back across the range. An extra pack horse was taken to help carry provisions and tent. At that time there were very few roads. Only trails and it took an experienced person to find the right ones. As we climbed to higher altitudes, we and the horses experienced difficulty in breathing. The pack horse was an independent sort and often tried to find her own trail with the result that we would find her stuck between huge trees too close together for her wide pack of long handled cooking utensils, sack of flour, etc., to get through. One evening we bought provisions at Grand Lake and were hurrying along at a good gallop when the saddle girth on Amelia's horse broke, saddle turned and Amelia fell on the soft (?) rocky trail. Spot, her horse, was frightened and ran away but Amelia still held the bag of sugar and bacon in her hand and was not badly hurt. Usually Bert Fairhurst would bring up the rear so as to see that everyone was getting along safely but it was getting late and each one of us let the horses go as fast as they could go hoping to find a camping place before dark.

A few days later when our provisions were getting low again we met a bachelor rancher and inquired if he had a cabin and cook stove. We hoped we would be able to bake biscuits. Amelia was the cook all the ten days we were on this trip. The rancher said, "Why yes, just go help yourself. You will find grease, salt, etc." Six persons to feed is no small job. When the cook had the first batch baked, she suggested that we start to eat while she made a second lot. She would eat later. Those biscuits were so good! On our way out, we again saw the rancher and Amelia thanked him and apologized for using some of the second batch of grease. He dryly replied, "Sorry lady but that was my wagon grease you used first".

On our return over the Continental Divide, we traveled several hours over a blazed trail in a blinding snow storm. This was in the month of August. Wind was so strong and cold we walked to keep warm and led our horses. The Ward people heard about the storm on the range and talked of sending out a rescuing party to see if we had perished. All along our trip we had plenty of fresh mountain trout to eat. I cannot use space enough in this story to tell of all the beauties of the forest and plain, varieties of beautiful flowers. The rushing of clear snow water streams that had to be forded.

Some years later sister Anna and I went to California, another beauty spot in the U.S.A. The one disturbing thought I brought home was that a man with whom I rode from one town to another — along with trunks and other baggage said, "I don't think you will ever get married". Why? "Because you would not quit talking long enough for a man to propose".

I spent four years in Porter County, Indiana, teaching school. I think of Whittier's poem — School Days:

> "Here sits the school house by the road
> A ragged beggar sunning"

Some of my interesting callers were escaped convicts from the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City. I was often entertained by an English family in this district. We would go horse back riding up the fine sandy Lake Michigan beach. One summer the thirteen year old daughter was sent to England to visit her grandparents with the result that the relatives insisted on keeping her there. Her father and I had to apply to our Ambassador to England to help to get her back to this country.

While farmers in that community put up marsh hay they put wide wooden shoes on their horses' feet to keep them from settling down in the mud. I think it helped too against rattlesnakes which were numerous. These shoes were not removed until the season's haying was finished.

I started a Sunday School in the little town of Furnessville. Most of my day school pupils and I walked three and one-half miles every Sunday afternoon. We enjoyed the walk and the lessons learned at Sunday School.

While teaching school was very interesting, I later decided to have just one pupil. At that time sister Ada also decided to quit teaching so on March 16, 1910 I was married to Eli Furland, whose former home was in Ogle County, Illinois, but for years had worked as a collector for Sprague Warner Wholesale Grocers in Chicago. Ada married John Furland—a double wedding in our home. Rev. W. H. Blancke of Davenport officiated. We four went to South Dakota where the Furland brothers had purchased a stocked and well equipped ranch. We found our new neighbors very friendly. On returning from church the first Sunday, we found a family of five sitting in our living room waiting for dinner. We were invited to a neighborhood dance but none of us danced so declined the invitation. A few weeks later one neighbor said to another, "What do you think of our new men on the Hawkeye Ranch?" The reply was, "Well, I don't know what to think of them. They don't smoke or swear nor dance. In fact, I don't believe they have any accomplishments." We soon felt interested in the welfare of our community and helped start a Sunday School. Sessions were held in our school house. Eli and I united with and became active members of the Methodist Church in Artesion. This section of South Dakota is noted for its many deep artesian wells. One on our farm was 800 feet deep. On my mother's first visit with us, she remarked that she did not see a water bucket. We never needed one as the artesian water was piped to the house and all other buildings. Needed only to turn a faucet to get water.

I just mention an unusual wedding, Eli and I attended during our pioneering days in Dakota. A neighbor living three miles from us, called one February day and told us of his daughter's approaching marriage. Asked me to play the wedding march; also would like to borrow our silverware, dishes and lamps. Ceremony was to be at 6:30 P.M. in the home. The day before the wedding date a blizzard struck our community — lasted three days. By telephone the wedding was postponed four days. On heels of the first blizzard came another. We felt we must get to that wedding at the appointed time. Temperature was 20 below. Not fit for man or beast to be out. It was five o'clock when we left home in a bob sled; took chains and scoop shovel in case we needed them. Half way to our destination, we met a sleigh load of people. Because of the blinding snow, we could not recognize them. This was the bridal party, parents, bride and groom and the preacher. The groom had obtained the marriage license in the wrong county. Could not legally use the one he had in our county, so preacher suggested that they drive to the county line three miles away. They were married in the snow banks on the side of the road which made it legal. After they returned home and were sufficiently thawed out, the ceremony was repeated and I played the wedding march. I told our local preacher this story. He said, "Oh, when I got married in New York State, I forgot to get a license so the party had to wait until I went to town to get it."

We had many community gatherings and did a lot of Red Cross work those years. On July 10th, 1918, Eli was accidentally killed. I left the farm and have lived in Mitchell since 1919. Have helped in many capacities in our local Methodist church. I belong to a federated study club. I enjoy making garden and tending flowers. During the past twenty years, I have driven a car — made trips to Ward, Colorado and to Illinois and at 74 years of age I am still driving. I am hoping to attend the centennial celebration, August 27th - 29th, 1948, of our grandparents coming to this country, in 1848.

Among my hobbies are those of crocheting and the making of braided rugs.

The changes in communications, travel, farming and house keeping have been marvelous in the past century. I realize it still takes courage and patience along with common sense to follow in the paths of our forefathers and enjoy the heritage that is ours.

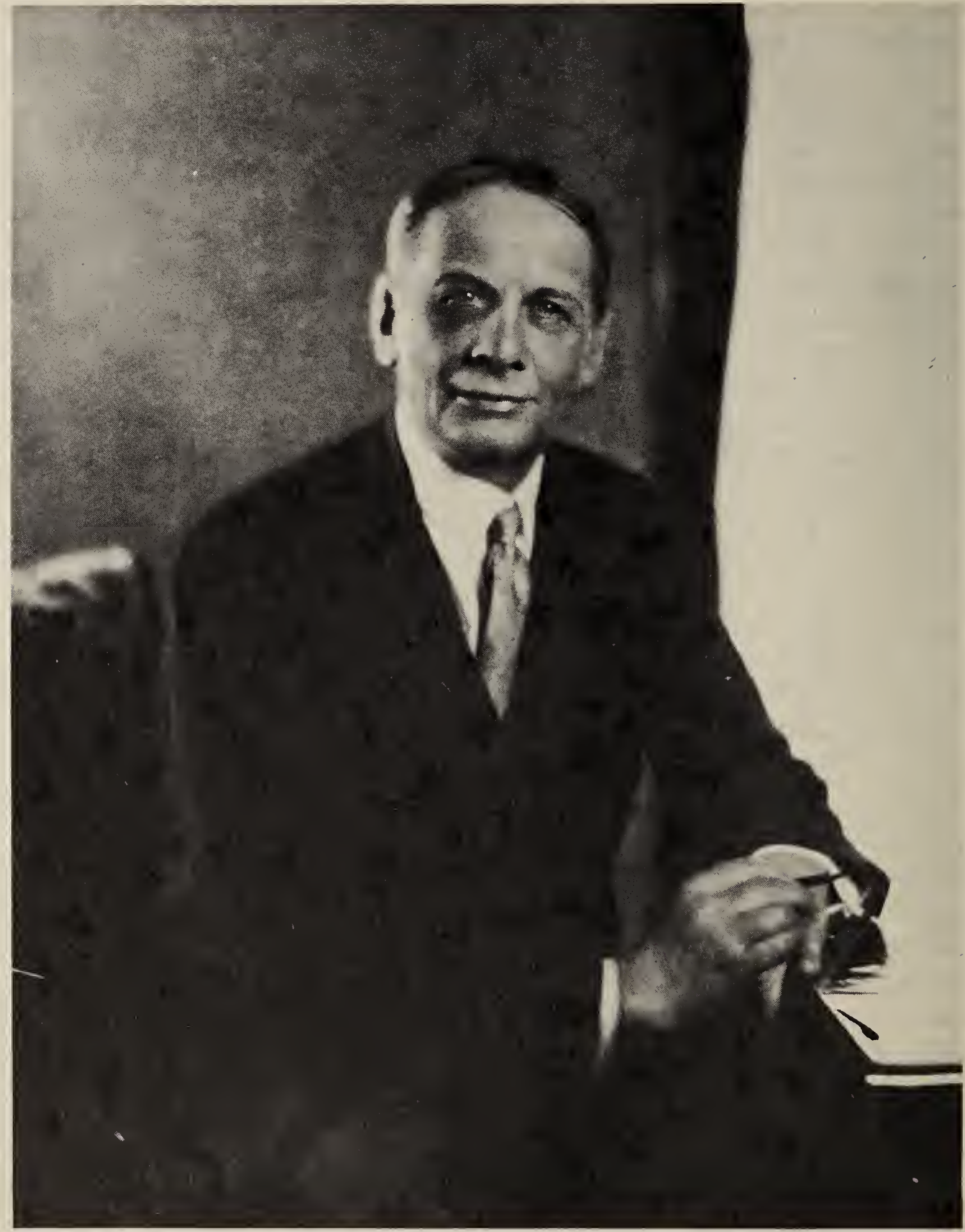
JOHN HENRY HAUBERG

John H. Hauberg born in the rock house in Coe Township, November 22, 1869. Married Susanne Christine Denkmann, June 29th, 1911. Sue was born in Rock Island, Illinois May 2nd, 1872. She died February 13, 1942, and is buried in Chippianock cemetery, Rock Island.

I was number four in a family of nine, having three older sisters, our parents being Mark D. Hauberg and Anna Margaret Frels Hauberg. Grandmother Hauberg was doubtless the first to lay eyes on me as she was at the head of the reception committee for everybody's baby, regardless of relationship. In naming I was started big: John for Grandfather Hauberg; Henry for Grandfather Frels. Both were men of outstanding personality. Lou Wilson, a granddaughter of Tunis Quick, a neighbor, was one of my early teachers. I can see her today, the last day of school, saying goodbye to her precious flock. She was overflowing with emotion as she said: "I hope you will all shine like stars," and the tears flowed down her cheeks.

Throughout childhood, springtime with permission to go barefooted was one of the most cherished joys. Bare feet treading mother earth was a thrill, still fresh in memory, but Ma would say "No, not until you hear the whippoorwill." By that time there was little danger of catching cold.

At the mature age of seven I got the most headmarks in spelling and teacher, John A. Heeren, presented me with a green cloth-bound book of Mother Goose rhymes, with colored pictures. I ran almost the entire three-quarters of a mile home to show Ma the prize. It was a high spot in anyone's life. The prize



John Henry Hauberg

carries the date, March 8, 1877. At ten, or maybe it was eleven, I started farming. Lucy and Joe were my team, two big dappled gray Normans, hitched to a harrow, and two hired men with their teams all in the same field. I was filled with pride. I kept one eye on the top of the ridge where the path was, leading between us and grandfather's. I was hoping he would come along and see what a man I had come to be. When my team got too far to the right I'd pull the left line, and when they got too far off the track in that direction I'd pull the right line. The result was a nice wavy set of lines across the field. As I got bigger, the chores at the horse barn increased. Ma got all of us up by pounding very loudly on their bedroom door. "Ye-e-e-s-s-s" would come sleepily from the girls' room. By-and-by louder pounding. By the time the hired men and I got the horses fed, curried and harnessed and the stables cleaned, Ma would be calling in a loud sustained voice, "Breakfaaast." Usually, it was a big stack of large, plate-sized pancakes cut into quarters, with molasses, bacon, bread and butter and coffee. The bread was, of course, homemade, of which baker's bread was a pitifully poor imitation, scarcely fit to eat. Often I would hear the clock strike six as I passed the house with my team on the way to the field, still stiff in the joints from the previous day's work. "Work never hurt anyone" was a motto accepted by the farmer.

One fall Ma was the unsung heroine. "You've got to get the corn out. You've got to get the corn out. This weather isn't going to last," and she dropped her regular work and went to the field with the rest of us, sisters and all, and husked with the best of them. After a few days we left the field at sunset with the last load. That night it rained and before morning a severe cold, freezing ice on everything, followed immediately by snow. No more husking that fall, but thanks to Ma, the one hundred acre field north of the house was ready to have the cattle turned into the stalks. Incidentally, we were brought up to the idea that all weather is good. Often, in the fall, with cold sleet driving and the husks both wet and icy, we would be snapping a load of corn when not another farmer was to be seen in the neighboring fields.

Pa was general overseer and when not away buying live stock to be shipped to Chicago, would be making the rounds of the fences with hatchet and nails, and with a lot of over-confidence that hogs and cattle would stay where they belonged, even if the fences were out of repair. The cattle knew his voice, especially if he went to salt them, and the herd would come on a run from as far as his voice would carry. In winter, with a fierce snowstorm blowing and the tree tops whistling in the cold wind, he would come to the house and with evident satisfaction say, "Every critter is under cover tonight." One time when I was just a shaver of about ten he took me, with the usual carloads of hogs — we rode in the caboose free — to Chicago. I was so filled with confusion on my return, having seen so many things in so short a time, the folks were plumb disgusted that I couldn't tell them anything about what I'd seen.

Instead of a furnace, as today, the cellar was packed with fruit, vegetables, meat, and a barrel each of molassses, sauer kraut, vinegar and a keg of pickles; and quantities of honey in the comb. I would be sent to the Pierce Mill, at Erie, with a load of sacked wheat and a sack of corn and would return with a lot of two and a half bushel sacks of flour, other sacks of shorts, sacks of bran and a sack of cornmeal which would reappear as mush, for mush and milk, with fried mush to follow and an occasional batch of cornbread. Surplus butter and eggs were traded for coffee, tea, sugar and other groceries. Needless to say, we had plenty to eat. In an upstairs hall hung bunches of peppermint, horsemint, catnip, and boneset which, made into a tea, and doses of sulphur mixed with molasses in season, kept all the eight children in tip top condition!

One time when Anna and I were down in the field weeding the potatoes and treating the potato bugs with doses of Paris green, we were sent for to come home in a hurry. There was a man who unloaded a wonderful reed organ, and he played chords and sang — simply amazing! It held us as any grand concert would today. The organ stayed in the parlor, to be supplanted later by a piano, and all the rest of the days I spent at home, music practice by one or another of my six sisters could be heard almost any time of the day, and I liked it.

We were a singing family — children, parents and all. Everyone carried a true pitch. Gathering about the organ or piano to sing, followed by sending some one to the cellar with a milk pan and kerosene lamp, for apples, are among childhood's memories. We knew our apples as we knew the alphabet — Ben Davis, Jonathan, Northern Spy, Bellflower, Tolman Sweet, Spitzenberg, Vandiver Pippin and others, among them the sour Willow Twig and above all, the Snowapple. The Early Queens, Strawberry and St. Lawrence were fall varieties, and we hauled big wagonloads of them to Clinton, Iowa, and to Moline and Rock Island where we peddled them from house to house.

By the time I came of age I had operated a printing press to print "calling cards," with an agent in Henry County and one somewhere in Iowa, and I figured my profits to a fraction of a cent — not counting my keep at home; leaning rather heavily toward books I had memorized the Declaration of Independence and other important documents while plowing corn, I had purchased my first camera, complete with everything for $4.50 at Montgomery Ward's; I had become an accomplished fiddler (?), everyone declaring my violin to be a very fine instrument, which made me more confident. It cost $2.50 at Bowlby's in Rock Island. With an instruction book, I was my own professor, but was never able to negotiate the fast runs with my fingers hardened to handling the pitchfork and plows, but with Rosena as pianist, we would reel off Sousa's "Washington Post March" like nothing to the wonder not to say consternation of the local natives.

I longed to see the world, and within a month after I came of age, was on the way. It was December. At Neeleyville, Missouri, I was part of a crew building a logging railroad into the woods. Simple work: with a shovel, scratch dirt from among the roots, fill the wheelbarrow, run it up the plank, dump it and return to repeat the process. We slept in the bunkhouse, the room, at night, steaming from smelly wet socks, wet clothes and rubber boots festooned about the stove, the men rattling along with one subject or another, sometimes about shooting someone; or waiting on a bootlegger with a jug of liquor.

They were a sort of half animal, working in northern harvest fields in season, spending their wages at the first bigger city on whiskey and women; spending the winter mostly with working on the levees along the Mississippi and again, as soon as a bit of cash afforded, more whiskey and women. There was "Red" and "Slim" and others. I was nicknamed "Preacher" because I didn't swear.

This work was followed by three months in a backwoods sawmill near Traskwood, Arkansas, piling lumber into a primitive sort of kiln for drying. I was always hungry because I was now getting my growth. "How old are you, kid?" asked a man. "Twenty-one," I replied to which he answered, "Gee, I thought you were about fifteen."

The natives down there would make up a batch of cornbread and biscuit, some half-raw bacon and turnip top greens, and when that was consumed we were through eating whether still hungry or not. At home there were always the great loaves of bread to fill any remaining cavity. So, in this backwoods, Tony, my partner, and I started batching. He was a trained butcher in Germany and knew his meats. I learned to make baking powder bread, and would watch the batch in its Dutch oven in the fireplace while he played poker with the natives, using nails instead of money. To bring pork into the sawmill community you would see a native, on horseback, gun in hand, and a dead razorback hog tied to the horse's tail, dragging behind. "Looks like it mout be gwan to rain," was the kind of English used, but they knew their own.

I was rowing with a boy who probably did not know the A.B.C.'s but when we heard the report of a gun away off in the woods, he said "That's Dad's gun." I am satisfied he actually did know the difference in the sounds of the different guns. I was quite erudite and explained to him that water was a mass of molecules with air spaces between them. He replied "No, air won't stay in water." Then leaning over the side of the boat, he blew into the river and bubbles came up. "Looky thar," said he, "air won't stay in water." He certainly had the brain of a scientist.

Off to Kansas about the middle of May to see sister Amelia and little Hazel. Will had "proved up" on his claim and was in Colorado hunting a job. Logan County, Kansas was short of trees so you couldn't see if the wind was blowing. Buffalo grass everywhere, bronzed and so short you'd think nothing could live on it, but Amelia's cow, staked out and with no other feed, gave a big bucket of milk night and morning. Amelia said that sometimes, when short of water, she washed her face in milk. My most exciting fraction of a minute in Kansas was when I jumped aboard a broncho, bareback, to ride him to water in the Smoky Hill river. He had rolled in prickly pear cactus, and my weight pushed the thorns deeper. Up he went, straight into the air — high up — the third time down, I landed straddle of his neck, wheeled over and landed on my head. No one hurt.

Then all of us to Caribou, Colorado to see Emma who was employed in the big hotel in that silver camp; and I can still see her on the porch to greet us. Then Will Schmoll and I started out to find work. At Berthoud we helped put up alfalfa, the first I had ever seen. Will's hands were soon more blistered from handling the pitchfork than mine.

Then to LaPorte where John D. G. Hauberg was truck gardening; helped him put on a wagon load and on July 14, 1891 we were all off for Cheyenne, sleeping on the open prairie enroute. After we had helped him peddle out the vegetables, Will and I started north, still hungry for work. One cloudy day we walked a long time on the treeless prairie, and came to where we had been before. We had done a great circle, thinking all the time we were going north. One evening we came on a lone man at a little creek sitting beside a little fire cooking beans. Of course we were welcome and were hospitably kept overnight; it was all a wilderness, not even a shack. During the night the water boiled off and the precious beans were ruined by scorching.

At Chugwater, Wyoming, I got work as barn boss at $25.00 and keep, per month. Big pay! Will headed back for Colorado and fortunately got in with an outfit taking a herd of cattle to Cheyenne. My employer was Al Bowie, manager of the Swan Land & Cattle Company, claiming 60,000 head of cattle and having two or three roundup outfits. My job kept me at the head ranch, doing chores and looking after the necessary horses needed around headquarters. However, I spent hours every day in the saddle, often working with the regular roundup. When near the head ranch I would help to keep the herd in a bunch, riding back and forth while the others would use the rope catching a calf by the leg and dragging him to the fire for branding, or cutting out beeves for the market. It was often quite exciting when a steer would break away and have to be brought back. It meant a race, as if for life, between steer and your pony for unless you brought him back to the herd, all the herd would want to join the runaway. There would be 1500 cattle in a single herd; the cowboys rode desperately in cutting beeves from the herd, raising big clouds of dust; a bull would go mad and attack, ripping his horns into a pony's side and putting him out of commission with a big wound. Again, a pony would step into a prairie dog hole and break a leg.

My performance with a rope was not so bad. It was the only way I had of getting horses into the stable, having first to get them into the corral; then when I came in with the rope they would try to escape, running in a circle, which made it easier for me for you could judge by their speed where the noose should be thrown. But the horses were as smart as a man, and if he knew he was caught he would swiftly face you and with head down, throw the rope off — unless you could "beat him to it" with a successful jerk.

I had two cow ponies for my personal use — Santa Claus and T-Y Billy. They were intelligent little horses, and knew the rounding up of cattle or horses like a book. For bringing the horses from the pasture in the morning I did not trouble to saddle and bridle the pony, but with only a rope around his neck — and we did neck reining — I would jump astride and we'd be off. About all I had to be concerned about was to stay aboard for the pony understood that the outlying colts and horses must first be brought into a compact herd, and all this was done at a gallop with quick, jerky turns; and then off on a run for the corral. These ponies never would cross a bridge unless guided. To them a bridge was just an innovation, unnecessary and unwanted. They would not touch oats because they did not know they were good to eat. Santa Claus was always ready for a race and if someone rode up behind us he would instantly be off like the wind. One could scarcely hold him. In crossing an irrigation ditch I'd give him his head. He would very carefully get all fours together at the very edge, and just when you thought you would fall into the ditch, he'd give a little cat-leap and be on the other side — a real lesson in economy of effort!

One time a man and his daughter from the "effete East" — real tenderfeet from New England — wanted to visit some relatives and wanted to drive — wherever it was. We gave them a young team hitched to a democrat, and off they went. The last I saw of them they were headed for the great open spaces with the horses on a dead run. They'd arrive ahead of time, provided they could keep the horses headed in the right direction.

Musically speaking the ranch had its own style of solo, chorus and grand opera. Not merely the neigh and whinney of horses but calves freshly taken from their mothers, a thousand of them bawling out their hearts in one long continuous wail without end day and night; and at night the long drawn out, sustained howl of wolf and coyote like the obligato solos, and the ranch dogs sharpening the ensemble with their staccato barking. What a theme for a Richard Wagner; what a change it might have been for him to get away for a while from his Siegfried and Brunhilde and wrap the cattle range around his kind of grand opera!

The scene changes: In a driving sleet the calves break through the fence and scatter all over the country and yours truly, encased in leather chaps and yellow slicker, snug as a bug in a rug, goes galloping after them.

I had had little schooling — none in the summer time, and the winter terms broken up with hauling wild hay from Buck Island on the 'Docia; a winter at Hampton Bluff learning Luther's catechism, 1885; and in 1887 a part of a winter at Port Byron Academy.

As to the wild hay on Buck Island it is in point to say that we fought our way through deep mud, the horses plunging desperately to reach the "island" — in late summer, where with big black horseflies and greenheads to be at least partially kept off by flynets, we made the hay and stacked it there, to be hauled home in winter when all was frozen solid.

I heard of Duncan's Davenport Business college, and not knowing the difference, I attended and graduated in 1894, but felt "funny" about it. I did not know as much as I had imagined a "college graduate" should, but I could fix that. I would go to Valparaiso, Ind., now a university — take a bit of science, learn a few high-sounding phrases, putting a gilt edge on my education. But there I learned that so far as a real college education was concerned, I had not yet so much as made a start in spite of my courses in bookkeeping, commercial law, banking, political economy and algebra. A round with Latin, German, more algebra and a science or two woke me up; and when in August, 1895 I determined to really get it, I selected a lot of elementary subjects which I had only tasted in the country school. Unwittingly, among the subjects I selected was that of the English literature class, which was part of the "Scientific" course, and in it were all the members of the Scientific class which would graduate fifty weeks later with the degree of Bachelor of Science. They thought I was a member of their class and treated me so, so I made a big decision: I dropped all the elementary subjects and took on all the advanced studies; and believe it or not, I made the grade. It was the hardest year of my life. The following year, with more hard work, I did the "Classic" course, for which they gave me an "A.B." Valpo was a hurry-up school, and really quite effective. Fifty weeks without so much as a full day off for Fourth of July, Thanksgiving or Christmas; the first classes at 6:30 A. M. and you'd drag yourself to your room at 9:00 at night, having had debating, or music, or some other "drill." I was starved for an education and wanted everything there was. I sang in the college choir; in the maennerchor; got up to swing Indian clubs at 5:00 A. M., or for military drill the same hour; played tennis, of which I'd read but had never before seen. I took mathematics to trigonometry and astronomy; geology, zoology, chemistry, physics, physiology, history, Latin, German and English. At first I was so timid that as the roll was called I'd get the lump in my throat down and get my mouth in shape so I could answer "Present" when my name was called. I'd nearly faint as I sat on the platform before the class to read to them. Rosena and Ada and John Furland know what it was like for they followed me in time.

Beginning the study of law at Ann Arbor in 1897, I joined a fraternity as dishwasher. I must have fibbed a bit when I represented myself as a good dishwasher. My conscience was against me so that when the water got like what I used to carry to the hogs at home, I'd dump it out, use up the rest of the clean hot water, and then wind up with cold water which, as some of you know, doesn't work well with grease. The job and I soon parted company. This sort of fraternity life wasn't conducive to health anyway because I was not allowed to eat until the dishes came back from the dining room, and at that same moment I was expected to begin washing — a matter of swallowing your victuals whole.

So I got a job as paper boy, earning $1.20 a week, delivering the evening papers on my route. This amount paid my share in a bachelors' club — Pi Beta Pi as we called ourselves because, as we said, we never had pie, "But we know it's clean," said Bert McLaughlin, now a lawyer at Galesburg, Illinois. Of course it was clean; we owned a broom and never let the litter get very deep on the floor. Our food was excellent though plain and we had a riproaring good fellowship. My job was to see that the cupboard was supplied with meat and groceries and the others did the cooking and dishwashing.

The Spanish-American war came at this time, and I joined a company which drilled daily, but was never sworn in because the war did not appear sufficiently serious to require our services.

All my studying the last year was from books in the law library. I had no money to buy my own, and all the last year I tried to argue myself out of a trip to Europe for the same reason, but in vain. I felt it a very desirable part of an education to travel; in this case to see the sources of immigration. As a student I could go informally; if as a lawyer it would cost more.

I received my LLB degree in June, 1900, and pedalled my bicycle all the way from Ann Arbor to the old home in Coe. In November, Pa drove me to Denrock to catch a freight with a carload or two of hogs he was shipping to Chicago. We had missed the train at Hillsdale. I got a free ride to Chicago, and from there to Boston, free with a trainload of cattle, and from there, a free trip to Liverpool, England, on a cattleship, earning my way by helping care for the cattle. I returned the May following, all done on a bit of borrowed money, too little, almost, to be mentioned. England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria and Switzerland were on my route. At the University of Berlin I found the law students the same alert-minded, boisterous type that we had at Ann Arbor; and if the professor attempted to finish to the end of the sentence he was saying when the bell rang, he was drowned out by scuffling of feet.

Then home again, a bit of farm work, and then to "bone up" for the law examination at the Capitol building in Springfield, Illinois, where I came through successfully. I was never a brilliant student, but at the same time, I never failed.

I rode my bicycle, "Rosinante," which I had in previous years pedalled all the way to Washington, New York and other seaports, to Moline to begin the practice of law. The account for November 1st, 1901, reads as follows:

Office table	$ 8.25
3 Chairs at $1.50	4.50
1 Cot	2.00
1 Wool mattress	2.00
Starr & Curtiss, 3 Vols.	18.00
Moore's Civil Justice	12.00
Waste paper basket	.49
Cuspidor	.25

Signs, window door and hanger	6.00
State license fee	5.00
First month's office rent	10.00

For the book case I went to Dimock, Gould & Company, and on my shoulders carried the necessary lumber which, with the janitor's saw, hammer and nails and the proper stain, produced an almost lifelike mahogany piece. Room 5, McKinnie Block, was the place. My first case in the cause of humanity and justice was before the Hon. Peter R. Ingelson, J.P. I expected that the opposing lawyer would want not only to skin my client but me also, and I walked furiously for block after block to get my nerves adjusted to the ordeal. I had a double ambition: one, that I would earn a reputation to the effect that, "If J.H.H. says that's the law, we need inquire no further," and the other was that I be of such use in a civic way that if, and when, a list of those who contributed were made up, my name would be found somewhere in the list.

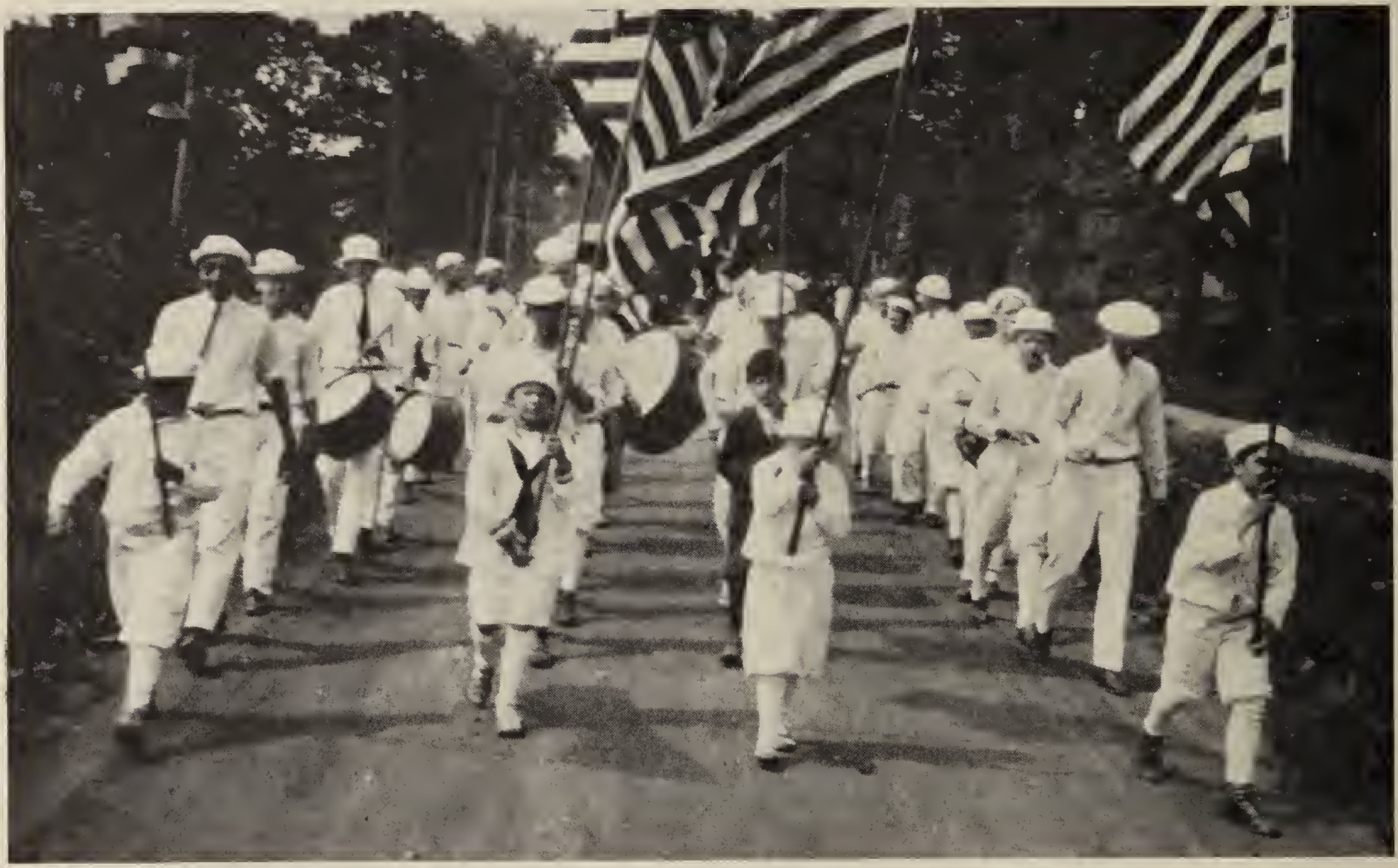
The practice of law is quite attractive because so much of it has to do with counselling with serious minded men and women about their problems in great variety of greater or lesser importance, a practice which often leads the lawyer into general public life; frequently into politics. Sometimes it has its humor, as when a woman came asking me to get her a divorce; I told her she would have to have witnesses to support her complaint to which she replied: "I can get all the witnesses you want. You just tell them what to testify to," or another time when a husband and wife got to fighting, resulting in their getting into the court of the Hon. Dave Scott, Justice of the Peace, at Hillsdale. Attorney Bill Allen of Erie and I had opposing sides. We selected a jury of six men — three married, three single. This jury "hung," i.e. agreed to disagree. It appeared the single men counted on the gentleness and romantic side of the gentler sex, while the married men agreed that they knew better, and were for the husband.

As a rule, lawyers are a fine, high minded lot, giving their best as champions for their clients, sometimes to the extent of a fist fight, and are quite jealous of their reputation for honesty and fairness.

My civic leanings which I had inherited soon got me into all sorts of hookups so that by the time I married, ten years after beginning the practice of law I was a widely known individual, and may I add, favorably known, with friends who have remained so to this day, and by that time was squarely facing the necessity of dropping a lot of payless jobs or my law practice must suffer, for I was or had been president of the Young Men's Club; the Century Club; Local and Tri-City Luther League; as also the Illinois State Luther League; president also of the County Sunday School Association and of the Moline Local Option committee, Taught the children's department at Grace Lutheran Sunday School; was Superintendent of their mission Sunday School on Seventh Street and 19th Avenue, (now Trinity Lutheran, Moline); I had my boys' fife, drum and bugle corps, with the beginning of the annual "Big Hike," I was auditor for

Augustana College and Theological Seminary and on their church extension board; a trustee of Grace church; I was a member of the Moline After Dinner Club; was secretary of Moline Chautauqua; vice president of the Messiah chorus at Augie, and by political appointment, secretary of Riverside cemetery; was secretary of Bethany Home; treasurer of the County Bar Association and of the Moline Y.M.C.A. and was a sergeant in the Sixth Infantry Regiment, Illinois National Guard. I had even invaded the east and presided over the National Luther League at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Twice, when not present, a third party or "Citizens' ticket" nominated me for City Attorney, without hope of election. An East Moline Committee came to ask me to take the city attorneyship for them but the incumbent promised better performance, so that was out. In other words, I took to the above activities where other professional men would join the Eagles, Elks, Owls, etc. and do the saloons. Speaking of the presidency of the Rock Island County Sunday School Association, a County is a little empire of Townships—ours has seventeen of them, which were visited in township conventions once every year. In the pre-automobile days, Drury and Buffalo Prairie were reached by railway to Muscatine, Iowa, and a farmer would meet us on Saturday night, and return us at about 4:00 A.M. Monday morning. Meanwhile we would help in Sunday School, and attend church in the forenoon; have a big union meeting in the afternoon and again at night, after which the hostess set us in the parlor for further sociability, during which time the poor tired husband usually went fast asleep. For Andalusia, Edgington and Taylor Ridge it was via railway to Buffalo, Iowa and ferry across to Andalusia, and be slept overnight in some hospitable home. One time we were rowed across the Mississippi to Fairport, Iowa to catch the train. The little boat leaked badly and we had nothing with which to bail. It was interesting, of course, to see which would win—the river or we. By the time we got across the water was practically touching our fingers as we held to the sides of the boat.

One time we took the electric road to LeClaire, Iowa to attend a convention in the Port Byron, Illinois, Congregational church. "The ice isn't safe," said the natives but I got a stick and sallied forth on it. By and by it was honeycombed and I stuck down the stick—no bottom, so I hastily retreated. A small crowd had meanwhile gathered to see me break through. We returned to the depot to take the "I & I" back to Davenport, then we'd get a street car to Watertown and hire a livery rig, but two men came and offered to row us to Rapids City for a dollar each for the river was open at the lower end of LeClaire. We accepted their offer. There was a strong west wind. The river here turns sharply west, but is still north and south in front of LeClaire where it was mild, but by and by we were among whitecaps with big ice patches bobbing up and down all around us. Only the two men's expertness saved us. My partner Harry E. VanDuzer, an old river man, said when it was over he did not expect to get across and he sat on the bottom of the boat, which had a lot of water in it. At



John H. Hauberg's Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps, 1909 to 1923.
Some 275 boys were members during those years. The left center flag carrier is John H. Hauberg, Jr. This was a Decoration Day parade, 1923. We called ourselves the "United Sunday Schools Band."

Rapids City we landed at a dense clump of willows where it was perfectly calm, and here was Clarence Adams, cooking clams. What a contrast! We walked to Port Byron, arriving at just the time set for the meeting. VanDuzer knelt as he prayed and I behind him was wicked enough to notice that his rear elevation was still pretty wet.

Another time it was Mr. O. E. Child, of Moline and I, to do a meeting at the Baptist church in Cordova. We took the street car to Rock Island, then the "Bridge line" to Davenport, then the Iowa and Illinois electric railway to Princeton, Iowa, and were ferried across to Cordova. Next morning a heavy fog obscured everything but we had to get back to our offices. They said the Mississippi could not be crossed under the circumstances but we found a man with a compass. He rowed and rowed and we could see nothing until by and by a dark cloud came up before us. It proved to be the willows on the Iowa side. We had missed the village a bit but walking was good and were soon homeward bound on the "I & I."

At the Edgington Presbyterian we once set a meeting for 8:00 P.M. The time came, and no one present. Then 8:30 and 8:45 — could there have been some mistake? Then about 9:00 P.M. the farmers began coming and soon the church was filled. It was spring, the farmers working late. One time, at Hazel Dell Methodist, in Drury Township, we started the meeting a half hour ahead of time. The place was packed, all standing room taken, and on the outside others gathered at the windows to listen. Since no more could crowd in, there was no use waiting for time.

The years 1908, '09, '10 and '11, we had "County Sunday school rallies." H. E. VanDuzer was president the first three years of this and I succeeded him and held the office for ten years. In 1909, the newspapers stated we had 4000 children, teachers and officers of the Sunday Schools of the county in the parade in Moline, with other thousands on the side lines. Each school was assigned a spot in Prospect Park, as its headquarters and picnic place when the parade was over. Along this time Cousin Edgar Walther came to be one of our best speakers, while Louis Hauberg was Upper End president, and in addition to Sunday School work, put on the Fourth of July celebrations at Dorrance Park.

In time came the auto — but not the roads. We still held to the idea that all weather is good weather, and autos took cruel punishment in mud, with danger at every high graded approach to a bridge, that we would slide overboard. As to audiences, we had the whole variety: Those who would respond in the "Round table conference" — a give and take discussion, with lively participation, and all the way down to the grim faced kind who had their jaws set and as good as said: "They said this would be good, now come across."

In September of 1910, I started shaking up the gambling and vice fraternity as attorney for the Rock Island Law and Order League. Rock Island, at that time and for some years previous, was in the grip of the underworld and there were some who took offense at it. My efforts did not change the condition. Both the business men and many public officials were opposed to disturbing the existing condition. Business said it brings money into circulation; the underworld objected on the ground that they had paid for protection; and why public officials actively opposed a clean-up, deponent saith not. As a result it was easy for them to see my helpers mercilessly beaten and jailed. I was arrested three times and went about under bond. I drew headlines in local newspapers; received resolutions from various organizations for "courage and fearlessness," but juries would not convict, regardless of evidence. In fact, they had better not convict because of what would have happened to them if they had. So scared were the "Better element" that to this day I do not know who my employers were for the attempted clean-up. H. E. VanDuzer was our go-between. It was a clear demonstration that public sentiment is stronger than law. My only pride was that of all my legal documents not one was thrown out for insufficiency or error. Two years later there were riots and killings and the Sixth Infantry, Illinois National Guard of which I was a member was called to parade our streets. I served a few days as acting Sergeant Major — my only real army service except the weekly drills and annual encampments, but when the soldiers marched away the situation remained the same, and in another two years, 1914, we said we'll vote them out. I was made head of the effort — a local option election. We brought to our aid the best speakers in the country; had large enthusiastic meetings; suppers for workers; every ward and almost every city block organized; a special news sheet of our own, provided with facts secured by detectives. To discourage us, the opposition brought suits for libel until, personally, there were court actions against me amounting to $60,000.00. Again we lost. Then another two years and a new group tried it and lost, but in 1918, with still another group, the saloons were voted out, but under the vice leader the situation continued bad until even the "hard-boiled" got sick of it, and in 1922, raised $75,000 for special prosecutors, etc. for a cleanup campaign, as a result of which Rock Island came out at least as clean as other cities. The underworld had become so sure of themselves that they would chase each other on downtown streets, shooting with little or no regard for other citizens, in one of which the son of the underworld leader was killed, and a bit later one was murdered who had been within the vice ring, but had decided to expose the organization and its leader. In the final stage there were others killings, suicides, disbarments of attorneys, some providential natural deaths and a sizeable number of Rock Islanders to represent their city in the State Penitentiary. John Peter Looney, their leader, who was a familar figure on the opposite side of the table from me in 1910, was sent up for murder. One time when I tried to set the court right on a point of law, he snapped at me, "Who in Hell is running this court?" He was.

It was some time before this attempted clean up that one of the newspapers had cuts of two ladies, one of whom was a Miss———, a lady I had scarcely met and of whom I knew little or nothing, but I liked the face and clipped it — and still have it. We found ourselves, in time, serving in the Bethany Home (Bethany Protective) Association, and Mrs. W. C. Bennett, president, claimed afterward that it was she who brought about our match. She appointed us to the same committee, which helped some. We were married June 29th, 1911, for she was no other than Miss Susanne Christine Denkmann, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. C. A. Denkmann, prominent in the lumber world; and we had had thirty lovely years together when she passed to her reward February 13, 1942. She had built a new house in Rock Island, ready for occupancy by the time we had enjoyed a brief honeymoon on Star Lake, Wisconsin. I now moved my law office to Rock Island to what today is the Cleaveland Building, but we did too much traveling; and since "Law is a jealous mistress," exacting constant application, it became evident that the best place for the law library was up in the attic where it is today.

Since Sue and I were both civic minded I soon began to add notches and was president at one time and another of the following: Rotary; Chamber of Commerce; County Old Settlers; County Historical Society; Sesqui Centennial; County Forest Preserves; Indian Pow Wow Council; Chippianock Cemetery, and secretary of the Fort Armstrong centennial; director of Red Cross; trustee of Port Byron Academy; member Lutheran Valparaiso University; Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation; Army Ordnance Association; American Planning and Civic Assn.; State Academy of Sciences; Abraham Lincoln Association, Davenport Municipal Museum; Davenport Outing Club; Tri City Men's Rose and Garden Club; County Farm Bureau, and member of the following Historical Societies: Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Mississippi Valley, and Chicago Historical Society, and an honorary member of Ronne Antarctic Research Expedition.

Perhaps my most effective history writing was the "Black Hawk Watch Tower" a booklet of 78 pages, placed on the desk of every legislator as they were about to vote on the question of including the Watch Tower in the family of State parks. I had previously appeared once before the House appropriations committee; twice before the Senate appropriations committee; twice before the governor himself. I walked a delegation of State law-makers through the woods and up and down hill — some suggested the walk was a bit far and fast, and one time when thirty senators and lower house members were here for the purpose, I was the main speaker with son Johnny operating the stereopticon. The afternoon of that same day I had an idea: How many books did we have having Black Hawk material? Sue helped and every book we found in our "Indian room" library that so much as had the chief's name was thrown on a pile. Finally we said — Ah, that's enough, and when we counted them we found exactly 200 volumes which we piled on a table that night, in front of our audience and I said as impressively as I could: "No Indian ever lived who had so much written about him as Black Hawk." Whether true or not — but I think it's true — I think it helped. All this and more — but it was not a one man job. I was only part of it. The community as a whole and individuals, with Senator Martin Carlson, of Moline, engineering it through the senate which voted 100%, while in the house it carried with only eight votes against this $200,000.00 project.

What I regard as my most valuable historical research was that of locating, locally at least, the "Great Sauk Trail" Rock Island to Detroit, and the "Indian and Military Trail" — Rock Island to Oquawka, Illinois, and the Capt. Abraham Lincoln campsites in the Black Hawk war. The late Gov. Frank O. Lowden had once offered $700.00 to have this done but I worked on my own, the Governor's offer not having been acted on. None of these three items had anything in print, and I had to get the facts from Old Timers who have since died — and all this would have died with them.

I had 275 Sunday school boys, ages 12 to 16 or so, in a fife, drum and bugle corps, beginning in 1909 and continuing up and including 1923. Of course there was a constant change of boys from year to year. They were of all faiths but they must attend a Sunday school somewhere. We had rehearsals at our garage — one winter we had an average attendance of 100 per Tuesday evenings, but the real purpose was not music — or noise, but a wholesome fellowship, companionship, friendship, health and inspiration as we paraded; and hiked the woods and ice covered rivers; climbing trees, throwing mud, wrestling, playing ball — it never failed that one or another exclaimed at the end of the outing "This is the best hike we ever had." We developed the "Big Hike," i.e. the extended outing — to see the Indians; Mammoth Cave; Niagara Falls, etc., etc. It was by traveling in trucks; sleeping under the stars with all meals off the campfire. Many of the boys became expert camp cooks. This style of vacation has been adopted by the Rock Island and Moline and other Y.M.C.A.'s and especially by the Black Hawk Hiking Club who have done thousands of miles of vacation travel in this way.

Another field of work with boys was that of the annual "Older Boys' Conference," held here and there over the State with as many as a thousand boys in attendance, with fine speakers and program generally. I served as its chairman for many years.

One year we had lots of fun with what we called "Boosters." The 62d annual State Sunday School convention was to come to Rock Island. Said we, we can't let it pass without our own teachers getting the benefit of it, so with the aid of Miss Georgia T. First, assistant high school principal, and some Moline help who knew the best speakers the high schools of Moline and Rock Island afforded, we had an organization of some forty young people, divided into teams, each having an adult leader and three or more young speakers. With these we put on a whirlwind canvass of some seventy-five County Sunday schools, asking that each send its superintendent; two of its teachers and two of its most promising young people; registration fee, one dollar. A team on its arrival would breeze into a school, whether in session or not — having previously dated it, and the speakers would tell of famous men and women who would give addresses; commercial — books, etc., exhibits; great convention plans, etc. etc. with such enthusiasm it was compelling. The year previous the State convention had a registration of 575, but this year our "Boosters" alone registered 750, with 600 of them paid up and all from our County alone. Lots of fun for us; excellent training for our young speakers; plenty of good done for everybody concerned. We repeated it another time when daughter Catherine made her debut as a "public" speaker — as eloquent as an old timer and brother Louis served as one of the adult leaders — and yours truly, as a result, was again elected president of the State Sunday School Assn.

Pardon the mention of a few more memberships. The Indian Council Fire; the Westerners; Friends of the Middle Border; the Illinois Junior Historian and advisory committee of the local Y.W.C.A.

In 1919 "Billy" Sunday put on a seven weeks' evangelistic campaign in Rock Island. I was chairman of the Auto committee and having just purchased a new Milburn Electric car, elected myself to be his personal chauffeur, so for the full period, afternoon and evening and sometimes extra trips, I took him and "Ma" back and forth between the Black Hawk Hotel, Davenport (Rock Island hotels were not considered safe because of local vice elements who did not appreciate "Billy's" comments about them) and the tabernacle.

"Billy's" power lay in his implicit faith in God and Jesus Christ, faultless preparation of his addresses; a staff of his own workers who "worked" the factories, schools and outlying towns and cities, in that way keeping the specially built tabernacle with a seating capacity of 7,000 filled. The "Women only" meeting had an estimated 11,000, with everything down to the sawdust in front of the pulpit and every inch of standing room packed with the ladies. The final night, the place was so packed both inside and out that "Billy," "Ma" and their chauffeur themselves came near being unable to squeeze inside. Meanwhile the "tough" element of Rock Island and vicinity were constantly threatening to "get," or to kill or "beat up" Mr. Sunday, and I would sometimes have an extra personal detective ride with us to and from the meetings. "Billy" never let a second of time be wasted. While Homer Rodeheaver led the singing, or was playing his trombone, "Billy" would be walking back and forth looking the audience over, and the instant the last note was sung or played he would announce his text and in not to exceed ten seconds, would be away out in the midst of a gripping address, with physical stunts and acts for those whom he thought needed it to hold their attention — but never anything of the kind when with church people only. Here are some figures in his campaign: 800 singers, i.e. of local church choirs; 12,000 "hit the sawdust trail." Over 1,100 babies cared for in a nursery; "Free will" offering for the Sundays, $20,000.00; Expenses of the campaign $33,600.00, and it was easy to talk religion in Rock Island.

In 1929 when I was president of our Chamber of Commerce a delegation of us made up of Davenport, Moline and Rock Island Chamber members went to Washington D. C. to see War Secretary James W. Good, about more employment at Rock Island Arsenal. I was made chairman of the group, and with Congressmen John C. Allen of Illinois and F. Dickinson Letts of Iowa, called on the secretary who received us cordially; dressed in a plain business suit, and speaking on our level. On the same trip I met Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy under Wilson, and Charles Nagel, Secretary of Commerce and Labor under Taft.

But it was not necessary to leave home to meet distinguished people. Among many others who came to our house in person were John R. Mott, the world's greatest Y.M.C.A. man; Archbishop Nathan Soderblom of Sweden, whom with Dr. Mott we saw a second time as they were among the speakers at Helsingfors, Finland; "Billy" and "Ma" Sunday, the evangelists; Capt. Richmond P. Hobson, the much kissed hero of Santiago, in the Spanish-American war who stayed a night or two with us; Prince Wilhelm, of Sweden for whom we had a reception; Howard Hyde Russell, the inventor of the local option method of handling the liquor question. He called on us many a time; then there was Lorado Taft, Illinois' most distinguished sculptor, he rode in our hike truck. Among many Indians of many tribes were Logan Ka-ka-que, grandson of War Chief Black Hawk and a dozen of his descendants; Henry Roe Cloud, Winnebago of national prominence (his widow has just [1950] been selected the Outstanding Mother of the United States). Then there was Poweshiek, grandson of Chief Poweshiek who helped sign away six million acres of Iowa land in one treaty alone.

Then there were a number of top Y.W.C.A. ladies from their headquarters at 600 Lexington Ave., N. Y. where Sue was a frequent visitor. They would tell of world wide travel and experiences. More recently came to stay overnight, Commander Finn Ronne and his wife "Jackie" of Antarctic exploration fame where they mapped and photographed an amazingly large area of hitherto unexplored country down under. Mrs. Ronne was the first woman to visit that frozen world.

Then there were the Lincoln biographers at our house — Carl Sandburg; Dr. Louis H. Warren, and Paul M. Angle. Others not at our house included Rev. William E. Barton, Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Randall, and Benjamin P. Thomas, all top Lincoln writers. There came a letter from Ida M. Tarbell, Lincoln author, and not the least a handshake with President Lincoln's son, Robert Todd Lincoln, at the Chicago Historical society. Being somewhat of a warbler, I had occupying the concert stage with myself such other songsters as Madam Schuman-Heink; Gadski; David Bispham and others. However, they always stuck me 'way back in the chorus where I could neither be seen nor heard. Schuman-Heink would be thunderously applauded for encores and would reappear, shaking her fist at us and we'd cheer all the louder. With her powerful voice she would almost lift you out of your seat and it was as much food for the soul as a good steak dinner for the body. Then there was Paderewski at the piano. His touch was like steel instead of flesh and blood fingers, and to me it was more of an intricate finger exercise than musical.

One time as the Spanish American war came on, University Hall, at the U. of Michigan was packed. I again in the chorus, up beside the big organ. We were singing "America." I yelled out my very loudest and fiercest and could not hear myself. Everybody else was doing the same. Another night at that time I helped lift the collection for the army Y.M.C.A. We took the swag to a higher floor to count it. Meanwhile the program ended; the crowd left; lights were out and all doors locked for the night. We hunted in the dark for a window out of which we could drop with our money bags.

Continuing on the subject of interesting people, in 1901 when I was in Dresden, Germany, I called at the studio of Joseph Hofmann, who painted the "Christ Among the Doctors," "Christ in Gethsemane," and others, today the most popular "Holy" pictures in this country. He was a fine gentle fellow with silvery beard and hair, and since all the other visitors that Sunday afternoon were ladies he visited with me and showed us many original sketches of his. In fact, he said all these paintings were "skizzen" — i.e. sketches. The 16 x 24 "Christ in Gethsemane" which he showed me was the original sketch, the finished picture, he said was in San Francisco, California. In the Bible you find the saying: "A man is not without honor, save in his own country." Here in Dresden, I was near — in fact in sight of Nummer 8, Bismark Strasse — Hofmann's address. I asked several persons if this was the right place, and they'd reply: "Hofmann? Hofmann? I don't know. He must be a photographer you are looking for" — while thousands of miles away, his name was a household word. This was Palm Sunday, March 31, 1901. Two days later was my "Zwinger Gallery" day — where the Sistine Madonna was housed. How can you know it's a good picture? As for the Madonna, the artist plied his paints on her face so wonderfully skillful that the face seems to be alive, revealing all the beautiful and tender emotions of which the human face is capable, and you sit and look into those eyes and that face! Now that Dresden was destroyed, I wonder where the Sistine Madonna is?

Then at Augustana College I met Gutzon Borglum who did the presidents at Mount Rushmore, Black Hills, S. D. and also Carl Milles, famous Swedish sculptor who has some of his work in this country. When I told him I was of German descent, he talked nothing but German to me which kept me busy trying to ressurrect the long submerged German words I had known.

Visiting with Catherine and Edward Sweeney at Washington, they had as dinner guests Admiral Richard E. Byrd and family, the widely noted antarctic explorer. I also heard Admiral Peary of North Pole fame, and visited with Vilhalmer Steffenson, of polar fame.

In 1924, Sue and I attended the World Sunday School convention at Glasgow, Scotland. Doubtless the best publicized man we heard there was Baden-Powell, who gave the name "Boy Scouts" to the world. Boys work, had of course been going on before his day. In 1926, we attended the world conference on Boys' Work (Y.M.C.A.) at Helsingfors, Finland. On both these trips we "did" the leading countries of Europe; in 1924, going as far as Syria, Palestine and Egypt, and a trip down into the desert south of Algiers; and I climbed to the top of the Jungfrau in Switzerland. In 1926, our children, Catherine and Johnny, and sister, Anna, were in our party, doing the Scandinavian and continental countries and Britain, and having our first airplane ride — across the Gulf of Finland.

Speaking of really going places, however, the Black Hawk Hiking Club has, in its past thirty annual "Big Hikes" covered about 75,000 miles in the United States, Canada and Mexico, traveling in open trucks, sleeping on the ground and eating off the open campfire. Among the members of our Clan who have participated are son Johnny and Ann, his wife; Edward and Catharine Sweeney, Ada and James R. Burke, Helen and Virgil and little Edward Simpson, Brother Louis D. Hauberg, Wife Sue and myself. On these trips you spend all of the twenty-four hours of the day out of doors. In Colorado our sisters Emma and Amelia and Will Schmoll and daughter Hazel would join us and add some of their baking to our menu.

On July 13th, 1942 three gentlemen called at our house to ask that I head an effort to have County Forest Preserves voted at the following November election. I consented and a meeting was called at the Denkmann Library, July 25th at which we organized, the vice presidents being Mrs. M. J. Nolan of Rock Island, and Mrs. D. B. Hoffman of East Moline, with Mrs. P. E. Ashwood of Moline as secretary; Earl E. Wendt of East Moline, treasurer and Dr. Conrad Bergendoff, president of Augustana College, publicity director. The Conservation Clubs of Moline and Rock Island, thousands of them, were originally behind the move, and the committee which booked me for the presidency were Prof. F. M. Fryxell, of Augie, George W. Wickstrom, feature writer with the "Argus" and Arthur W. Wood, principal of the John Deere junior high school of Moline. The vote on November 3d following showed a two to one majority for the preserves as a result of which we have today around 2000 acres of as fine wooded bluffs and Mississippi river shore line reserved as you will find anywhere, a most fortunate aquisition since our Quad-City community is so rapidly expanding in all directions.

Dr. O. F. Ander, head of the history department at Augustana College laid the foundation for "Junior Historians" and then left it to me. Some teachers said it couldn't be done but on June 10th, 1947 we stepped off into it. I had invited some twenty pupils from Central junior high school; my housekeeper, Mrs. Selma Carlson, made a big batch of cookies and said the youngsters liked "Black Cows," a rootbeer-ice cream concoction, meanwhile I assembled historical material and some sixteen fourteen year olds came. We ate, drank, and all took subjects on which to write local historical sketches — the beginning of the "Illinois Junior Historian" now in its third year, with a full time State secretary spreading its membership State-wide, and which today numbers these youngsters by thousands, having their own fine little magazine which is about to be enlarged — all under the guardianship of the Illinois State Historical Society, of which, as mentioned elsewhere, I am a Board member and a past president.

One fine summer day in 1940 Sue and I drove to the Tama, Iowa Indian settlement as a result of which we started the annual Indian Pow Wows at the Black Hawk State Park. They proved so successful, we had them each year, conducting them all by ourselves, but thought it should be a community effort so I invited twenty representative men in 1944 to eat with me at the Fort Hotel, and we organized the "Indian Pow Wow Council," and now have a fine board and officers and the State has built an open air auditorium seating 5000 for us — and for other public uses.

Was a vice president of the Illinois State Archaeological Society; president of the Illinois State Historical Society; the Illinois State Luther League; State Anti-Saloon League; State Sunday School Association; vice president of the State Y.M.C.A. for many years and a trustee and member of the finance committee of the International Council of Religious Education.

Locally, I was for twenty years on the public library board; some thirty years on the Tri City Symphony Board; thirty-seven years on the board of Augustana College and Theological Seminary; the same length of time as trustee board member and vice president of the local Y.M.C.A. and president since its founding in 1920, of the Black Hawk Hiking Club.

I have missed mention of some of the groups with which I enjoyed contact, but by this time the reader is sorry I have remembered as many as I have . . . Now, to end this catalog I will add that I have given about seven hundred talks to clubs, schools or organizations on such subjects as travel, history, Indians, etc., and a number of my writings are in print.

Sue's brothers and sisters were all older than herself, and one by one, dropped off the scene until, with the men gone, the business offices held by them fell to me. In its latter days I was made President of the Weyerhaeuser & Denkmann Company — the parent company, starting as a very small partnership project in 1860, and which grew into the largest, or at least one of the largest, lumber businesses on the Continent. Then R. M. Weyerhaeuser asked Sue to let me be Vice-President, with him as President, of the Northern Lumber Company of Cloquet, Minnesota — a concern which in its day had distributed great profits to its stockholders. Then I became President of the Rock Island Lumber Company, with retail yards scattered over the country; Rilco Laminated Products; the Rock Island Millwork (formerly called the Sash & Door); the St. Louis Sash & Door Works; and at the same time in the exclusively Denkmann family holdings in Mississippi and Louisiana, I was President of the Tallahala Lumber Company, The Natalbany Lumber Company, and The Denkmann Lumber Company; and president also of several logging railroads, but I must add that in none of these was I the guiding head for in each case there was a Manager or an Executive Vice-President or both.

The Rock Island Plow Company, the Servus Rubber Company and the Central Trust & Savings Bank had me on their boards. The Manufacturers Bank & Trust had me a Vice-president, and when the two banks merged with the Rock Island Savings Bank in January, 1932, I was made Chairman of the Board of the new setup, and for a year and a half presided over all the meetings of the consolidated Board, when they again did a bit of juggling about for things were hectic.

In community service Sue and I, in 1921, originated and brought to successful operation the Archie Allen Camp for Y.W.C.A. girls: the Camp Hauberg for Y.M.C.A. boys, in 1927; The Black Hawk Museum, 1937-39; the Indian Pow Wow at the State Park, 1940; the "Big Hike" style of vacation which I started in 1910; and had an active part in helping to create Black Hawk State Park, 1927, and our County Forest Preserves in 1942.

Augustana College and Theological Seminary conferred the honorary L.L.D. upon me; Sue and I appear in the Encyclopedia of American Biography; I am in Who's Who in Commerce and Industry, Vol. 5. For a while there was a "Hauberg, Miss." station on one of our logging railways; Comm. Finn Ronne, Antarctic explorer, in 1947, named a range down there "Hauberg Mountains" (and another range "Sweeney Mountains" for our daughter and husband); and the Mesquakie Indians, in 1940, adopted me into the Bear Clan as "Honorary" Chief, with the name of "Ah-be-chi-ne-ma-so-ta Ma-qua" meaning Standing Bear, so I am told, the result of which is that I am pleased occasionally to write a check to one or another of my fellow original Americans. They are a friendly lot, now that the shooting is over for possession of their lands.

All this is another way of saying that we did not rust out nor did we wear out, and are still going strong, though I miss terribly the dear companion with whom life was a continuing honeymoon.

Catherine, Johnny and I have placed a fund in the hands of trustees for a new Y.W.C.A. Building to be erected in Rock Island in her memory.

Two children came to bless our home: Catherine Denkmann and John Henry, Jr. Both grew to maturity and both are married — Catherine to Edward C. Sweeney, himself a Rock Island attorney, though not practicing here now, while John married Anne Gould, a Seattle, Washington girl. The Sweeneys have four children: Susie, who at this time, 1950, at the age of nine is in Europe; Teddy, Phillip and Harriet. John and Anne have three children — Fay Westbrook; Sue Bradford and Mark Denkmann Hauberg. Like children often are — each is a personality all his or her own and as charming as grandchildren should be. Elsewhere in this book will be found a more extended account from the pens of the two respective couples. During 2d World War, both men served in the armed forces — Sweeney in the Navy and John in the Army.

At this point in the narrative, I am in the fix of the fellow who wanted to write a book about himself. The printer ran out of capital "I's" and he had to quit.

SUSANNE DENKMANN HAUBERG

Susanne Christine Denkmann was born at Rock Island, May 2, 1872, married John H. Hauberg, June 29, 1911, died February 13, 1942, buried in Chippianock cemetery, Rock Island, Illinois. Sue's parents were Frederick Carl August Denkmann, born at Salzwedel, an ancient Prussian town, and Anna Catherine Bloedel, of Niedersaulheim, Rhine Hessen. They came to the United States as young people and met at a Lutheran church in Erie, Pennsylvania and were married there on December 9th, 1849.

Sue's father was one of the great lumber manufacturers of his day and the Denkmann home where Sue was born—at the corner of Second Street and Fourth Avenue, Rock Island, was but a short block from the big sawmill which was one of four over which her father presided. Among her earliest recollections were those of sliding down the big sawdust piles; the care of her father in helping her with school arithmetic; combing of her hair by sister Elise, now Mrs. Wm. H. Marshall. A Miss Wilhelmine Petersen, friend of the family used to tell us that when Sue was just a little girl, she called Miss Petersen aside privately and turned somersaults for her — a thing supposed in that day to be very immodest for a girl.

Sue was the youngest of the seven children who grew to maturity. Her eldest sister was married a year or more before Sue was born, and her first child Charlie Reimers was born on the same day Sue was — May, 1872. Other children followed and since these were Sue's most intimate playmates, she never knew how to address her sister because the others called her "Mother."

As she grew up, one of the outstanding pleasures was to board one of the Raftboats and going up the Mississippi to bring down the huge rafts of logs for the sawmill. Among her childhood occupations were those of getting up benefit programs in company with her playmates, to raise money for the poor, the men at their fire station lending a sympathetic hand. Her booklearning began at the public schools of her home city, and after a time she was sent away to attend Miss Brittingham's private school in Philadelphia, a period she regretted because Miss Brittingham being a friend of the family seemed to think she was doing Sue a favor by letting her do as she pleased—in that case it was easier to pass up any hard work with books. Then to Dana Hall, at Wellesley, Mass., where she often made trips to Boston to hear the great symphony and other concerts. She graduated at Dana Hall, where daughter Catherine followed in her mother's footsteps here, graduating in 1932.

In time, as she reached young ladyhood, parties were arranged for taking the raft boat trips, and to this day members of such outings still tell of the pleasure which these provided.

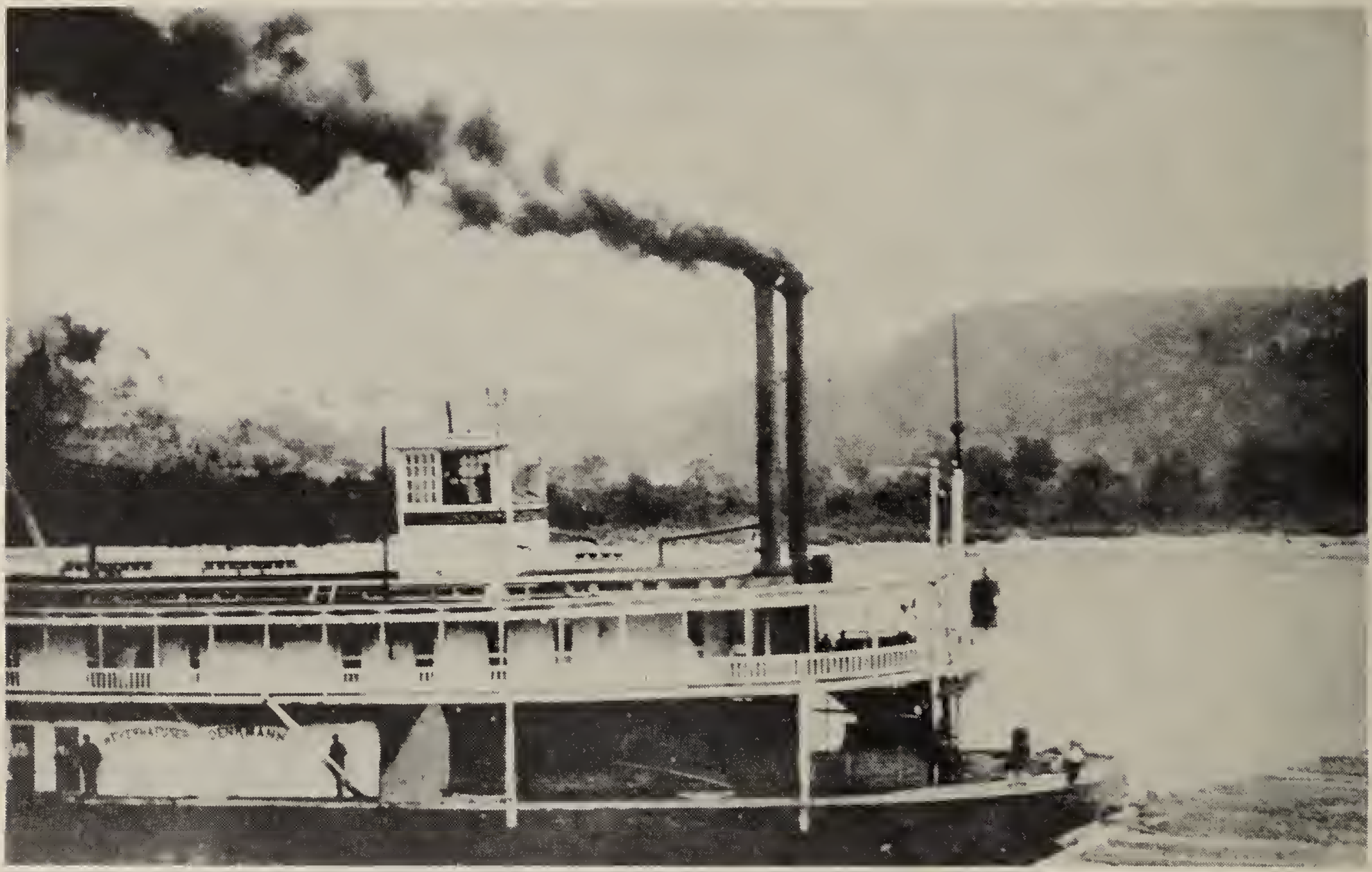
Sue Denkmann Hauberg

Then of course there were the parties in the Tri Cities. Her family had a coachman of their own and their line of carriages had such technical names as the "Victoria;" the "Rockaway" and the "Berlin Coach" — just as today we have the "convertible" or the "sedan" in autos.

She attended Wellesley college but did not finish the course because her mother said someone must stay at home to help her. There were Marietta — already long since married — before Sue was born; Apollonia, the second sister who had married Thomas B. Davis (Jan. 17, 1889); Elise (Mrs. William H. Marshall) and Catherine (Mrs. E. S. Wentworth), and in the midst of Sue's Wellesley attendance, with only herself and sister Catherine to choose between the latter insisted that it was more important that she be the college girl and thus Sue was elected to stay with her mother, to whom she was very much attached. Later she attended Radcliffe college.

Among Sue's fond recollections were those of her Uncle Fred Weyerhaeuser's coming to talk business. He and her father and mother would sit in the bay window to discuss their business, rather than at the office, just across the Avenue, where eavesdroppers might listen and they were held at the Denkmann home for that is where — at the nearby sawmill, Mr.Denkmann could be found. Here too were the four o'clock "coffee" periods to which brothers Fred and Ed, and others habitually came. Sue had a very high regard for her parents' capabilities. All told, the Denkmanns were a well knit family.

By and by Sue decided she wanted to be a Kindergartner and enrolled at the Chicago Kindergarten college (now the National Kindergarten college) but after only one year a friend, Norma Allen, a Davenport girl, invited Sue to join her in the Kindergarten work at an institution on East Forty-second Street, New York City — and Sue accepted and for a year was on its payroll. At this place an experiment was being carried on in preaching the Gospel through activities other than merely the Word, under the direction of St. Bartholomew's Parish. With the aid of prominent men like Cornelius Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. DePew, Dr. Henry Cadman Potter and others this church set up an institution "In a dark, dirty, prayerless and Godless district" with facilities which included a chapel; Sunday school rooms; laundry; gymnasium; baths; quarters for boys, girls and adults; a fife and drum corps; cadet battalion; baseball teams; physical culture; glee club; and classes in typewriting and domestic science, and having no other place for it a garden was started on the roof of the building. Here Sue had her eyes opened to opportunities for the same kind of institution elsewhere — for instance, in her own city of Rock Island, whose "west end" had an agglomeration of rag tags one would have to go far to match. To this day of 1950 it still "supplies three-fourths" of our delinquencies in Rock Island County. They were living in any kind of shacks and houseboats. So far as the writer knows, no one has ever discovered how this human flotsam ever got itself established so firmly in Rock Island. They could not have been the left overs after the end of the sawmill



The "F. C. A. Denkmann," one of a half dozen raftboats of the Weyerhaeuser & Denkmann lumber firm, and which Susie Denkmann throughout her younger life would ride up and down the Mississippi as they brought the huge rafts down to the sawmills which were her father's charge. The "F. C. A. Denkmann" in fact, brought down the largest raft of logs in the history of rafting on the Mississippi, a raft 1550 feet long and 270 feet wide.

period, for they were not the kind of men Mr. Denkmann would employ, but whatever the source, there they were.

Sue returned from her New York employment with her mind made up. She would build facilities in the west end, to lift this shantytown population. The "West End Settlement" at 5th Street and 7th Avenue, was the result and except for some aid given by her brothers and sisters of a minor nature, the project was entirely her own. She too provided preaching and Sunday school service; a gymnasium and baths; kindergarten; domestic science; basket ball; women's sewing; children's gardens; a fife and drum corps; milk station where mothers could secure milk according to formulas of their family doctor — free to those who could not pay; crippled children's clinic, with braces and all aids free to the poor; a trained nurse and two trained social workers, for full time, free work, among the people.

The West End Settlement operated under a superintendent from 1909 to 1922 at which time the budget reached above $9,000.00 per year, and with the superintendent no longer providing the energy needed for a vigorous prosecution of the work, a change was decided upon, whereupon the superintendent brought suit, asking the Court to grant her a fee simple title to the superintendent's residence; a trusteeship over the Settlement Building, and, to appoint a commission to set the amount Sue would be compelled to pay annually to keep the institution in operation as long as the superintendent lived — a vicious proposition, and while the local court as well as the Supreme court of Illinois to which the erstwhile superintendent had carried her dismal case all decided in Sue's favor, it was nevertheless a hard period. Finally after a lapse of some ten years, to get the entire matter off our mind, Sue sold the Settlement building to the Belgian-American Brotherhood, and donated the superintendent's home to the woman complainant. The whole case was preposterous from the start but we could not permit it to go by default, or take any chances, which meant employment of capable attorneys at fancy cost but Sue's grief was not all in vain. In the end it was a responsibility, and especially a financial burden, off her shoulders.

Meanwhile Sue was serving on the Board, and as vice president and on a number of committees of the Bethany Protective Association — "Bethany Home" for unfortunate children, where at least part of Sue's concern for the children of the "West End" were taken care of.

Incidentally, the attendance of one of Moline's bachelor lawyers on the same Board resulted in Sue's eventual marriage to him. (A recent historical sketch of Bethany Home indicates that John H. Hauberg was secretary of Bethany Home board for 19 years, and that he and Sue together had a combined record of 67 years of Board membership with that institution.)

Both of Sue's parents were Lutherans. She said her father did not like the practice, in church, of having all the women together on one side and all the men sitting in their own segregated section on the other side of the aisle. He would rather sit by his wife in church. Her elder brothers and sisters were confirmed, but early in her girlhood she started to Sunday School at the nearby First United Presbyterian who like the Lutherans were quite straight laced too. They did not sing church hymns, but psalms, and no musical instruments. An organ for instance was the work of the devil, but some members were converted to the idea that an organ was a help, and installed one in the church, wherupon "Old lady Warnock," when she came in and saw the organ, walked piously and dignifiedly and immediately from the room. By and by on February 4, 1886, Sue joined the Broadway Presbyterian, and held her membership there the rest of her life.

Sue was a member of a family which had extensive holdings in the South and in which she took an active interest, serving on various boards and helping to shape policies. They owned some thousands of acres of pine lands and harvested, by leasing, as much more, with more than half dozen sawmills. There were logging camps and railroads; turpentine stills, creosoting of poles and ties; furniture works, and in some cases they owned the entire town with all dwellings; they built the schools and churches and recreation halls and kept the commissary or Company store. In some cases, negroes provided the larger part of their employes, but not always so, and it can not be said the Denkmann family ever exploited their employes. It is true they could not afford to pay substantially more than other Companies with whom they were in competition. Never did they have labor trouble. When organizers came to unionize the employes, it was only necessary to remind them that their wages had been raised from time to time, but that house rentals and prices at the Company store had never been raised, with the result that no unions were formed. These enterprises were down in Louisiana and Mississippi and were exclusively Denkmann holdings. They continued however in the Weyerhaeuser and Denkmann holdings, as also in the wider spread, and known as the Weyerhaeuser group which have, as a whole, probably the most extensive timber and lumber interests in the United States.

In 1916 Miss Beryl Titterington, of a local family, talked up an idea of having a Young Women's Christian Association for Rock Island. Sue was interested at once. Helped to organize it and for the first nine years of its existence was president of it. She was in position to do almost anything which needed doing. One time she appeared at the annual meeting of the Weyerhaeuser and Denkmann Company and talked them into donating to the "Y.W." "Eggleston Row," a property valued at $30,000, and we used to talk about her $30,000 speech. In Chicago she purchased an entire cafeteria outfit and launched her "Y.W." in that business. Later still she purchased their present location and donated it to the Association.

The first World War came on, and in 1917, for better or worse, we voted ourselves into it. The West End Settlement was running strongly at that time and Sue and her sisters provided all the Circle could use, and the establishment came through with the name of having contributed more than any other, in the way of overseas knitted and other garments. Sue herself was a member of the Red Cross Canteen committee which met all troop trains as the boys were being returned home. One time as she and others were distributing refreshments on a train of wounded soldiers, the train was on its way west before they were aware of it, and we had to drive to Davenport, to bring her back home. They served over 8000 soldiers at an average cost of 15c per soldier.

One of her finest services was the establishment of "Archie Allen Camp" for girls, at Port Byron, and which was donated to the local Y.W.C.A. It is on the bank of the Mississippi river which is used for swimming and boating and for a quarter of a century has been a spot of the highest inspiration to the youngsters. The Hauberg reunions to date, have all been held there too. Her interest in the camp never lagged and she provided anything needed.

Her husband through many years had a Sunday School fife and drum corps which took extended outings, and the boys, now all grown up, still tell of "Mrs. Hauberg" meeting us on the last day out, with quantities of pies, etc. She was held in nothing short of reverence by the boys.

Sue financed a "Church Beautiful" contest for the County; also week-day Bible study for school children. Then there was the Young Peoples Training Camp, in 1924, held at Archie Allen Camp, and since we were doing a foreign lands trip that summer, Louis D. Hauberg served as its president. She was Superintendent of the Junior Department at Broadway Sunday School, and it was the finest department which her husband ever knew and was made so by her thorough preparation of herself and her teachers who were quite loyal to her and also to her being on hand a half hour before school time, and, her peculiar personality. If a child started being restless or unruly, Sue looked at him or her, whereupon the child would smile and behave, and her department had a fine reverent and friendly atmosphere. She also was made one of the Trustees of the church—the first woman in that congregation to hold that office.

Naturally she was sought out by every organization needing money—of which there are legion. We will not enumerate those to which she contributed. There was a period when business in Rock Island was at an uncomfortably low ebb, and she spent a fortune in a variety of business enterprises calculated to help the city, but which would fail because of inferior leadership or management.

Sue was a member of the Rock Island Arsenal Golf Club where she won a silver trophy cup in a golf contest; member of the County and State Historical Societies; Pioneer and Old Settlers Association, Tri-City Garden Club; Tri-City Symphony; Civic Music; Outing Club of Davenport; charter member of the Rock Island Women's Club which she served as head of the Civic Department; was on the Board of Family Welfare Association, on the Advisory Board of the Society for the Prevention of Blindness; was on the finance committee of the National Y.W.C.A. and served it annually in raising money for it. At one time she financed the budget of the National Secretary for Y.W. Architecture. With her husband she attended the World Sunday School Convention at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1924, and the World Convention for Boys' Work, held at Helsingfors, Finland, in 1926, and trav-

The children of Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Hauberg: Rosena H. Furland; Elnora H. Lyford; John H. Hauberg; Ada H. Furland; Louis D. Hauberg; Amelia H. Schmoll; Emma H. Fairhurst; Anna Hauberg.

eled extensively abroad, including Egypt and the Holy Lands. Included in her numerous memberships was that of charter membership in the Black Hawk Hiking Club, attending not only their very first hike but numerous others, including the first "Big Hike" and others.

The family name is perpetuated in Rock Island in the Denkmann Library at Augustana College, in which Sue of course had a part; in Denkmann Square in the west end of town; in Denkmann Wading pool in Lincoln Park and in Denkmann grade school.

On June 29th, 1911, Sue married Attorney John H. Hauberg, of Moline, and they were parents of Catherine Denkmann Hauberg and John Henry Hauberg. Both are married and both have families, accounts of which will be found within the covers of this book. She passed to her reward after having had a "stroke" on Februrary 13, 1942.

ANNA MARGARET HAUBERG

1867 — 1944

Anna was born February 25th, 1867, the first of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Mark D. Hauberg to be born in the new stone house. Like the rest of the family she was distinctly a farmer girl inheriting therewith every variety of chores; pulling morning glories in the cornfield, weeding endlessly the potato patches, helping to husk corn, for her father had a habit of saying that his sons were girls — which was not 100% correct for among his six daughters were also two boys. In those days the farmer hoped for boys in the family because without them he must hire help which would carry off the farm the cash which in too many cases was needed at home to apply to the mortgage.

Anna attended Bluff school; took music lessons on the organ; spent a winter boarding with the William Oltmans while attending parochial school on Hampton Bluff, learning the catechism. She was confirmed in the Missouri Synod Lutheran church in which she continued throughout life, though later she was connected for a time with the Ladies Aid at Bethel Baptist church.

Of course, since it was customary for everyone of any ambition to want to do something in the way of a career, she selected a trade — that of dressmaking.

Her two elder sisters, Amelia and Emma had conducted a store in Port Byron under the name of the "Misses A. & E. Hauberg, Dressmaking and Millinery," and when Amelia married and moved to the sod house on the Kansas plains, Anna took her place and the establishment continued as the Misses A. & E. Hauberg. By and by Emma got the western fever also; went to Kansas and took up a claim near the William Schmolls, and the millinery and dressmaking emporium was discontinued. It was a hard row anyway because their father was deeply in debt and felt it necessary to relieve his daughters of their excess profits, much as the Government does in these years of the late Forties and 1950.

Like most of her sisters and brothers Anna was keen to see what was on the other side of the fence. She went to Colorado and served as a cook in a hotel up in the mountains; with sister Rosena, visited the northwest and California; made enough money so that when her brother John H. was striving to get through college without wasting too much time in earning money for it, Anna liberally produced cash to help him, until she came down with a bad case of inflammatory rheumatism, and her brother-in-law Bert Fairhurst brought her back to the farm home, where in all good time she recovered.

Again she returned to her first love, that of sewing, but this time it was "Ladies tailoring" at which she made good financial headway in the large department stores of Davenport and Clinton, Iowa. By and by, she decided to raise poultry, and in 1914 as her brother John H. was returning from a notable Big Hike with his Fife and Drum corps, the band stopped at Anna's "chicken farm" where she distributed a lot of her home-made cake to the great delight of the boys. While the cake was a big success the raising of chickens was not, and so she gave up her acre and a half, north of Port Byron, and served as a housekeeper for her bachelor brother Louis, on the old home farm.

In 1926 she had the trip of her life, accompanying the John H. Hauberg family to Europe, visiting England, France, and the battlefields of the first World War; steamboating down the Rhine from Mayence to Cologne; then Denmark, Sweden and Finland; by aeroplane to Reval, in Latvia; through Poland to Berlin and to Holstein to visit the many places where the mother church of Lutheranism was visited; to Dresden, up the picturesque Elbe river by boat; to Czecho-Slovakia, Vienna and Switzerland; Salzburg and Konig See; Chiemsee where we visited Herreninsel which has the wonderful palace of "Mad" King Ludwig; hobnobbed with Herr Anton Lang, the Christus in several of the Passion Plays at Ober Ammergau, and, in general it was a memorable trip.

By and by Anna established herself in Los Angeles, California where among others she was hostess to Johnny Hauberg, Jr. and his three companions who motored there to attend the Olympics, in 1932.

Anna gave up her place in Los Angeles to come back to Illinois to help care for her sister, Mrs. Elnora Lyford, who had come down with heart trouble. After Nora's recovery, Anna took up her residence on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, at Biloxi, Miss., where we used to call on her as we visited the south on one errand or another. At that time it was a favorite wintering place where you would find our old neighbors the Will Cains; Harry Brandts and others.

Anna was noted for both her industry and her thrift and had personally acquired an estimated investment of some $13,000.00 in bonds, part of which was lost in the depression of the '30's. In 1941, she returned to Illinois and purchased a house and lot on High Street in Port Byron, which she proceeded to renovate, but carpenters were painfully slow. At long last they finished. Anna paid them off and drove to Moline with her sister Nora to make purchases for the house. On the way home she had a "stroke" and was taken to the Lutheran hospital, Moline. Sue D. Hauberg too had a stroke this year. On December 12, 1941, Sue was at Anna's Port Byron house where we had gathered to attend Uncle Charley Walther's funeral. He had died at an age of 87, those present being, besides Sue and John H., Louis, Helen and Virgil Simpson and Dr. and wife Dell Hauberg.

There seemed to be a run of illness in the Hauberg clan at this time — Uncle Charley's death, and Sue D. Hauberg's death the following February 13th, 1942. In our picture taking of Christmas, 1943 at Anna's house, she and her sister Nora were in the group, but the following September 22d Nora went to her orchard for apples and dropped lifeless — a case of heart failure — where her daughter Helen and husband Virgil Simpson found her. Meanwhile reports on Anna's condition were that "she is slipping," and on the morning of December 8th, '44, word came that she too had crossed the bar. It is a fine commentary that when Nora was ill, Anna had come from California to help care for her, and now that Anna had come down, Nora came to the rescue. Emma came from Colorado, and Rosena from South Dakota, each in turn, having an outside practical nurse when one could be found — all a fine example of family solidarity. All had grown up together on the old farm and all knew from experience what it was to be kept at it from early morning until night at endless tasks. Anna's funeral too was an occasion for old associates to gather, her pallbearers being old-time neighbors — Clive Trowbridge, Forrest Cain, John Winterfeldt, Claire V. Golden, Charley Haak and Elmer Wells, all of them, names with which the Haubergs had been associated for more than eighty years — but the roads were blocked with snow and the funeral had been postponed from December 11th to the 13th, when they were open for one-way traffic. Rev. Walter Tillberg, of Trinity Lutheran of Moline, officiated, together with Elsie Chapter of Eastern Star of which Anna had been a member. Theirs was an impressive ceremony. Burial was beside her parents at Fairfield cemetery, in Coe Township.

Anna was aged 77 at her death but at no time did she ever appear to have had so many winters and summers behind her. In her day she had had more than one suitor hopeful of marriage, but perhaps she was over particular. At least, her ideals were lofty and she never married.

Albert Lyle Fairhurst and wife, Emma Hauberg Fairhurst.

EMMA ELIZABETH HAUBERG FAIRHURST

An Autobiography

February 2, 1865 — March 30, 1950

ALBERT LYLE FAIRHURST

February 10, 1868 — February 3, 1920

Emma Elizabeth Hauberg was the second child born to Mark and Margaret Hauberg on February 2, 1865 in a log cabin on the Sugar Grove Homestead, Coe Township, Rock Island County, Illinois.

About one and one-half years later our family moved about one-fourth mile west of the log cabin to the newly built stone house. My first recollection of my existence was when I was playing with some curls that had fallen from the carpenter's bench in the northwest corner of the yard.

Our new home was erected on a barren hill without shade or shelter, so an early effort was made to plant fruit and shade trees as well as different kinds of shrubs and herbs. Soon after this was done the whole family got into the wagon and drove down east of Hillsdale on a flat that had a large number of old maple trees that were bearing seed. We had an exciting time getting there. We forded a branch of the Rock River extending northward. The overflow from the river came within a couple of inches of the top of the wagon box and almost covered the horses backs. Once across we soon gathered plenty of seeds to plant a forest around our home place. I recall that the following day Pa and the hired man plowed long furrows and dropped the seeds by hand in about the same way that the farmers planted their corn. That was a job well done and mother nature did the rest. Most of the trees are still standing. There were plenty of other fine native trees at the foot of hill on our place such as oak, walnut, butternut, sugar maple and locust.

We had a most wonderful view from our new home overlooking the Docia bottoms where the Mississippi and Rock rivers occasionally met during the high water season. This area was a real hunter's haven. There was plenty of wild life including geese, brants, ducks, prairie chickens and quails. Our grandparents said that in former years there were plenty of deer and wild turkeys. People came from everywhere, even as far as Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to hunt. These latter people brought servants with them and built a fine lodge south of the Bluff school house. They erected a flagpole in the southeast corner of the school yard on the top of which they placed a lantern so that if they did not return home before dark it would serve as a guiding light.

Since the folks did not want Amelia to go to school alone I started to school at the age of five. We attended Bluff school which was a one-room, one-teacher school. Our first teacher was a Mrs. Brown, for the summer term and Mr. Lambert Torpin for the winter term. There were 12 to 15 pupils in summer and 60 to 65 in winter. It was three-fourths of a mile from our house to school. During the winter months it was a very cold walk, though our mother dressed us warm with quilted lining in our coats, hoods and petticoats as well as long heavy underwear.

Ma had purchased a bundle of goods from a Jew peddler who was going through the country with a pack — which was the custom those days. Those bundles contained some very good pieces of material such as broadcloth. Our mother was endowed with a creative mind and thought things out for herself. So she proceeded to make Amelia and me some bloomers out of the broadcloth to wear during the cold weather. Previous to this we had worn white cotton flannel that buttoned below the knee. As this new garment was new to us we felt embarrassed to wear these dark garments to school because we thought that the children would laugh at us. We decided we would be very careful so that none of them would see them, but to our surprise and kid fashion the kids spied them and thought they were just fine and were going to ask their mamas to make them some. This surely was a great relief and end to our troubled conscience. Grandmother Hauberg always furnished the entire family with her home spun and home knit mittens which helped to keep us comfortable. We wore heavy leather shoes. Over shoes had not come into use. On extra cold mornings sister Amelia and I would each wear a big shawl over our heads and coats. My feet and hands would get so cold that I would cry. Amelia would try to console me. Before I went into the schoolhouse I would wipe the tears away and try to be brave, but my fingers hurt so badly that the teacher sensed what he thought I needed. He would ask one of the big boys to get a basin of snow to stick my fingers in. I have always felt very grateful to them, as when they would pass me on the way to get the snow, they would give me a sympathetic look and never once did they call me a cry baby.

Bluff school, not only served the community as a school for children, but it was also used as a religious center. The Baptists held Sunday School and services there before they built their church two miles south of there. The Lutherans held a monthly service there for many years. Pastor Winter drove fourteen miles, from Hampton Bluff, to preach. Most of the John D. Hauberg, Sr. descendants brought their children there to be baptized. Grandmother Hauberg always prepared the table for communion and baptisms that were held here. She always extended an invitation to the pastor for a chicken dinner after the service. Funeral services for most of the Lutherans who attended here were held here. Grandfather Hauberg's service was held here.

Singing school, shows, school meetings and a horse club were also held at the Bluff school. In those days men would steal horses, so farmers formed a club to safeguard them.

It was customary for all districts to take part in spelling schools. This time brother John, locally called "Little Johnny" because we had a cousin who was much bigger than our John called "Big John," spelled down the Enterprise school. Those who took part were big grown girls and boys from 16 to 21 years old. That caused some excitement throughout the schools. Enterprise school was two miles east of our Bluff school.

School teachers in those days received $20 to $25 per month. Hired men on the farms received $16 to $18 per month plus room, meals and washing.

One cold chilly November morning during corn husking season a well-dressed man came to our house looking for work. My father looked him over. His hands were soft and white. Apparently he had been doing indoor work. Father said, "You don't look to me like a farmer. What have you been doing?" He replied, "I was a school master in Germany and fell out with the authorities. When that happens in Germany you never get another school, so I came to America hoping that I could find some kind of work." Ma and Pa felt sorry for him so Pa suggested that instead of husking corn they would give him a job of teaching the children German as it would be but a few years when they would have to attend Lutheran school and be confirmed. Besides, we could stay at home and not have to attend school during the cold winter months He had him help a little with the chores and paid him ten dollars per month in money and provided room, board and washing. This pleased him very much and he took the job. He surely was a good instructor. I appreciate his teaching more and more. We learned our letters. At the end of four months we could read, write, spell and figure in German. We could read and write stories such as Red Riding Hood and others. He had us write compositions. Our school session was four hours a day.

One of the highlights of our school days was to be able to go home with some of the girls to spend the night. It came my turn to go home with one of our neighbors. They had a small two-room house of one and a half story — a living room downstairs and a lean-to kitchen. Upstairs there was one large room with unfinished walls. During the night it rained. The raindrops falling on the roof delighted me. I thought "How grand!" So when I went home the following day I told mother about this and what a good time I had. I told her that I wished we had a house where we could hear the raindrops fall on the roof. She smiled but said nothing. I know now what she was thinking, as we had a fine large two and a half story house and we couldn't hear the rain fall on the roof.

We were blessed with four grandparents. We loved all of them and were always happy to see them. Grandmother Hauberg was the good Samaritan in the community. She officiated at most all of the births in her large family. She was always there to help in case of illness or death. There were no undertakers in those days. Their loved ones were cared for in their homes until the funeral. Grandmother could read and knit at the same time. She kept the entire family — young and old — in her homespun and hand knit mittens which she gave them for Christmas. Grandfather would read aloud. These grandparents lived only one-half mile from us.

Grandmother and Grandfather Frels lived twelve miles from us so we did not see them often. I was baptized in their large brick home when I was three weeks old. It was the same day that Uncle Adam Gernandt and Aunt Mary Frels were married in this home. I also stayed here one winter while I was going to Lutheran school at Hampton Bluff. We walked two and one half miles each way to school. I was confirmed in the Brick church on March 21, 1880. Reverend Winter was the pastor and teacher.

Ma told me that she and her brothers and sisters handed the bricks which her father had made to Grandfather and his helper when they built their brick house.

This reminds me of what my mother told us about the Hubers of Rock Island. Grandfather, Henry Frels, was well acquainted with the Hubers — in fact all farmers were, as they hauled the barley they grew to them for making beer. While talking with Mr. Huber one day, Mr. Huber said that his wife was sadly in need of help and asked grandfather if he knew of a girl that they could get. At first grandfather said, "No I do not." Then Huber said, "My wife has just too much work to do with the children and we cannot find any one. We would be glad if we could only find someone to help until we could get someone permanently." Grandfather had two girls, but they had never worked away from home. Mary was 13 and Margaret 15 years old. He thought perhaps grandmother would let Margaret help them out until they found someone. She realizing their need decided to let Margaret help them. They were so pleased to have her. In place of taking her in as their friend and helper to show their appreciation, they placed her with the servant class, and all the work that went with it. She had not been accustomed to this. When wash day came she was told to get up at 2 (two) a.m. and do the big family washing before the family arose, as they did not like to see the washing around. Margaret did all that she was told to do. When her father came down to see how she was getting along she told him what she had been doing. He replied, "You pack up your things and come home with me" — which she did. That was gratitude wasn't it? Those days a woman's work was only considered worth $1.50 to $2.50 per week. They were not supposed to waste much time resting in bed — just keep going.

All clothes were hand sewn. Even men's overalls and shirts were made from goods bought in the store.

Mattresses in those days consisted of ticking filled with oat straw. Over this was placed a goose-feather pad. Farmers picked their goose feathers from the live geese about every six weeks in the summer, so they had plenty of feathers for pillows and pads and the beds were very comfortable. Amelia, Anna and

I slept in a trundle bed when we were small. This bed was rolled under a big double bed during the day to save space.

We made our own dye from oak and walnut leaves and hulls, and from onion scales for dying Easter eggs. Soap was made from hickory ashes. Ashes were put in a leaky tub and water poured over them. Then we caught the drippings. To these we added bacon rinds, cracklings or any grease and boiled this down. This made a soft spongy soap. Hard soap was made in later years. This soap made our clothes white. Candles were made from suet poured into a form.

Foods

Farmers had no market for live pork or beef in those days. They would butcher hogs and cattle in the winter and load them into a bob-sled where the stiffly frozen carcasses were piled high. These were then taken to the Tri-cities to sell. We cured and smoked all of our meat for our own use.

For flour and cornmeal we took wheat, corn, buckwheat and rye to a grist mill to be ground. There was a grist mill at Cleveland in Henry County on the Rock river and one at Rapid City on the Mississippi. Both mills were run by water power. If farmers raised barley they hauled it to the Huber Brewery in Rock Island to make beer.

In the early days they did not can fruit. It was either dried or preserved. People said that fruit could not be canned without sugar. Finally they learned that if the fruit could be kept air tight that it could be done, so the problem was solved and is still in use. Apple butter was made in a big copper kettle outside. First they boiled down the cider then put the raw apples into this.

Grandfather Hauberg used to gather baskets of wild grapes and Grandmother made wine from them. In the winter she would fill a glass about one third full of wine and sugar, then fill the glass with hot water. This was served with cookies in the winter whenever company came in.

Grandfather smoked all of the families' meat. When he opened the smoke-house door you would see a fine picture of hams, bacon, and rings of homemade sausage. When Grandmother would waken in the morning she would often see the deer licking on the smoke-house door. Sausage casings in those days were made from entrails of the animals which were carefully cleaned. They had to be turned inside out and scraped. When we thought we had them clean we had to blow them up. If they were not clean we had to work them over some more. They were then washed in salt water and blown up again. Sometimes these cases were kept over from one year to another.

In the fall we would pick some wild herbs and dry them to be used in case of illness during the winter. These herbs included camomile, peppermint, boneset, horehound, sage, saffron and spearmint.

We made our own yeast from cornmeal over which Ma poured hop tea. She made this into patties.

Ring Riding was a special celebration usually held at different German people's farms. It was held in June, the day before Pentecost and after the corn was planted. A high archway was built. From this a ring was suspended. Each rider carried a peg which he was supposed to put through the hole and carry off the ring as his horse galloped under the arch. The one who caught the ring the most number of times became the King of the celebration.

Ring Riding was followed by a feast, the food being provided by the farmer and women guests helped with the serving. The feast was followed by a barn dance. I remember three of these occasions. The first was at Uncle Dave's place. Grandfather Hauberg lived here first and built the famous big old barn which is still standing. I recall that after the king was crowned and the bounteous feast was partaken of — and food was of the best and plenty of it, the guests assembled in the big barn to dance. This was the first time that I saw Ma and Aunt Mary Hauberg dance. Each wore a fine white lawn dress: Mary's being dotted with a small red leaf and Ma's with a small green leaf. They were made with round necks trimmed with lace, flowing sleeves, and full hoop skirts (which were then at the height of fashion).

Another time when Uncle Dedrich Bracker lived at the Uncle Dave place I remember that our John and Herman Bracker wore new suits made by their mothers. They were of dark material. The pants were short and the coats were trimmed with three rows of green braid.

The last ring riding was at our farm. It was south of our house on a level place near the creek and where there were some large locust trees. John Wiggin, Ma's cousin, won the high honor of being King. Ma had made a crown from gold leaf paper and it was really beautiful. The dance was held upstairs in our horse barn. Amelia, Anna and I had gathered wild flowers from which Ma, Aunt Katie and Aunt Maggie made wreaths about four feet across. These together with some gilded egg shells strung on a cord were used for decorations. About 100 or more attended these celebrations.

DANCES

Once or twice a year the Schroeders gave a Community Ball in a big dance hall in Hillsdale. Special printed invitations were sent out for these occasions. They would have either John Beal or Bleuer's five-piece orchestra from Rock Island. Tickets for this event were usually $1.50 to $2.00 per family with no limit to the number. All children attended. There were no baby sitters in those days. A nursery room was provided and someone, usually a grandmother, was left in charge. The young couples were all dancing. During the intermissions they either sang or some person or group of persons would put on a special dance. Some of the songs all sang were: "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "I Was Sitting One Evening Down by the Riverside." On one occasion I remember Aunt Katie and

Aunt Maggie wore red and white plaid alpaca wool skirts and white Garabaldi waists.

I learned to dance in this hall. When I was nine or ten years of age Pa picked me up and said, "Come on Emma, let us have this dance." I was on my feet and waltzing before I realized what I was doing. I soon learned to dance everything that came along from a square dance to minuet, coming through the rye, a schottische, polka and others. Those days all could trip the light fantastic. None were too young or too old to dance.

At midnight we would have a grand banquet in their dining room. Food Mrs. Schroeder put on the table was the very best on the market. You did not sit down and eat and then go home and fill up. People brought their appetites with them.

PARTIES

During the winter months we had a lot of parties. My birthday on February 2 was a good time for country people. Usually they had a surprise party on me. The boys would pay for oysters and the girls brought the other food. One of my friends brought a fine roast turkey and rolls. We played games, danced and sang. One time there were 65 guests present. They always had a nice gift for me.

FAIR

The Hillsdale Fair had exhibits of the finest of needlework and foods made by the women. Pa was usually president of the Hillsdale Fair Association. We had some exciting times. One instance was of two of our leading women who exhibited butter. The one receiving the blue ribbon; was naturally very happy. The one receiving the red ribbon went into a rage of temper, threw the red ribbon down and stamping it into the ground in the floral hall shouted, "I don't make second class butter." The judges were within hearing distance. I took a first prize once on a white sponge cake, and another on cookies. Once I took 36 varieties of pickles. Amelia usually took bread and rolls. A fifteen or twenty-piece band of Beals or Bleuer's played during this three-day fair.

Ma and I made and cared for the flower beds and the vegetable garden. My steady job at the age of fourteen was cooking and baking for our family of ten or twelve, including the hired men. We had extra men during harvest and corn picking time. I made fourteen loaves of bread three times a week, besides rolls, cookies, cakes and pies. I always was fond of cooking and loved to feed the hungry.

At the age of seventeen I started to learn the millinery trade from Minnie Zies in the Harper House Building in Rock Island. While here I boarded with Aunt Maggie and Uncle Fred Schroeder. I walked nine blocks to and from the store three times a day. After spending two seasons learning the trade, I received a position in the new Petersen's store in Geneseo. That was a branch of the Davenport store. I worked here four seasons in the Millinery Department and was paid the enormous salary of $6 per week. I paid $2.50 per week for board and room. I stayed with our cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoeft.

After talking it over with our parents, Amelia and I decided to start a business of our own in Port Byron, Amelia to do the dressmaking and I the millinery work. All dresses and hats in those days had to be hand made. Pa advanced us $500 to start our store. There were already two millinery stores in Port Byron. We bought the very best materials that were in the market. I went to the Harper House, Rock Island, fine sample room where I bought goods from representatives of several wholesale houses: one was D. B. Fiske & Co., of Chicago; another was Fanley and McCrea of St. Louis. Goods were displayed on certain days of the month. All tri-city milliners came here to buy. We had a grand opening which was announced with a black and gold letter sign. This was something they had never had before in Port Byron. When the milliners first heard that we were coming to town to open a shop they called us "just country girls," but we did not let that interfere with our plans. City folks those days were snobbish about country people. Our store was decorated with the finest of plumes, flowers, feathers and hats. Just about all the high class Port Byron people as well as some people from the country called. Later these people came and bought hats and had dresses made. We enjoyed a good business for four years. We were soon able to pay Pa back what we borrowed. Amelia then married in 1889 and Anna took her place for a year then we sold out to a Mrs. Brown of Denver, Colorado who was related to the Barretts of Port Byron.

We also taught millinery and dressmaking, while they were apprentices.

We had many surprises and happy experiences. One day when I was trimming our window I saw Louis coming around Pearsall's corner on a white horse. It was his first trip to town alone. The younger children loved to come to visit us and would take turns. When Ada came she wanted to get up when we did, but it was too cold for her. To keep her in bed longer we would say you can get up when certain freight or passenger trains go by. She would say, "Will it be when the long one or the short one goes by?" Elnora liked to sing to us and tell us stories about things she had seen or done. John was older so Pa would send him on more responsible errands, such as going to the bank.

During slack seasons I attended art classes at the Port Byron Academy. The teacher came once a week from Chicago.

New Era

Pa and Ma were always interested in new things. They bought a new two seated buggy which was the first in the community. Our first ride in it was going to church in the Bluff school. We also had the first organ, sewing machine and kitchen range. The stove had a reservoir on top of the stove through which the pipe went. About that time we also had new binders, corn planters and riding plows.

Ours was a singing family. We spent much time singing. Perhaps this is why

Louis has done so much singing. Choosing the farm life was probably so that his voice could know no bounds. He has sung at all types of occasions all over Rock Island County. His voice has quality as well as volume.

On March 21, 1890 I ventured west to see the Schmolls in Kansas. I first went on the Cannon-Ball line to Kansas City then the Union Pacific to McAllister where Will Schmoll met me. We drove two and one half miles to their homestead. I arrived about 10:30 A.M. at their sod house door, and soon our dinner was on the table. I could not help but notice how barren everything was as there were no trees. You could see the sun rise and set without anything obstructing your view. Nothing but sunflowers looked at you. No wonder they called Kansas the sunflower state.

Soon after my arrival Will suggested that I take up a tree claim. After sleeping over this big idea a couple of nights, I finally said that I would. The requirements were that you had to build a house within sixty days and sleep in it at least once a month and at the end of three years pay $300 before you could prove up on it. Will and a Mr. Massey suggested that they build me a sod house. It was about 8 x 10 feet, and had a four-light window to the south and a door to the west. The first month Amelia stayed all night with me. The second month I thought I could stay there alone, so I walked about a mile east of the Schmoll house. My house was about 50 feet from the east side of the Smokey river. I had to cross the river to get to it. When I opened the door I was welcomed by two squirrels that jumped past my arm and a snake was coiled up on the floor in the center of the room. They had fixed a hanging bed which was much like a pullman. After I had eaten the lunch that I had brought and it was twilight an electric storm came up. I was usually calm in an emergency but this frightened me. I decided that I was there and must make the best of it. Suddenly I saw a wagon coming toward the house. It was Will. He and Amelia knowing that all was new to me in that country, and if a heavy rain should come the water would rise over the banks and wash away the bridge so I could not cross.

KANSAS

I hurriedly picked up my sun bonnet and climbed into the wagon and onto the spring seat beside Will. I watched one side while he watched the other. We drove towards home — at least we thought we did. By that time it was pitch dark and all the light we had was when it lighteninged. Once we were just on the edge of a draw. It lightened at that moment or we would have gone over the bank. Amelia had a light in the window which we saw soon after we left this spot.

One beautiful summer morning in middle July Will decided to drive over to Teeters cattle ranch about four miles northwest of their house. Amelia suggested that I go along and stop and visit Mrs. Owens, a neighbor about half-way there. While I was there Mrs. Owens kept going toward the window and looking out. I did not know the reason for this. In about two hours she said, "Yes it is a hot wind. Just take a look at the cornfield now. All is yellow." "This forenoon when you came the cornfields were all pretty and green and just coming out into tassel." You can imagine the disappointment for the homesteaders. They had reaped their grain harvest, but everything else was burned up and soon the winter would be facing them. This was a new experience for an Illinoisian, as I had never seen a crop failure, except when we were hailed out once.

One event which stands out in my mind was a Sunday afternoon service I attended in a sod school house. People came from miles around to attend this meeting. The preacher came from Wallace, Kansas, and preached a fine sermon. When he first came in he sat quietly for some time. When the spirit moved him he got up and preached and his sermon ended just as abruptly. They say that he was a Quaker.

I had expected to return to Illinois in September, but while teaching French lamoune and Walther art work and talking with some women at Wallace and Sharon Springs I mentioned this fact to them. They asked — "Aren't you going to see the mountains before you go back?" I replied, "I will go there the next time I come West." I had always wanted to see them since I studied geography. They said that I could get on the train at night and would be in Denver in the morning.

I finally decided to go to Denver, Colorado. I stayed in Denver until October 25, 1890, still earning my way by giving art lessons. My landlady from whom I rented an apartment said, "How would you like to go up into the mountains? I have a friend at Caribou who owns a hotel, The Sherman House, and I have just received a letter from her asking me to try to find a dining room girl for her." She suggested that I try this as I could make my expenses and see the fine scenery as tourist rates were quite high. Again I said, "Yes, I'll go. A few days later I boarded the train for Boulder. The proprietor of the hotel sent a sixteen year old boy to Boulder with a one-seated buggy to meet me. The day was sunny and clear. We left Boulder about 9:30 A. M. and drove up Boulder creek to Nederland where they had a silver mill. The rushing water was new to me. We stopped at the Hetzer Hotel in Nederland for dinner. There the driver, Dale Hinman fed the horses too. We left about 2:00 P. M. and we began a steep climb to Caribou, a distance of four miles and an altitude of 10,000 feet, arriving at 5:30 P. M. Usually the proprietor had a man who met incoming carriages but today he asked one of his guests, Albert Lyle Fairhurst if he would greet me and take my baggage in. This was the beginning of my romance. The dream of my school days had been fulfilled when I reached this spot in the mountains. This indeed was a new world to me, so different from any thing I had ever dreamed up. Here high in the Rockies I felt as if I were on top of the world. The people I met all seemed so intelligent and friendly, — much different than I had anticipated or read about. When I mentioned this to a lady she said to me "You know the cream of the East and South came West during the gold rush of 1859." My landlady, Mrs. Donald, was from Iowa and I met some from Illinois. Soon I felt quite at home.

I had expected to stay up here only a few weeks, but remained two years before going back to Illinois.

While in Caribou Bert Fairhurst took me and Ed Donald took the school teacher down into the Caribou Mine which was a very rich silver mine. It is now producing very rich pitchblende (uranium ore). When silver was demonitized men were planning to go to the gold camps. I was by then engaged to Bert Fairhurst, so the Schmolls and Bert and I came to Ward about the 1st of October, 1892 — which proved to be our home all the rest of our days. We first went to the McClancy Hotel. There was a shortage of houses and rooms. Luckily they happened to have two transient rooms in the log hotel. The man said that the beds in the other sleeping rooms never got cold because of two shifts of men to a bed. The men worked ten and twelve hours a day.

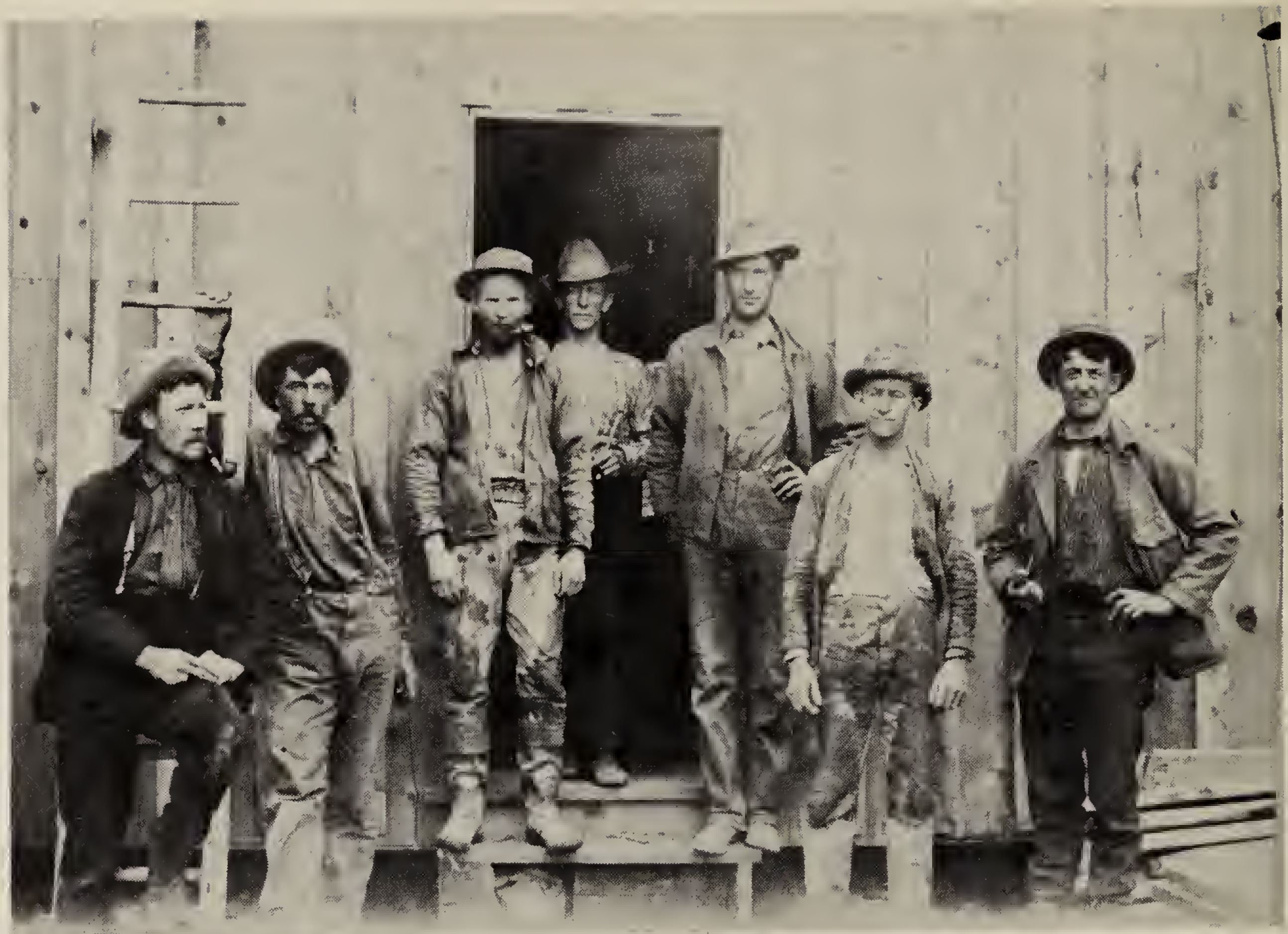
We finally found a good-sized house in which to live — the old Madalene Boarding House. Here I was married on November 16, 1892. Reverend Campbell of the First Christian Church in Boulder came with the Fairhurst family in a Concord Coach from Boulder. Charley, Will and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Fairhurst came. Hazel was about two years old. After the ceremony she peeked around and said, to Uncle Bert, are you married now?" We had a big turkey dinner after the ceremony. Hazel sat on the minister's lap while she ate, and carried on an interesting conversation.

The town of Ward was booming. Dr. Jacob Campbell was one of the first doctors to live in the town. His wife said that at that time there were 1300 men who voted and the population in town was about 3000. Fifty-two mine whistles blew each day. We were amazed to see that most of the miners were Americans. There were seven hotels, and five saloons when we came. In fact there were thirty-six business houses in the center of town before the fire on January 23, 1900. No decent woman ever went into a saloon in Ward or smoked. I cast my first vote for President of the United States in Ward in 1896.

Ward was considered one of the best and oldest gold camps in Colorado. The first mine was founded in 1859. It is in a sulphide mineral belt and has true fissure veins. Mining engineers say that these mines can be depended upon since the fissures go to the depths of the earth. Sulphide ores in the Ward District contain gold, silver, copper, tungsten, uranium, iron, lead, zinc and even a trace of platinum. We mine most of the ores for gold because it predominates here. There is also a very rich silver vein near the town. There were five stamp mills within the city limits and many outside of town.

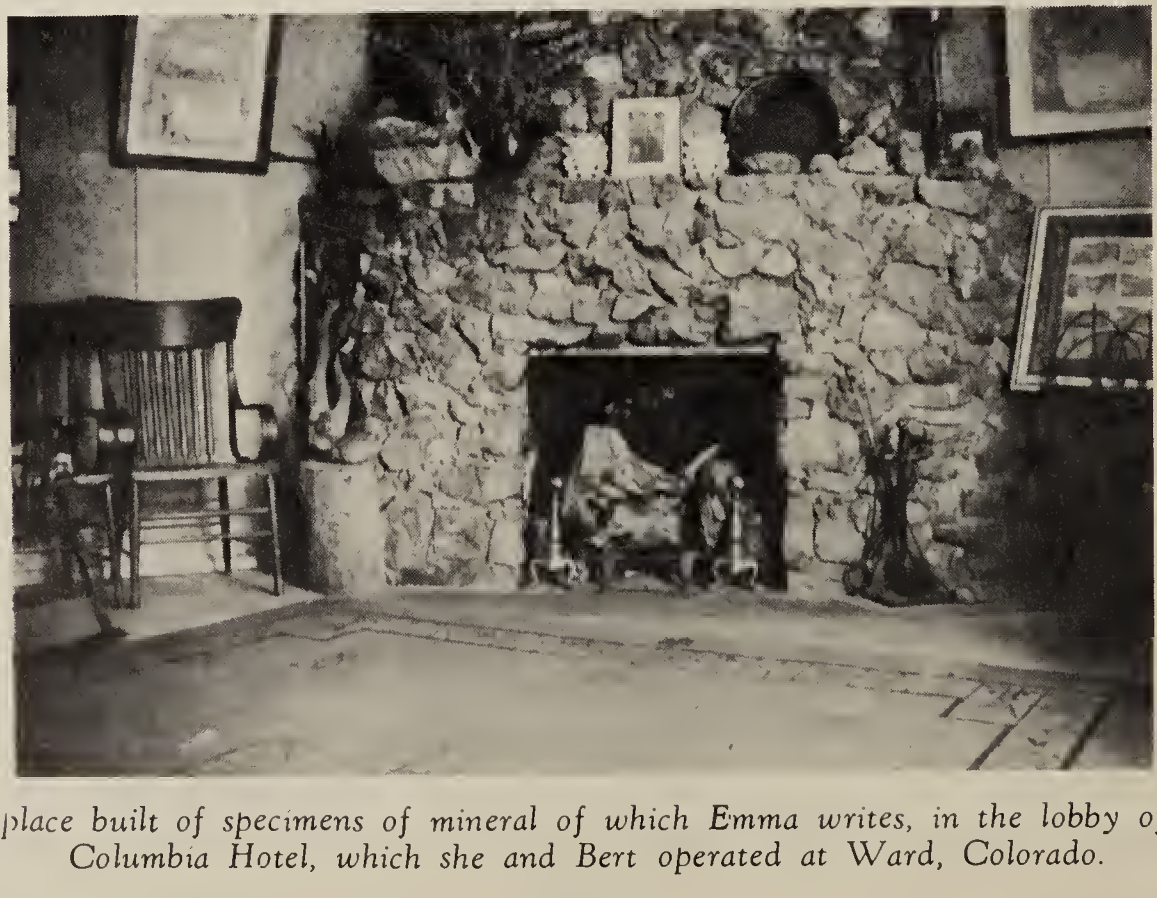
The day following the big fire of 1900 which burned all of the business places in Ward, the business men in Longmont and Boulder sent up a friendship train of food which lasted until we could establish some businesses again.

In 1915 we purchased the Columbia Hotel. It not only served the local people



At the Graphic Mine — the Fairhurst mine, at Magnolia, Colorado. Specimens from this mine assayed 7888 ounces of gold per ton and 200 ounces of silver per ton. Mr. Fairhurst was awarded the bronze medal on Graphic mine specimens at the Paris, France, exposition, 1900, and a silver medal at the Omaha, Nebraska World's Fair.

At the right is Albert Lyle Fairhurst, Emma's husband, and next him is his brother Charles Fairhurst.



Fireplace built of specimens of mineral of which Emma writes, in the lobby of the Columbia Hotel, which she and Bert operated at Ward, Colorado.

of the mining industry, but mine owners and capitalists met and put over mining deals. We also had a thriving tourist business, because of the narrow gauge railroad called the Switzerland Trail of America, which had excursions three or four times a week, during the summer season. They brought people from Denver and Boulder. The people had only two hours in town, including the time out for dinner. I remarked to my husband that it was too bad that the people could not stay long enough to see some of the mines and the ore. Finally he said, "What would you do about it?" I promptly said, "I would build a monument made of all our ores in the park or a fireplace in the hotel so the public could see the ores." He replied, "Well, that's a fine idea." Before we had our plans finished he passed away suddenly February 3, 1920.

I finally decided to build a fireplace. Then I was confronted with the problem of how to go about it and how to get the ore. The thought came to me that I would ask the mine owners if I could get ore from their mines, and if they would like to have their mines represented. They all said, "We shall be glad to contribute the ore. We know you are familiar with a good judge of our ores so take what you need." Some brought the ore, but I went out with the wagons and selected the rest. I wanted some ore from the Niwot Mine, the first mine discovered within the town limits and on the Columbia vein. Since this was one of the last pieces of ore to go into the fireplace, I walked to the top of the mountain and carried the specimens down. The only specimen in the fireplace not found in the Ward District was from the Graphic Mine in Magnolia which is owned by the Fairhurst family. The Graphic Mine produced the richest specimen of gold ore (Sylvanite, which is the richest of all gold ore) ever found in the world. It assayed 7888 ounces of ore per ton in gold and 200 ounces in silver. I took two international prizes namely: a bronze medal from Paris, France in 1900; and a silver medal from Omaha, Nebraska.

The fireplace was completed in 1921. It has been most gratifying and a center of attraction for tourists. Some people come to Ward to see and admire it for its beauty; others for its value. Tourists call it the million dollar fireplace. Our location is unique. People come from all over the world to see our scenery as well as to learn about our mines. John T. Bartlett who wrote up the fireplace in the National Hotel Magazine called it the community monument since it is the only collection of ores from the Ward District. Ripley also described the Columbia Hotel as one where you came in on one street and went up stairs and went out on another street.

Because of the monetary polices of our government our gold mines have been closed since World War II.

We enjoyed having Pa visit us summers, because of the pleasure he received from visiting with the people who came from all over the world. I recall Pa and our Forest Supervisor, Mr. Kreutzer sitting in front of our fireplace and telling about Mr. Kreutzer's father being a forester in the Black Forest and Pa's father being interested in the Vogelsang Forest in Germany.

FAIRHURST ANCESTRY

The Fairhursts were of English descent. A Ruth Fairhurst married into the Miles Standish family. My husband's father, William Guy Fairhurst, was born in Patterson, New Jersey, but reared in Brooklyn, New York. His father and most of the family manufactured different kinds of engines. He really was heir to a large English estate. This large fortune was advertised in a New York paper, but they did not respond, as they thought that they would probably not be able to get anything from it. My husband would have been a Lord had he been in England.

Mother Fairhurst was born and reared in Soco, Maine. She was of Jewish and English descent. Her father was a professor in a college. She and her parents came across the plains in 1859 in a covered wagon when she was twelve years old. Father Fairhurst and his sister Sylvia Thompson of Erie first came to Illinois. Later in 1859 he came to Colorado. He married a woman in Illinois and had one child. Both passed away, so when he heard of the gold rush he came West, and went to Blackhawk, Colorado. Here he met Bert's mother, and was married. Bert was the oldest son.

Father Fairhurst was in business in Blackhawk for a time; then moved to Magnolia where he purchased the Graphic Mine.

My husband, Albert Lyle Fairhurst, was born in Blackhawk, Colorado, February 10, 1868. He attended elementary school in Magnolia and later took a correspondence course in engineering through the International Correspondence School in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Later he became engaged in silver and gold mining which he followed during his entire life, with the exception of five years that he served as a Forest Ranger in the Roosevelt Forest. He was an authority on mining since he was familiar with the ore veins in this country. He was popular and much sought after by the mining engineers because of this knowledge.

Bert was a member of the Masonic lodge and had been a Master Mason, and an Odd Fellow of which he had been a Noble Grand; a member of the Knights of the Maccabees; the Elks and the Metal Mining Association. He was interested in civic affairs and the welfare of the community. He served on the town council in Ward for some years.

I was a member of the Ladies Aid Society of the Congregational church for 54 years. I am a member of the Queen Esther Chapter, No. 5, Eastern Star, Boulder, Colorado, Lady Maccabees; Colorado Metal Mining Association, South St. Vrain Association, Republican Committeewoman. I have served on the school board and on the Town Council for twelve years and as Treasurer of the Town for three years.

I am most grateful for my early Christian training which has been an inspiration and guide throughout my entire life.

Postscript: Just fifteen days after Emma wrote the above, Hazel found her sitting beside the stove in her Columbia Hotel. Her spirit had passed to the beyond. She had not complained of being ill. She was buried April 3d, 1950, beside Bert, her husband, who had preceded her, in a cemetery in Boulder, Colorado.

HISTORY OF AMELIA HAUBERG SCHMOLL AND WILLIAM THEODORE SCHMOLL

An Autobiography

As of April, 1948

I, Amelia Maria Catherina, oldest of the Mark Hauberg family, was born in a log house on the Sugar Grove Farm, Port Byron, Illinois, August 20, 1863. I can remember when we moved into our big stone house. I was between three and four years old. Soon after that Grandfather and Grandmother Frels and Aunt Ettie, about five years old, came over to see the house. Anna was the first child born in it in 1867.

As soon as Emma and I were tall enough one stood at each end of the table to eat. We all said a German prayer of our own before each meal. When the next two children became tall enough they then took these places and we sat down to eat. We learned to milk when we were five or six years old on an old cow called Brindy. I recall that neighbors came to have singing school at our house. They had a tuning fork and all sat around the big dining table.

Uncle Dedrich Bracker worked for Pa before he was married. Aunt Lizzie Hauberg and Dedrich Bracker were married in our stone house. Aunt Lizzie was a very beautiful bride with her long curly locks and bridal veil which reached to the floor. The wedding dinner was served upstairs in the boy's (Louis) room. The cook stove was moved up into the spare bedroom. The downstairs was used for the wedding ceremony and entertaining of the guests. Everyone danced after dinner. At midnight someone took off the bride's veil and orange blossoms and put a night cap on her head. A Civil War knapsack was put about the groom's neck and then the bride and the groom danced a solo waltz to accordion music. This was a customary procedure those days.

Amelia Hauberg

Aunt Maggie Hauberg Schroeder was a great horseback rider. She could do stunts on a horse. When she came to visit or work for us, she would ride our old Jane horse home. Then she would turn her loose. Jane would come back to our gate and wait for us to let her into the pasture.

Mrs. Amelia Hauberg Schmoll

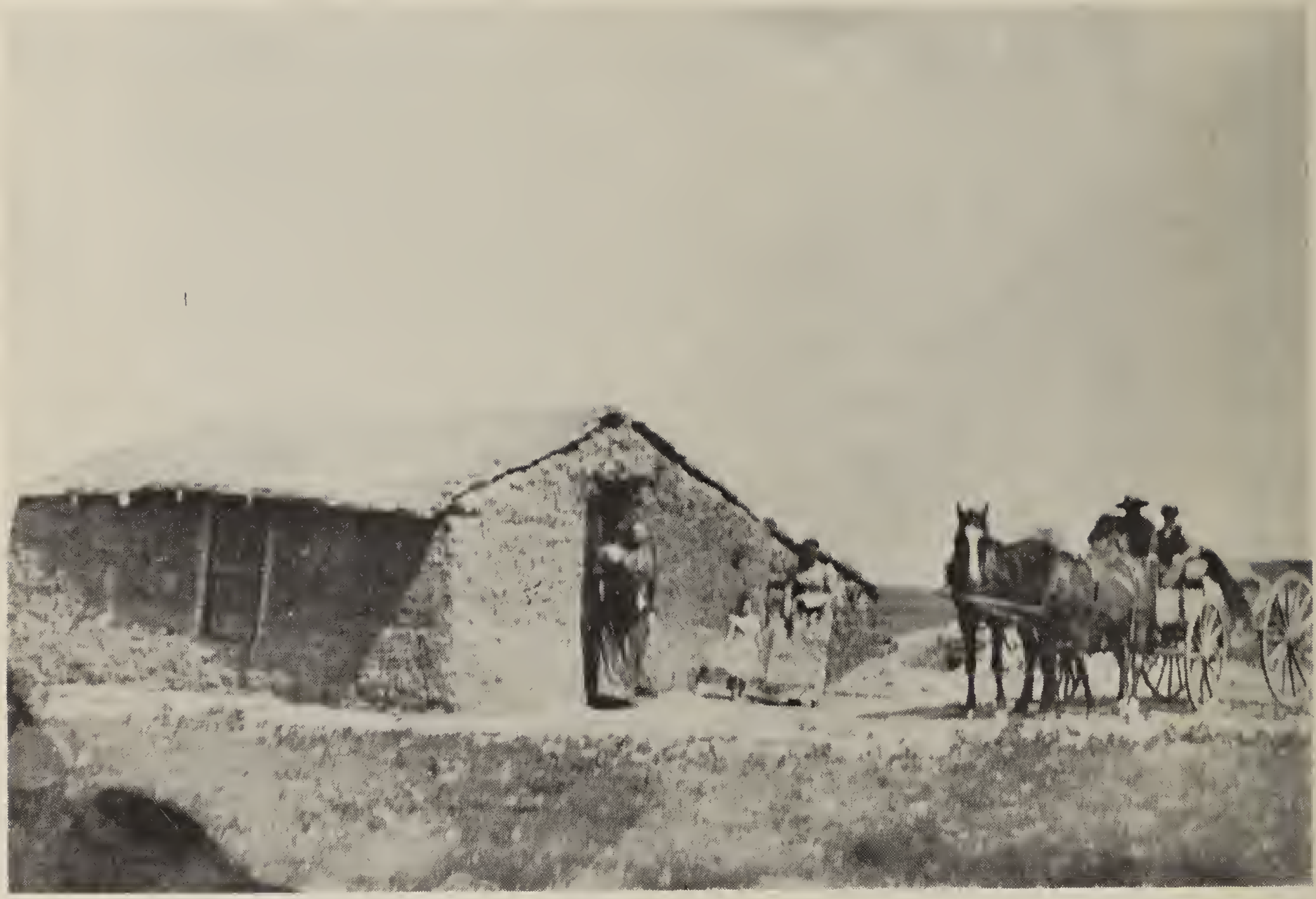
When I reached the age of about eleven, Emma and I had to help with the farming. We would help Grandfather Hauberg by carrying the bundles of grain to the shocks. There were about twelve bundles to a shock. After about three years Pa thought that we were old enough to bind a station. At first, if the hired men were behind with their station we had to help them. When we were about fourteen or fifteen, we drove the harrow. We had to help plant corn and after the grain came up we often had to pull out the weeds. During harvest time, when Ma did not have the lunches ready for the men, we had to carry them into the field for the men twice a day — at 9:00 A. M. and between 3 and 4 in the afternoon. In the morning the lunch consisted of home-smoked sausage sandwiches. In the afternoon we took a big pot of coffee and a big basket filled with sandwiches and cookies or cake. At corn husking time we had to help Pa. He picked the down row and drove the horses. We had to pick up any corn that had been thrown over the wagon box by the helpers and pick any corn that was overlooked by them. Corn picking time we also had to herd cows in the meadow and see that they did not get into the cornfield.

I started to Bluff school when I was six years old and quit when I was fourteen so that I could go to German Lutheran School on Hampton Bluff. Here I was confirmed at the age of fifteen. Pastor Winter was my teacher.

Aunt Katie Hauberg had her wedding to Charles Walther at Uncle Dave's. There were three bridesmaids — Annie Eiper, Lizzie Meyer, and I — and three groomsmen — Ernest Walther, Dedrich, Oltman, and a friend of Uncle Charley's who was a professor from Germany. They built a dance platform outside and ate the wedding supper in the house.

While learning the dressmaking trade in Moline, I lived with the Timmermans. At the end of ten days Pa came for me to husk corn and this ended my professional training in dressmaking. I learned to cut patterns by a model, and from then on was a full fledged dressmaker. I worked for different people for a few years, then Emma and I went into business in Port Byron — she being the milliner and I the dressmaker.

Fred Schmoll and Aunt Ettie Frels took me to a Fourth of July celebration at Father Schmolls in Henry County. They had a dance in the barn. Here I met Will Schmoll. For seven or eight years after this we went to parties and dances together. Will worked for Uncle Dave, Uncle Charley and Ernest Walther. In 1886 he went West and homesteaded near Winona, then called Gopher, Kansas. He built a dugout and batched for about two and one-half years. He then came East and we were married at home on January 22, 1889. We visited in Illinois for a week or two and then went by train to Kansas. When we arrived in Winona he took me to the claim in a hired one-horse buggy. He had a new one-room sod house 12 x 16 feet with a board floor ready for me. Few of my neighbors had board floors. The shanty had a full-sized window in the south, half-sized windows in the north and west and a door facing east. In the house was a corner cup-



The William T. Schmoll sod house in Logan County, Kansas. A. D. 1891.

board, a parlor cookstove, a wooden bed, wardrobe, table, four chairs, a rocker and a sewing machine. The dugout was filled with old railroad ties. These lasted me one year for fuel. After that I had to burn buffalo chips just as my neighbors did. They were very dusty, burned quickly, made a lot of heat and left much ashes. In the fall people gathered them for the winter and they would have stacks as high as the houses.

Hazel was born August 23, 1890 in the sod shanty on the claim. We lived here two and one-half years. Will had lived here five years and proved up on the homestead March 27, 1891. We then sold most of our belongings and moved to Caribou, Colorado in July 1891.

Caribou was then considered the richest silver mining area in Colorado. The only work available at first was wood chopping. Later, because of his superior ability in handling horses, Will was selected as head wood hauler when the Caribou Mine was to be opened. In winter he had to shovel snow every morning to get out of our house and to get the horses out of the barn. The wind and snow were terrific. Just as they had the Caribou Mine unwatered and had it ready for production, silver was demonitized and we were forced to find work elsewhere.

Ward was a booming gold mining town at that time so we moved over there in October 1893 and have lived here ever since. At first Will worked a short time in a mine. He did not like that work so he again first chopped and then hauled wood. Later he bought out Major Jain's livery business and ran 10 to 20 horses. When automobiles came in he changed from horses to automobiles.

Will and I were both interested in civic affairs. Soon after the town was incorporated Will was elected to the Town Board. Later he was Treasurer, then Secretary and finally served as Mayor for twenty-one years. I was on the School Board for over twenty years. As a member of the Ladies Aid Society, I helped build the first church in Ward, — the Union Congregational Church. Much time was also given later to the Woman's Civic Improvement Club and the Woman's Club. During World War I, I had charge of the Red Cross for the Ward District. For many years I was Republican Committeewoman and often served as clerk or judge at local, county and national elections.

Ward was not only one of the richest gold mining towns in Colorado, but the center of one of the most scenic spots in the United States. The railroad which came in 1898 was called the Switzerland Trail of America. For many years Will hauled the mail from the railroad station or in winter anywhere that the train had to stop. Later, after the railroad was abandoned, he hauled the mail from Boulder to Ward for a time.

Before the establishment of the United States Forest Service some of Will's horses ran wild on the range in winter and spring. They covered the area between the highest peaks of the Continental Divide and the foothills. In the spring Will would have to hunt for them on horseback. This enabled him to learn the country very thoroughly. He was a keen observer of nature. He first took people on trips into this scenic country on horseback and in buggies. His thorough knowledge of the country together with the accumulation of observations he had made, made him very popular with the tourists and his services as guide were in great demand and highly regarded. He was one of the first people to make a business of guiding tourists into our scenic country. Due very largely to his interest in this country, Ward became known as the Inner Gateway to the Three Largest Glaciers in the Southern Rockies. Because of the wide variety of his activities, Will became one of the most widely known men in this part of the country. Will passed away March 19, 1946.

PART IV

Great Grandchildren and Inlaws of John D. Hauberg

Dr. Hazel Schmoll, Ph. D., as graduate at the University of Colorado at Boulder.

HAZEL MARGUERITE SCHMOLL

An Autobiography

Ward, Colorado

I was the only child of Will and Amelia Hauberg Schmoll born in the sod shanty on our claim about three miles north of McAllister, Kansas, on August 23, a long time ago.

CHILDHOOD

Mine was a rich and happy childhood. During those years and until the passing of my father, a mode of transportation other than my own was provided. First father bought a burro or "Rocky Mountain Canary" for me to ride. This "Jinnie," as we called her, I must not have had very long as I do not well remember her. My first pony was called Dimple. She was a buckskin and white spotted Indian pony with a black mane and tail. Dimple knew that her business was to look after me. Her behavior was always good when I rode her; but not so good when others did. My first saddle was a side saddle. Later father bought me a very fine padded stride saddle. The first lady in Ward (about 1894) who rode astride was severely criticized. People in livery business learned that side saddles ruined horses' backs. More and more women in the mountains were riding horseback. Finally, after a few years, for humane reasons as well as greater safety in riding on mountain trails and roads, riding astride became the preferred and accepted method.

Later father bought me a specially made two-seated pony buggy to which Dimple was hitched. Mother and I, and often some of my little friends, would leave early in the morning and spend the day picking wild berries. We children also had wonderful times when we walked after berries. In the 90's and early 1900's there were large areas of burned-over and cut-over mountainsides where raspberries and huckleberries (so called by the natives, but really scrub blueberries) grew in great abundance, as there were no cattle grazing in these areas. In the moister places grew strawberries and gooseberries. Strawberries were rare, very small, but extremely delicious. I would do very well if I picked a quart bucket full in a day. For both black currants and huckleberries we had to go up closer to timberline. It was a long horseback trip and we were always grateful to have a horse to carry us and our berries home, as we would often have a couple of three-gallon pails or more each. Scrambling over down-timber to find berries was strenuous work but fun. Sometimes mother, father and I would go on a camping trip and take a wagon as far as we could then ride the horses and (or) a burro beyond the wagon road. Huckleberries were usually picked with a specially made rake—unless we found very large ones. Picking them over was quite a task as we usually put them in a tub, and covered them with water. The dead berries and leaves were then skimmed off. They were delicious for pies and canning. The black currants, on the other hand, made a beautiful royal purple jelly, as well as good pies.

To high school age most city children had spent much of their time reading. The Ward fire on the night of January 23, 1900, destroyed the center of town including our home and business. This brought such an emotional upset and so many changes into our life that I had little time for reading. There were other compensations however. Since father was in the livery business, I had the great privilege of going with him on horseback trips when he guided people to the tops of our high peaks and also when he went by buggy to various places within a radius of about forty miles from here. It was father who taught me to know and love the wild flowers. His keen sense of observation was something he retained to the last and always filled me with awe. These contacts with nature have given me a background which I would never exchange for their equivalent in book knowledge.

As I grew older mother would prepare a lunch for me, then I would take my handsome albino horse, Snowball, and my dog, Regina, and go out for a day at a time alone or with friends into the mountains. Sometimes I would fish, again I would observe or collect wildflowers, or perhaps pick wild berries. Doing this I not only learned much by myself, but also much from my horses who were experienced in mountaineering. Before the establishment of the U. S. Forest Service our horses ran the Range anywhere from the foothills to the tops of high peaks. Winters were spent at lower elevations and they worked back to the mountain tops as the snow melted and grass became green. It has always seemed to me that they preferred the higher elevations in summer for either one or both of two reasons, namely: either the grass was more appetizing, or they wanted to be as far away from civilization as possible. While picking berries or leaving the horses for any reason for some time, I never needed to tie my horse as Father had trained them to stay in the place where I stopped and threw the reins over their heads. Of course, I always tried to select a spot where there was plenty of grass.

My love for flowers was so great that when I learned of a tourist who knew anything about them I almost "ran her door sill down" endeavoring to learn what they knew. There were no popular books about the wild flowers in Colorado at that time. The wonderful landscaping done by nature in areas not "messed up by man" became so instilled in my thought that it dulled my appreciation for man-made landscaping until I saw that man's work had its place and gave pleasure too.

Living in a small mining and tourist town had great advantages. As a small child I never ceased to be thrilled at hearing the mine whistles (52 mines working in 1898) blow morning, noon and night, and seeing the men filing down the mountain swinging their dinner pails as they came from work in the gold mines. This booming town was literally youthful in its atmosphere and activities. Well do I remember our town band and the rock drilling contests at the Fourth of July celebrations. I can still hear the whistle of the engine when it came around the bend the first time that the train came into town in 1898.

Before I went to high school I knew much about school and town administration as Mother and Father took active part in these affairs, Mother being on the school board for over twenty years and Father mayor for twenty-one years.

Music seemed to be my first love and talent. Aunt Rosena Hauberg gave me my first lessons and went to Denver with Father to pick out our piano. Mother saw to it that I also had elocution and painting lessons. We had some fine musicians here. I used my music in playing for Sunday School and singing on programs. Time for music was later displaced for other studies.

Horseback riding and buggy riding for sight seeing and dancing were the major types of recreation in our community. Mother and Father were good dancers, so when I wanted to learn, they not only taught me to dance but attended most of the weekly dances with me. These were memorable occasions of clean wholesome fun. The rhythm of dancing gives one a grace that nothing else can. Whether it was a round or a square dance, I never was a "wall flower." Because of limited finances, I never felt that I could participate in such extra-curricular activities in high school and university. I had really had my "fling" at dancing and opportunities for leadership and organization at home so could sit back without too much "pulling at the reins" while others did these things for the first time.

Mother did all of my sewing and even worked outside the home while I was attending high school and university. We had cows in town. From the age of four years and until I went to Boulder to attend high school I delivered milk around town in small quart and two-quart buckets night and morning. This kept my time happily occupied and I was always in good health.

Higher Education

Following my graduation from the eighth grade at Ward in 1904 I attended high school, then called the State Preparatory School, in Boulder where I graduated in 1909, and received my A. B. from the University of Colorado in 1913. Advanced education meant hard work for me, but I managed to stay near the top of my class. My first year in University I felt that I had broadened more than any other one year in my life to that time. Greater freedom and wider contacts with people were delightful. I always liked people so was in "my element." Because of limited vocabulary and a different experience from most young people, I found English — especially theme writing — extremely difficult. In those days one was not always given topics about things that were most familiar to you. I started to major in German but changed to biology because of my greater experience in this field.

Uncle Bert Fairhurst took me to see my first professional play while I was in the university.

When starting to University I did not have the remotest idea of what I wanted to do upon graduation. As a child I had not thought that I wanted to teach unless I could teach botany in the out-of-doors. In the spring of 1913 a most exciting letter came from Uncle John and Aunt Sue Hauberg stating that they had been visiting "Billy" and Mrs. Hill at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York, and learned that there would be an opening in the biology department the fall of 1913. I was asked to apply for the position. What a stir was created when people learned that I had received this position! Even my major professor said, "I don't understand it." I think I was the first person from our university to teach at Vassar College so it brought honor to them as well as to me.

VASSAR COLLEGE

Those four years as a member of the Vassar faculty (1913-1917) were filled with opportunities, crammed with events, and provided great growth and development. This was truly an opportunity of a life time and every minute was utilized to the full. Being there meant great responsibility to make good not just for myself but in gratitude to my Aunt and Uncle who had made this position possible. Perhaps the reason why I was asked to return each year, and the last year at double my usual increase, was because I was no stranger to work.

My first year I was Assistant and half-time student in the Biology Department under Dr. A. L. Treadwell. I was most fortunate to have such a kindly, intelligent, and quiet man to work for. All liked him. It was rather pathetic to hear students say of him, "He is so human."

I first lived in Strong Hall and later in Raymond Hall where Miss Raymond, the daughter of the first president of Vassar; was Warden. She was a fine wholesome person who had always lived in a very protected atmosphere. Dr. Mary Robinson head of the Botany Department was Warden of Strong Hall. She was a wonderful woman and very kind to me. I felt that I had lost a dear friend when she left the college that year to become Dean of Women at Newark College in Newark, New Jersey. She was always interested in all the things that I did and saw that I was cared for and did things. Dr. Emmeline Moore succeeded Miss Robinson as head of the Botany Department. Since I was more interested in plants than animals, I asked to be transferred to the Botany Department, where I remained as full-time assistant. While there I helped in the establishment of courses in bacteriology and landscape architecture for which they hired separate teachers. All had a different approach to botany from what I had had, so this was a very profitable experience.

Previous to this time I had not been aware of the wonderful opportunity I had had of attending elementary school in a small town. I soon learned that I had had a far better foundation in fundamental subjects such as spelling, arithmetic, and geography than the teachers about my age that had come from the finest private and public city schools.

President Taylor left not long after I came. I sat at his table in Main Building for Thanksgiving dinner on November 27, 1913. The week beginning October 9, 1915 leading educators came from Europe and America to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the founding of Vassar College. Dr. Henry Noble McCracken was inaugurated as its new president on October 15, 1915.

Most of this country's and the world's greatest men and women in art, music, the theater, literature, social problems, politics, education and religion appeared before the students and faculty at the college.

It was my privilege to meet ex-President Howard Taft on January 21, 1916 at a reception given in the home of President and Mrs. McCracken after he had given a talk to the students and faculty on "World Relationships." I was greatly impressed by his friendliness, his fine character, and the handling of his subject.

Each year the graduating class had a dinner in Main Building to which some of the faculty were invited and they were addressed by some famous person. One, I remember, was the year that Charles Evans Hughes' daughter graduated. Her father, who ran for President of the United States and later became Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, gave the main address. His speech reflected the fineness of his character and his intellectual ability.

My first trip to New York City, on November 14, 1913, was a great thrill. I had never before heard of a subway. This and the huge arched bridge we passed under as we entered the city were marvels of engineering to me. Electrification of trains within the city placed it far above Chicago for cleanliness. How anyone could pack so much sightseeing into one week end was the marvel of the members at my faculty table!

Hiking was almost unheard of in our family, as we rode horseback most places. When I went to Vassar I wanted to learn to ride as they did. Many girls rode horseback. On my first trip to the stables, I very humbly told the man that I wanted to learn to ride. Therefore, for the first lesson he gave me an "old plug." When I returned the man apologized for giving me such a horse, and after that I was given the best saddle horse in the barn. Enjoyment of horseback riding to me, however, did not mean cramping your knees and spanking yourself in the saddle, so I discontinued that as a form of recreation.

Chaperones were required for all off-campus events such as meals at nearby inns, sleigh or barge rides, trips to Poughkeepsie for shopping or the theatre, and week ends at West Point, New York City or elsewhere.

Each year various departments took their students to interesting places. For example, the chemistry class went to the Fleishman Yeast Company at Peekskill, and geology classes to various points in the Catskill Mountains. Seniors were guests at the Lake Mohonk Hotel in the Catskills where International Peace Conferences were held.

Chaperoning to cadet or officers' "hops" at the United States Military Academy at West Point on the Hudson river was a unique experience. Two trips to West Point were of historical significance. War was declared on Germany by the United States on April 6, 1917. For this reason that year's class was graduated on April 20, 1917. This was a sad occasion as the boys did not know where they might be sent. Newton D. Baker, then Secretary of War, presented the diplomas. On May 11, 1917 Marshall Joffre, the "Devil of France," came to review the cadets. A special section of the grand stand was reserved for Vassar people. Joffre, although short of stature, was conspicuous in his uniform consisting of bright red trousers, red cap trimmed with gold braid, and dark blue coat bedecked with medals. My diary states that he looked very thoughtful and serious.

LITERATURE

Edna St. Vincent Millay, who has become a famous American poet, was at Vassar when I was. The faculty recognized her unusual talent and were generous in permitting absences from classes when she was "inspired" to write. Ann Thorpe, granddaughter of Henry W. Longfellow, was a leader among the girls and took part in plays. She took the leading role in a play written by Vincent (as she was then called).

John Masefield, Poet Laureate of England, read some of his compositions to us. When Walter Wilfred Gibson came to accept some honor extended posthumously to the English poet, Rupert Brooks, he read some of his poetry which was very sad and certainly not inspiring.

Irving Bachellor, (who just passed away, 1950), author of the very popular novel, "Keeping Up With Lizzie" and scores of others, gave us a very sensible talk. His niece was a good friend of mine. Dr. Samuel Crothers, a famous literary man of that time whose daughter lived on my corridor, spoke. Publishers and editors of our foremost magazines and books gave fine talks. Burgess Johnson, then a faculty member, told us in a delightfully entertaining manner of his contacts with various writers, including Mark Twain, while he did editorial work on magazines. He himself wrote some charming books for children.

ART

Of course, there were many fine art exhibits loaned to the college. An unusual collection was that of miniatures. These have to be completed at one sitting. Kenyon Cox, one of the most famous eastern artists of that time, gave us a very fine practical talk on art.

ACTORS

Vassarians were very "play" minded. Some of the famous actors and actresses of that day that I saw and heard were: Billy Burke, Ruth Chatterton, Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, Otis Skinner, and Edith Wynn Mattheson.

WAKE ROBIN CLUB

One of my cherished opportunities came when I was made an honorary member of the Wake Robin Club on April 25, 1916, by the students. I was then asked to chaperon on two successive years to see the famous nature writer, John Burroughs. On April 29, 1916 we were met at the train at West Park, New York by John Burroughs. He then took us to his place in the woods called "Slabsides." He was most gracious and unassuming. He took us on a nature trip and told us about the building of slabsides. In his woods I saw for the first time the very rare, shy and fragrant Trailing Arbutus. Our second trip was at the height of the apple blossom season, on May 19, 1917. This time we saw Mr. Burrough's house on the Hudson river called "Riverby Nest." He did his writing on this acreage in a one-room cabin which he built in 1884. Some of the faculty brought a movie camera to take pictures of John Burroughs and the girls in his apple orchard. Mr. Burroughs told us much of his early life and his friendship with Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford, and John Muir. Ford had given him an automobile.

MUSIC

Music was of great interest to me. Some of the great musicians I remember hearing were: Pianists: Paderewski, Gabrillovich, Harold Bauer, Leo Ornstein; Singers: Louise Homer, John MacCormack, Alma Gluck, Gadowski, and the Hampton Singers (colored male quartet). Violinists: Mischa Elman at the age of 23 and Fritz Kreisler after his return from World War I where he had been wounded. To my mind, Fritz Kreisler's music expressed more beauty than Elman's. Perhaps it was because he seemed more modest.

Sousa and his band were the outstanding features at the Hippodrome (then having the largest stage and flag in the world) in New York City.

My first operas in a foreign language at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, were Haensel and Graetel and Pagliacci on April 3, 1914. The previous fall I had seen Samson and Delilah at American opera in New York.

Professor Lomax of the University of Texas, collector of cowboy songs, gave an unusual performance. He would give the history of a song then sing the verse and ask the audience to join in the chorus.

The Greek Russian Choir was one of the most unusual things I heard in the chapel. Since their scale is different from ours they sang without an instrument.

Miss Helen Keller was of great interest to me because she showed how richly she had lived even though she had always had the handicap of both blindness and deafness.

Mrs. Ballington Booth, wife of the founder of the Salvation Army, talked in chapel on her work in prisons and prison camps. She believed that there should be discipline in the camps and that the duty of workers was to teach the prisoners to be good citizens.

An outdoor event which was different from the fine plays which the students wrote and produced was the happy, glittering and rhythmic ice carnival. Each girl taking part in the grand march wore white with a scarf of her class color draped from shoulder to waist. Chinese lanterns and bon fires surrounded the lake and a band played while the girls skated.

On one of my trips to New York City I had the privilege of meeting Dr. P. A. Rydberg, a Swedish Botanist at the New York Botanical Garden, who had written a very large and comprehensive Flora of Colorado. Like most great men he was very unassuming.

SUFFRAGE

When I first went to Vassar there was a very active suffrage organization in Poughkeepsie to which many of the faculty belonged. When some of these women learned that I was from Colorado and that I had voted they were eager to have me join their organization. My work at first was such, however, that I could not attend meetings. One woman even said to me, "Won't you come down and just stand up and let us say 'Here is a woman that has voted'?" Carrie Chapman Catt was very active in this work at that time and came to Poughkeepsie.

Finally on November 2, 1915, together with some other faculty members, standing 100 feet from the polls, I passed out circulars containing the Suffrage Amendment to men voting at Arlington, the village adjoining the campus. On this day there were given the first stump speeches for woman's suffrage ever given on the Vassar Campus.

The suffrage amendment did not carry in 1915 so the afternoon of November 10, 1916 I helped in a house-to-house canvas of Poughkeepsie women asking if they wanted the right to vote in New York State. I obtained 51 signatures. One of the most amusing incidents of my life occurred on this afternoon. Upon being queried one lady said to me, "Indeed, I do not want the right to vote. My mother, my grandmother, and my great grandmother did not vote and why should I. Besides, a polling place is no decent place for a woman to go." Believe it or not! before I left her home she gladly signed my paper.

1917-1919

It has been said that " . . . progress is the law of God." If I was to continue to teach at college level, it would be necessary to get an advanced degree, so the fall of 1917 I enrolled at the University of Chicago. One of the members of the Botany Department at Vassar told me that this was one of the finest graduate schools in the world and that its botany department was also one of the best in this country. Work was under Dr. John M. Coulter who had collected western plants and was the author of a "Manual of Western Botany." His lectures in taxonomy and morphology were most inspiring. My major work, however, was with Dr. Henry C. Cowles, founder of ecology. Ecological botany was just the type of botany I had hoped to find because it was the study of plants in the out-of-doors. My research consisted of an ecoligal survey of the forests in winter in the vicinity of Glencoe, Illinois. I received my master's degree the spring of 1919.

On February 21, 1919, I was elected to Sigma Xi, one of the oldest scientific honorary societies, from the Botany Department of the University of Chicago. Professor Robert A. Millikan from the Physics Department of the University of Chicago gave the main address: "The Accomplishment and Opportunity of American Scientific Research." During the war he served our nation as Vice-Chairman of the National Research Council and head of the Scientific and Research Division of the Bureau of Aircraft Production. Dean Angell presided as president. Shortly after he was called to be President of Yale University.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

Summer school, although strenuous, always included much wholesome fun. My first one at the University of Colorado at Tolland (1912) was a wonderful occasion for me. The University of Michigan Biological Station on Douglas Lake in 1913 was my first experience where there was swimming. Here courses in taxonomy and ecology under Dr. H. A. Gleason, later head of the Botany Department at New York Botanical Garden, gave me my first introduction to eastern plant life.

From Vassar College I received a table in 1914 to the Marine Biological Station at Woods Hole, Massachussetts. While here I had the pleasure of knowing and being entertained by Professor and Mrs. Richard Jewett of Harvard University, in their summer home. I met Miss Anna Canon, the famous Harvard astronomer, there one night when we made observations on the stars through their telescope. Mrs. Jewett and my Aunt Sue Hauberg were cousins.

I attended summer school at the University of Chicago in 1916 and again in 1919 when I joined Dr. George D. Fuller's botany class that went to Colorado. We first studied the flora at Tolland, then in the Ward area where I guided them, finally in the Rocky Mountain National Park. This work together with my master's degree gave me a fine background for the position later at the State Museum, Denver, Colorado.

STATE MUSEUM, DENVER, COLORADO. 1919-1925
NATURAL HISTORY DEPARTMENT

Getting a degree from the University of Chicago was quite an ordeal so I thought I would remain at home for a short time before returning to Chicago for my doctor's degree. Early in October of 1919 Mr. Carpenter, a member of the Board of directors of the State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado at the State Museum, Denver, Colorado, came to Ward. While talking with my father he said that he thought that I was just the person they needed to do some botanical work for the museum. Miss Rena Duthie of Pullman, Washington had come there in September 1919. I started work there October 14, 1919, expecting to stay only a month or two but remained for five years. Mr. Ellsworth Bethel, then a pathologist for the U. S. Department of Agriculture, was also Director of the Natural History Department. He and Miss Alice Eastwood had probably covered the state of Colorado more thoroughly while collecting plants than any one in their day. My chief work was to see that these two plant collections were mounted and properly identified. Our herbarium of 10,000 mounted plants was considered one of the best in Colorado.

This position gave me an opportunity to be of great service to my State. Mr. Bethel was gone much of the time so left me in charge of the department during his absence. Our department cooperated with all of the major organizations in Denver that were interested in the conservation of our state's natural resources. Some of these organizations were: National Park Service, National Forest Service, Colorado Mountain Club, Colorado Forestry Association, Denver Society of Ornamental Horticulture, Denver Garden Club (of which there was only one in 1919), Denver Boy Scouts, Public Schools and others. Many of these people with whom I worked most closely have become nationally known: such as, S. R. Deboer who was the landscape architect and city planner that laid out Boulder City at Hoover Dam; Edmond Rogers who first became Superintendent of Rocky Mountain National Park; H. N. Wheeler who became Chief Lecturer for the United States Forest Service.

In 1920 I was elected to membership in Kappa Delta Pi, an honorary educational fraternity at the University of Colorado, and being a member of the Board of Directors of the Colorado Mountain Club in Denver in the 1920's was a delightful experience as the membership was made up of so many worthwhile people.

While on the Board James Grafton Rogers drew up a bill for the protection of the Colorado State Flower, the Columbine (*Aquilegia Caerulea*). When I was a child they were so abundant here that people gathered them by bucketfuls and even tubfuls as well as digging them up by the roots. The need, therefore, for a law protecting them was great. I was given the assignment to be head lobbyist for the bill. Men had tried unsuccessfuly for several years to get such a bill passed. The State Museum being across the street from the State Capitol I did not find it difficult to watch the bill. Thanks to what I had learned from the experience of my parents in politics, I was able to secure the cooperation of individuals and organizations and to utilize the give and take necessary to get the bill through both houses of our legislature and see it become a law.

James Grafton Rogers was later Assistant (U.S.) Secretary of State under President Hoover, Head of the University of Colorado Law School, then called to Yale University, and recently one of the men who worked on the Hoover Report.

Many of the best known botanists here and abroad visited our Museum. Colorado has always been a favorite collecting ground for botanists from all over the world because of its scenery and fine summer climate as well as its many wild flowers. Dr. Aven Nelson and his wife from the University of Wyoming and co-author with Dr. John Coulter of the New Manual of Rocky Mountain Botany were among our outstanding visitors.

While at the Museum I did research in botany. The summer of 1924 I went to Piedra, Colorado, near Pagosa Springs, to make a collection of plants in the Chimney Rock area where Dr. Allard A. Jeancon, our Curator of Archaeology, had previously had an expedition for the excavation of Indian ruins. The following year in May I went to Mesa Verde National Park where I did government and state work. There I made the first systematic collection of plants made in this part and placed them in their new museum. Mr. Jesse Nusbaum was Superintendent of the Park. Mrs. Nusbaum wrote an Indian play which was given in Spruce Tree House. It was a moonlight night and flares were used to light the interior of Spruce Tree House. I read the synopsis of the play for a large audience which was seated on the opposite side of the canyon while Navajo Indians acted the parts in pantomime in Spruce Tree House.

Dorothy Shapley, who came to Denver for her health, was a stenographer in our department for a time. Her brother is the present head of the Astronomy Department at Harvard University. Mr. Bethel married Dorothy but passed away shortly afterward. The Natural History Department was then discontinued in 1925.

STATE BUREAU OF MINES

June 1, 1920 to June 1, 1921 I served as Clerk and Assistant Curator in the State Bureau of Mines under Mr. Horace F. Lunt, State Commissioner of Mines (metal). Mr. Lunt was a graduate of Harvard and Columbia Universities. It was a privilege to work under such a fine person. Later he was on the faculty of our State School of Mines at Golden. Mrs. A. M. Nickerson was the stenographer. Schoolmates and graduates of the University of Colorado that had preceded me were: Terry Duce, now one of the head men of the Texas Company; Norman Hinds who became Professor of Geology at Harvard University; and "Bud" Perini, a geology major of distinction. I was succeeded by Ethel Flanders McCarthy, who was private secretary to Dr. R. D. George, head of the Department of Geology at the University of Colorado and State Geologist.

EUROPE

Immediately following the Hauberg Reunion in August of 1925 at the Archie Allen YWCA Camp along the Mississippi River at Port Byron, Illinois, I was greatly surprised to have Uncle John and Aunt Sue Hauberg ask me if I would like to have a six months trip to Europe. This, of course, exceeded my fondest dreams. It was another experience which was different from anything I had ever done. On December 5, 1925 I boarded the world's largest steamship, the Majestic (built by the Germans but taken over by the British after World War I) in New

Isabel Lake, and its glacier and these surrounding mountains with their wild flowers, conifers, snows in summer and keen air are Hazel Schmoll's stock in trade with her "Range View Ranch" at Ward, Colorado.

York City and landed at Cherbourg, France on December 11. From here we took a train to Paris.

One of my primary objectives on this trip was to visit herbaria and botanical gardens. I had letters of introduction to the greatest botanists in Europe from professors I had here. Some of the famous gardens and herbaria visited were: In France, Jardin des Plantes in Paris; in Italy, Web Herbarium in Florence; in Germany, School of Forestry in Munich, and Botanical Garden in Nymphenburg, where I met the very eminent botanist Dr. Geobel, the oldest herbarium in Europe at Cassel, the world famous Berlin Botanical Garden at Dahlem; in Switzerland, Botanical Garden at Zurich where I met the world known ecologist Dr. Schroeter, the Bossier Herbarium, Ariana Botanical Garden, DeCandolle Herbarium and Burnat Herbarium near Geneva; in England the Kew Gardens and Natural History Museum in the vicinity of London.

Most of my time (December 11, 1925 to April 15, 1926) was spent in Paris. A Baedecker guide book was purchased for each country visited. Delightful people were met wherever I went. The pension, run by the Meyer family, in Ansiere (a suburb of Paris) at which I stayed most of the time was where Lady Astor of London sent her children (Bill and David) to brush up on their French. Madam Ellen Beech Yaw, a former Metropolitan Opera star, and other famous people were also there.

Two buildings of great size in Geneva, Switzerland were of special interest to me. The new International Labor Office building was most elegant in its furnishings and interior as well as exterior. A disarmament conference was being held in the League of Nations building. I recognized Paderewski as one in attendance. This building is now used as the International Headquarters for the YMCA.

While in Berlin, Germany I was invited to spend a week in the home of Frau Speiser whose husband was a German Counsel to South Africa. She was an English woman. I stayed with some of her people in London.

I visited the village of Helsen bei Arolsen in the Principality of Waldeck where my father's people came from. I have just learned that Queen Wilhemina of Holland's mother came from Waldeck.

At the Natural History Museum in London I saw specimens of ore from my home area, Boulder County, Colorado. There was gold ore from Sunshine; sylvanite (a very rich gold ore) from the Graphic Mine in Magnolia which is owned by the Fairhurst Family; and a tungsten specimen from Nederland.

Education 1927-1932

Part of the winter of 1927 I studied French and German at the University of Colorado preparatory to taking my degree of Doctor of Philosophy. From 1929-32 I attended the University of Chicago from which I received my Ph. D. degree in botany. It was a strenuous time as I had to work up the material that had been discovered during my ten years' absence from school at the same time that I was taking advanced courses. The research done in the Chimney Rock area of Colorado was used as my thesis. While at the University of Chicago someone called my attention to the fact that my name was in "American Men of Science" (a Who's Who for the Sciences).

1932-1950

One of the most helpful educational experiences I ever had was in doing editorial work. In 1932-33 I helped Rand-McNally and Company of Chicago rewrite a manuscript for a high school biology textbook. Botanical manuscripts were edited for *Botanical Gazette* (1933-36) and *Plant Physiology* (1935-38) for members of the Botany Department at the University of Chicago.

Winters of 1933 and 1935-39 I worked under Paul S. Standley in Herbarium of the Botany Department of the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago. In the spring of 1934 I was a substitute professor of botany at Frances Shimer Junior College at Mt. Carroll, Illinois. That was a fine school and I enjoyed the students and faculty very much.

Ward, Colorado

Aside from the fact that I was needed at home, in 1938 I decided to do something whereby I could share what I knew about plants in the out-of-doors with others. Having one of the most beautiful mountain ranges — scenically — in Colorado I planned to use our ranch as a place to take guests from the middle of June to the middle of September. In May 1938, therefore, I had a lodge built which faces a panorama of high snow-patched peaks of the Front Range of the Continental Divide comprising the three largest glaciers in the Southern Rockies. This region, which is also known as the Indian Peaks Region, adjoins the Rocky Mountain National Park on its south. I named our 205-acre beauty spot Range View Ranch. I am now happy to continue my work of nature guiding. Not only do I take my guests on trips in the vicinity of our ranch, but also into our high country where we explore and enjoy at close hand the superb peaks, waterfalls, glaciers, and lakes together with plant life in its virgin condition.

After my return home (Ward, Colorado) it was my privilege to follow in the footsteps of my parents by entering into civic affairs. I was elected and served as president (1941-1943) and secretary (1946 —) of the School Board and also as Councilman on the Town Board (1943 —). During the war when teachers were scarce, I taught elementary school in Ward (1942-45).

On May 18, 1949 at a meeting of the school boards of Boulder County, Colorado, I was elected as one of two people to represent the Mountain Districts on a County Committee of fifteen for the reorganization and consolidation of school districts. This was in accordance with House Bill 900 passed by the Colorado Legislature in the spring of 1919.

RELIGION

As a child I attended the Union Congregational Sunday School and church services in Ward. Mother and I were so impressed with Aunt Emma's remarkable healing in Christian Science that when I went to high school in Boulder we attended those services. Finding that Science was based upon the Bible and that it was a practical and logical religion that could be used every minute, we continued to attend. I was in Sunday School when Mr. William R. Rathvon was Superintendent and his wife (Mrs. Ella S. Rathvon) was my Sunday School teacher. The Rathvon's were called to Mrs. Eddy's household in 1908. In 1922, I took Class Instruction in Christian Science from Mr. Rathvon. Because of the efficacy of Christian Science I am grateful to.say that I never missed a day from school nor from work, when employed by others, because of Illiness. I am a member of the Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist in Boston, Massachusetts, and of First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boulder, Colorado.

HELEN JANE LYFORD SIMPSON

An Autobiography

MARRIED VIRGIL SIMPSON, JUNE 1, 1936

Born on the old Lyford farm in Coe town, March 4th, 1907, with two extremely proud parents — Edward Hall and Elnora Hauberg Lyford to urge me on. They didn't realize at the time what an adventuresome person they had in their care.

According to the stories they told, as soon as I was able to toddle I was constantly running away in company with Rover, a big collie.

The first day I was allowed in the yard to play I made a complete survey, not even missing an old dug well that had no covering over it. The creek, some distance from the house, was a favorite place to play, whether or not the hogs were close by. The corn field, where corn was so high that a child could not be seen in it was a challenging place to walk. A Port Byron couple, out riding one evening, met me on the "woods hill" nearly to the river. I told them I was going to Port Byron. They encouraged me to ride back to my home. Most of my trips required climbing over or squeezing under fences or gates. Once my tactics were not successful as my mother found me groaning and unable to move. My head was caught under the lane gate. Sows and little pigs were all around me. A spade was necessary to dig me out. Twice angry mother hogs had me surrounded in the pasture but hired men came to my rescue. Another time I ran and climbed up on a fence to save myself. Cows chased me and some horses knocked me down but I was undaunted.

The time I slipped over to our nearest neighbor woman's house was the only trip the folks laughed about. The lady had just come from Germany and knew

Pleasant Point, Coe Town, country school. Miss Helen Lyford teacher. This school house has since burned and all other single room schoolhouses are being discontinued, and consolidated into large buildings, to which country pupils are transported by the school bus. It is debatable whether the new plan will produce a finer citizenship.

very little English. I couldn't talk plainly but still she told my mother to let me come again because she could learn more English from me than anyone else. She encouraged me further by giving me a new delicacy—wieners—to eat.

Several initial memories might be listed. The first song I learned was "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam." My mother played it on the old Lyford grand piano and taught it to me. When the Ladies met at Jud Goldens, she stood me in the very center of the parlor rug with its circular design of large pink roses and I sang the song.

One early Christmas morning a kerosene lamp, turned low on the dining table revealed to me my first Christmas tree. The little cedar tree Papa had brought in from the timber held gifts galore and around its base was a red toy train. The folks assumed a state of complete surprise when I awakened them to see what Santa left.

The first music that definitely appealed to me was Dvorak's "Humoresque" played by a violinist at Grandpa and Grandma Hauberg's 50th wedding anniversary. I was five years old. During the afternoon guests were seated outdoors to visit and enjoy a musical program. Humoresque was played by a lady violinist. Her accompanist played and pumped the parlor organ. Due to the many guests the dining table was set in the yard. Gold satin ribbon was draped, tied in a bow, then draped again and caught in a bow along the border of the white tablecloth. Aunt Sue put the ribbon on and I remember I admiringly followed her completely around the lengthy table as she worked.

One winter during pre-school days I was playing with paper dolls behind the wood heating stove in the dining room when my mother noticed the little Simpson boy and his father visiting with my father. Lacking a playmate I coaxed her to invite the boy in. With persuasion she encouraged me to do the inviting. I ran out on the sidewalk and called to him. Yes, it was Virgil, and strange as it seems, he claims that his first memory of the little Lyford girl with brown curls was her standing on the sidewalk, calling to him.

My first day of school is as clear as though it was yesterday. My father took me horseback on Ladyette. I had a tablet, a pencil and of course, a dinner pail. When we were on top of the hill a quarter mile from the Lynn Grove schoolhouse we could see the children and teacher at the pump. They met us when we rode to the gate. The teacher was lovely in a white dress with a tiny rosebud design.

During the morning the other first grader and I got up to swing on the desks but were corrected. At noon we played Crack the Whip with me on the end to receive the crack. Naturally I fell and got stepped on and the older children were told to take the end place after that. Tired of playing, some of us girls sat on the grass and counted the buttons on our shoes. I told the teacher that Papa and I were Americans but Mama and sister Ada, the baby, were Germans.

The first reading lesson went like this: "The flag. This is the flag," in the

Brooks Reader. The subject showed devoted patriotism, no doubt, but was not appealing to a little girl learning to read. The subject, like the lesson, was all too new. Even so, my mother said during my first year of school I often expressed the desire to be a teacher just like Miss Gillespie.

Looking back on the eight years at Lynn Grove I remember the quarrels among the ten or twelve pupils, with Virgil, who was two years older, taking my part, if necessary. Of the good times we had playing in leaf houses or snow houses, playing "Pussy Wants a Corner" around the soft maple trees, hunting wild flowers or sliding down hill in the nearby timber and caring for our horses. Many, many times Papa took the hired man's children and me the 1½ miles to school in the buggy or bobsled, but as we grew older we drove Ladyette to the cart. Other pupils drove or rode horseback too which even necessitated building a barn at the school.

My horse, Ladyette, was raised on our farm. Her name derived from a "Youth's Companion" story my mother happened to read and like. She was a beautiful black horse of fine features suitable for riding or driving. Numerous times she proved the fact that she was half broncho. She shied at the most insignificant things or as the last gate was being closed, a quick turn gave her freedom and she ran home leaving the enraged rider to walk. If her riders in the cart became too engrossed in conversation she lunged forward unbalancing all except the driver who could cling to the lines. After a fast ride down the road she became manageable and could be turned around to go back and gather the embarrassed passengers. She was queen of the barnyard. No other horse could take a drink at the tank or enter the barn door ahead of her.

My father loved to ride Ladyette after cattle. She was very clever about sorting or driving them. When shipping fat steers to Chicago he drove them to the stock yards in Cordova where they were loaded on a freight train. Papa rode the caboose into Chicago with the stock. Before departing he fastened Ladyette's bridle reins to the saddle horn. She came home the 3½ miles alone and proudly walked back and forth along the road until someone opened the pasture gate.

While I attended High School in Port Byron I either rode horseback or drove Ladyette to a buggy except during winter months when my aunts took me in or I did light housekeeping with other girls. The usual diversions as I jogged along were the steamboats on the river and the trees. Several times I drove quietly by gypsies camping along the rivershore at Woodward's Grove. Once I was riding horseback and found gypsies in our timber where our road joined the riverroad. There was no alternative. I had to pass by. I was tense with fright. Ladyette seemed to bristle with fear but slowed to a quick, tense walk. A dark complexioned man stepped out from some brush and grabbed her by the bridle. He walked along as though leading her by the camp and talked of trading horses with me. He loosened his hold an instant. Ladyette and I were off. No one could have caught us!

Was Ladyette intelligent? Three college friends visiting me were anxious to ride Ladyette. One girl was reared on a farm near Champaign and two were definitely from Chicago. Ladyette sensed the inability of the Chicago girls to ride for no amount of prodding influenced her gallop. We even tried to fool her with our voices but to no avail. Whenever the farm girl or I mounted she galloped without urging. There is no doubt but that Ladyette played a major part in my childhood.

It was an established fact with my parents that Ada and I were going to college. To bridge the gap between grade school and marriage my mother went to a dressmaker's school in Clinton, Iowa, and did housework for neighbors. By coincidence my father likewise missed the opportunity.

Papa's grandfather, Dr. Jeremiah Hall Lyford, in order to help establish and endow Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois, gave $100.00 and was issued a Perpetual Scholarship in return. Three of his sons, Eugene, Albert and Fredrick, used it. He willed it to his oldest son, Dr. Wm. H. Lyford, who decided to move from Port Byron to Evanston in 1883 to educate his children. The family lived there four years. Even though Aunt Charlotte was the only one of the eleven children who attended the University at that time, it served as an inspiration. In later years most of the others were educated at Northwestern. (The scholarship has been lost for my grandfather did not will it to anyone.)

Just as my father was ready to enter the University, his Grandmother Lyford wrote and asked him to help her with the farms. The year after the Chicago fire in 1872 the grandparents had built the rock house and retired in the country. My father obliged and since he was 18 at the time, found that a young man with little farm experience had lots to learn.

In 1893 another educational opportunity opened for my father. Aunt Charlotte encouraged him to take a business course in Galva and live with her and Uncle James Boyd. He accepted the invitation for he liked working with figures. He never could praise enough the hospitality shown him during his stay in Galva.

The sojourn from the farm was brief for in a year's time his mother wrote that they would lose the farms if he did not return. His father was a doctor and a scholar but definitely no farmer. With his sister Florence as an ideal housekeeper and brother Francis as helper, he again became a farmer.

Early in 1904 Francis left to farm for himself in Iowa. My father still felt it his duty to farm for his folks. He married Elnora Louisa Hauberg October 19th, 1904. They had met at Grange meetings held in the Fairfield school house. After a large home wedding the bride and groom with Anna and Louis Hauberg and Hazel Schmoll went by train to the St. Louis World's Fair.

Back on the farm the hard work was endless. They had charge of 634 acres which meant lots of hired hands to contend with as well as overseeing and doing the work itself. By 1907 Helen Jane had made her appearance and in 1912 Ada Mary was born.

The monotony of farm life was broken by seasons. In winter butchering bees with two or three neighbor families and in summer the Farmers' picnic and Joslin Fair were interspersed by family get-to-gethers.

Eventually in 1921 Grandpa Lyford gave my father possession of the "home place" consisting of 154 acres which is now my farm and place of residence. After Grandpa's death in 1923 our farm was mortgaged to buy from the heirs the adjoining 160 acreas to the south. My father wanted a farm for each of his daughters, an achievement he attained.

After graduating from Port Byron High School in 1925 I decided to attend Francis Shimer College, a girls' school, in Mt. Carroll, simply because the campus appealed to me. Just before leaving home the Haubergs held their first of a series of five year interval reunions the last Friday, Saturday and Sunday in August at Archie Allen Place. The day before it opened the Furlands were here from South Dakota and all was excitment as my father and hired help went to put the season's last hay in the barn. No one knew how it happened but as my father was "mowing away" the hay, he fell 30 feet down a hay chute. He was in bed some time after that.

Disappointed in my choice of schools, the next fall I entered the University of Illinois with a girl I had met at Archie Allen Religious Training Camp during the summer. Life at "Illinois" was extremely different and exciting. I liked school but missed my classes due to poor health. My father passed away May 21, 1927 (the day Charles Lindbergh made the first successful trip across the Atlantic by plane).

Another attempt at the University in the fall proved that I would have to gain health before further schooling. My mother had rented the farms and moved to Port Byron where Ada was in High School. It took two years of loafing before I could try college again. In December, 1930, I enrolled the second quarter at Western Illinois State Teachers College in Macomb. With willpower and an urge to achieve my goal I received a B. of Education in August, 1932.

The year 1932 meant the depth of a depression. The Port Byron bank closed leaving us no money for house rent. We asked and received permission from Aunt Sue and Uncle John Hauberg to live in their lovely summer home, The House in the Woods, overlooking the Mississippi River. It was a large rustic house built in the 200 acre timber adjoining our farm and formerly owned by the Lyfords. The setting offered an ideal place for the study of birds and plant life. In early spring Aunt Edna and Jane were out with other bird lovers by daybreak. We scanned the timber and rivershore for glimpses of migrant birds.

A teaching position during the depression was hard to obtain so I spent my extra time leading a Girl Scout Troop, a 4-H Club, and teaching a Sunday School class.

The late summer of 1933 I was hired to teach 11 pupils at Pleasant Point School for $65.00 a month. Because of the promise of such wealth my mother and Uncle Louis each offered me $10 for expenses to the World's Fair in Chicago. One offer was accepted and I was off to see the sights and enjoy a reunion with former University of Illinois friends.

The following two years I taught my major, Home Economics, with History and Biology tossed in, at Hillsdale High School. Even though my preparation had been for High School the rural grade school was more pleasant. After the third year of teaching it was easy for me to decide to marry Virgil Simpson, the neighbor boy, which was more to my liking.

The Lyfords and Simpsons were both pioneer families in this community with farms adjoining. My great grandfather, Dr. Jeremiah Lyford, a native of Northfield, N. H., and a graduate of Dartmouth College, married Mary Ann Haines in Canterbury, N. H. in 1834. They arrived in Rock Island County by boat in April 1836 and stopped temporarily with Archibald Allen, Postmaster at Canaan (now Port Byron) until a log cabin was built. He was the first medical doctor in the northern part of Rock Island County, Whiteside, Henry, and the northern part of Scott County, Iowa. He became an extensive landowner. He believed in the sentiment that "the best bank is a bank of earth and the best share is the plow share."

Their oldest child, Wm. Haines Lyford, my grandfather, was born in September, 1936, one of the first children born in Port Byron. He studied medicine and graduated from Rush Medical College. He married Jane Holmes, the youngest of seven daughters of George Edward and Mary Moore Holmes. The Holmes family arrived in Port Byron from Lunenburg, Vermont, in 1846.

The Simpsons came to this township in 1856. Thomas, his wife, Eliza, and their seven children, James, John, Wesley (who was six years old), Jessie, Erastas, Lydia and Sarah came by covered wagon from Greensburg, Pa. Among their valued possessions were a spinning wheel, a doughtry and a 16 lb. gun they carried strapped to a corner of the wagon. Virgil recalls the story his father Wesley told of finding their farm. After arriving in Moline the family was directed to follow the river until north of Port Byron. Turning east and climbing a hill they would see a large farm barn two miles beyond. They were even fortunate enough to find a small house already built. A deal was made with Deacon Hungerford, the owner, for 260 acres.

When Thomas died in 1873 the land, except for 40 acres retained by his wife, was divided between Wesley and Jesse. The children all were married and left home except Wesley who stayed with his mother until her death New Year's Day, 1900. On June 14th, 1900, he married Alice Isola Saddoris, a daughter of Arista and Mary Genung Saddoris. They had three children—Mary, who is now Mrs. Stacy Armstrong, Virgil, and Ruth, who died of burns in 1931.

Virgil was 16 when his father passed away. After graduating from High School and working one year for a neighbor, he started farming for his mother.

The year of 1936 in Illinois is memorable to us of this generation. It came with low temperatures and deep snows, then wilted us with the longest siege of high thermometer readings in our recorded history. No rain fell from June 1st to the first of September. Why should I remember? Following a series of enforced vacations my school term at Hillsdale ended just in time for me to keep a previously chosen wedding date.

Virgil and I were married June 1st, 1936, at the House in the Woods by my Uncle Rev. Fred Stevens. Since my mother had been ill the previous two years we had very few guests. However, she invited all the close relatives to a reception in the evening.

I had married a farmer, contrary to all former dreams. No honeymoon trip followed, for corn fields had to be cultivated in June but with added conveniences it was not too disheartening to move back to the farm to start cooking and going through the usual household chores for a hired man and a husband. We rented the farms from my mother and Virgil's mother and I was back to live in the same old house with its dining room of seven doors, all different. The dining-kitchen part of the house was first used as a cabin for Papa's Uncle Albert Lyford's darky coachman and family. Then the Dr. Wm. Lyfords, returning from Evanston, used it as a summer home for their lovely brick house in Port Byron had been sold.

In 1888 a two-story addition of living room and bedrooms had been added to the cabin. I took out a partition, painted and papered before Virgil and I moved in. With the gravity water system installed by my father years before, the old house became quite livable and homelike. Two years later we added electricity and a hot water furnace. It is said that a house mellows with years but our house defies us. That quality is evident about the lawn with its gnarled bur oaks and pre-hybrid lilacs but is not felt about the house proper. Perhaps it was not built with the forethought or the characteristics required for mellowing.

Travel in frequent doses, is such a delightful experience, I lose myself in enthusiasm. The desire to travel, whether near or far, has never subsided. Spending two or three weeks each summer away from home, beginning at the age of 5, were glorious. The Hauberg and Lyford aunts and uncles living in Colorado, South Dakota, Chicago, Oneida, Galva, Rock Island, Port Byron and vicinity, were all hospitable and very kind to me. I cannot possibly enumerate the times they have added sparks of happiness and pleasure during my visits with them. As I grew older various camps were diversions.

The year after Virgil and I were married we packed our car with camping equipment and took a belated honeymoon to the New England States—via Niagara Falls. It was of the go-as-far-as-you-can and as-fast-as-you-can variety where we caught glimpses of the landscape occasionally. On an auto trip to New Orleans with Uncle John and Uncle Louis Hauberg in 1939 we got pointers on "how" to travel by car. Due to Uncle John's vast amount of traveling experience he had learned the necessity of planning beforehand the time and distance each day's journey should consume, allowing for stops at points of interest along the way. He called attention not only to historical landmarks but the agricultural change in crops, natural wonders, architecture and customs along the way. We took pictures, measured the girth of aged trees, visited sawmills, tung groves, colonial houses and had a grand outing.

May 28th, 1942, Edward Charles, our son, was born. There has been no happier day in my life. He was a normal, healthy boy who came to bring new life and pleasure into our home. When he was 14½ months old he took his first steps alone at an Oxbo, Wisconsin, resort while his daddy was dodging rapids on a canoe trip down the Flambeau River with the Black Hawk Hikers.

We had just been home three weeks from a fishing trip at Kabetogama Lake, Minn., in 1944, when my mother died very suddenly on September 22nd. She was living at the rock house on the farm.

Virgil's love for big game hunting has taken him two years to Wisconsin and two years to Montana where he got an elk and three deer. Edward and I have had our sport tagging along twice. The deer were donated to the Port Byron Methodist Church for venison suppers costing $10.00 per plate. They netted over $3,000 needed for a church expansion program. Due to the growing number of factories in the Quad-City area our town of 500, as well as the surrounding country, the growth in population created church and school problems.

A later hobby was movie and picture taking. We aired it on a trip to Colonel Lawrence Simpson's home in Wilmington, N. C., and on to Florida the January and February of 1948. On a conducted tour enroute to the American Farm Bureau Federation meeting in Atlantic City, N. J., December, 1948, Virgil and I took colored pictures in Washington, D.C., Williamsburg and Jamestown, Va., and New York City.

At home our days have been filled with routine tasks or taking part in community projects and organizations. Virgil has been a member of the School Board which is responsible for building the $95,000 Coe Consolidated School since its establishment in 1946, a Coe Township Justice of Peace for 10 years, a Fairfield Cemetery and Church Board Member. I have held offices in the Women's Society of Christian Service of our local church and of Coe Home Bureau. I served two years as Vice-President and also a two year term as President of the Rock Island County Home Bureau.

We enjoy the get-togethers with our friends and relatives. Since large families are not in vogue Edward's playmates have been my sister's and cousin's children. It is fortunate for us that my relatives have held a close family relationship. I believe the credit can very likely be the outcome of family stories such as I have heard from my parents, aunts and uncles from the time I was very small. Nor is it any wonder that I feel I am an American for those stories constantly pointed out the fact that the Lyfords and Holmes families came to America from England while there were still Colonies in the east; that our land was purchased from the government only a few years after the Indians had pushed westward. Grandpa Hauberg's parents brought him from Germany when he was ten because America offered such a wealth of opportunities for the family.

Now I am telling our little boy the stories my father told Ada and me at bed-time. He told of the time the Indians came into Grandmother's log cabin and snatched the meat she was frying and left without molesting her or the baby in the cradle. His grandfather was away doctoring. Best of all were the stories about when he was a little boy. His mother let him have an extra "doughnie" and a cookie because he was the only one who went without coaxing after the milk cow. Easter mornings they boiled eggs over a fire in the woods. He told of the first night he stayed over night with his grandparents at the rock house. A weird-sounding owl said "oh-oooh" just outside the bedroom window. Uncle Al put his watch under Eddie's pillow so he could listen to it. Before he knew it he was sound asleep.

When Edward asks for stories of my father I tell him of the praises he constantly gave his little girls (even amidst winks and comments of the aunts, uncles and neighbors). He always called us the best little girls in the world. Whenever we asked for money to spend with no questionable gesture, he took out his pocketbook and said, "Here's money. Take all you want—but be careful how you spend it."

It is amazing to me the interest our boy finds when told of our childhood. I tell him of the semi-annual trips to Rock Island or Davenport. Papa hitched the black team to the buggy and in the highest degree of anticipation we drove along the wooded river road to Port Byron on the first lap of the journey. Embarking at Uncle Frank Skelton's livery stable we walked a block to the Milwaukee depot. When the train came we crawled aboard and were off to Rock Island. If purchases were to be made in Davenport we either took the street car over the Arsenal bridge or the ferry boat across the Mississippi. To return home with all the bundles we boarded the I & I, a jolty street car, that hurried us to LeClaire, Iowa. There we went to the river bank and climbed into Ben Lamb's motor launch which made regular trips between Port Byron and LeClaire. A haggard, tired family would then drive back to the farm with only a spark of interest left in the new hats, dress material, hair ribbons, or whatever those packages contained. From the time we had our first car, a Moline Knight, in 1917, those trips were no longer so tiresome and became more and more numerous. Since 1932 we even travel on a paved road.

Edward likes machines. Virgil tells him about the various threshing machines, the Simpsons operated in this section of the country, first with horse power, then the horse-drawn steam engine to furnish power for the belt, the later models with larger, more powerful steam engines and finally the gasoline powered, all-steel thresher. He gives him rides on the new self-propelled combine, the tractor and the pick-up baler. They crawl up a ladder in the old granary to see a cradle used to cut grain before the Cyrus Hall McCormick reaper was invented, a broom making machine, a cultivator used to cultivate one side of one row of corn, home made cutters and bob sleds.

Immediately following the Hauberg "Centennial" reunion of 1948 Edward started to school as a first grader—and on the cycle goes. I hope he will have a happy life with enough desire and ability to work for a livelihood. I hope he will continue to realize and show his thankfulness for a heritage that is not spectacular but good.

VIRGIL SIMPSON

Married Helen Jane Lyford, June 1, 1936

'Squire Simpson comes from an old Coe Town family. He has been a Justice of the Peace many years; school director; church and cemetery official, our only big game hunter, and above all, one who knows his farming.

The Rock Island "Argus" for a time made it a practice to write up what they called the "Farmer of the week," selecting for the purpose farmers who were outstanding in their occupation. For the November 23rd, 1948 issue, their choice fell upon Virgil Simpson. We present it here because it indicates what is involved in present-day agriculture — beyond the wildest dreams of our grandsires, as to capital involved; contour cultivation; fertilizers and yield—as follows:

"Virgil Simpson, a Rock Island county man who farms 299 acres of land southeast of Cordova, has been selected by The Argus as 'Farmer-of-the-week.'

"Mr. Simpson is shown in the above photo with a few of his Hampshire sows and their fall litters. An average of eight pigs per litter were farrowed this fall. The building in the background is a triple-purpose structure. The floor on the ground level provides plenty of space for hog pens, the second level has grain storage bins and cribs and the third level can be used as a hay mow or storage loft.

"Mr. Simpson keeps his farm well-stocked and running efficiently but takes time out for his favorite sport—hunting. Last year he hunted antelope. This fall the Simpsons are serving elk meat at their dinner table as a result of a recent hunting trip to Montana.

"Just before corn picking, Mr. Simpson and Dan Ziegler of Port Byron decided to make a hunting trip for bear and elk with the understanding that they would divide the game. Mr. Ziegler brought down an elk and Mr. Simpson got two shots at a bear. The two shots weren't quite enough, however, and the bear escaped.

Half Million Herefords

"While in Montana, Mr. Simpson had a chance to see a large number of range cattle. He estimates that he saw at least half a million Herefords grazing on the western plains. But since the trip was planned for hunting elk and not cattle, Mr. Simpson waited until he returned to Illinois before buying cattle.

"Mr. Simpson bought 62 head of Herefords in Rock Island and Carbon Cliff. The cattle, which had been brought in from Wyoming, were purchased at 28 cents a pound for a total of $10,000.

"Other stock being fed on the Simpson farm this year are 50 head of sheep,

Virgil Simpson and son Edward, as of December, 1948

168 spring pigs and 70 fall pigs. Mr. Simpson keeps only three milk cows and does not raise any chickens. All of the corn harvested will probably be fed to livestock, according to Mr. Simpson.

"In estimating the corn yield, Mr. Simpson reports that his fields yielded various amounts from 80 bushels up to 140 bushels per acre. But even with this phenomenal yield, Mr. Simpson will not have to worry about storage space. He has room for 11,000 bushels of corn. He had 50 acres of oats last summer.

Contour Farming

"All of the corn is planted on the contour at the Simpson farm. Mr. Simpson, a strong advocate of soil conservation methods, said recently, 'It looks kind of foolish the first year, but after a person gets on to it, he wonders why it wasn't done 50 years ago.' He says that the way the contours hold the water on top of hills is bound to make a difference in corn production.

"All the land has been limed once and some of it has been limed the second time. All except 70 acres have been covered with phosphate at 1,000 pounds to the acre. The remaining acres will be covered in the near future.

"This year Mr. Simpson raised one of the biggest crops of alfalfa in Rock Island county. A total of 90 acres was devoted to this crop. Some of it was baled for feed, some sold and some used for pasture. Mr. Simpson has his own baling machine and does custom baling. He is assisted in the farm work by his tenant farmer, Norman Short, and extra help hired during the seasonal rush.

"Mr. and Mrs. Simpson are farm and home bureau members. They have a son, Edward, who is 6 years old. The Simpsons are members of the Port Byron Methodist church. Mr. Simpson's mother owns 115 acres of the land farmed by Mr. Simpson."

ADA MARY LYFORD BURKE

An Autobiography

Married James R. Burke, June 24, 1939

My first memories always carry me back to Pebble Brook Farm. It was there that my parents, Edward Hall Lyford and Elnora Hauberg Lyford, and my sister Helen Jane, welcomed me on February 20, 1912.

As a child I was surrounded by the ideal environment of activity that surrounds life on a farm. At that time my father managed three farms which were well stocked with cattle, horses, pigs, some chickens and turkeys. This necessitated many hired men especially during the busy seasons of harvest. Mother was kept busy at the cook stove preparing food for these hungry men. Helen and I learned at an early age to be quite capable assistants. In fact I began baking cakes and cookies when I was six years old.

An outstanding event of my childhood was the arrival of the threshing machine, separator, and accompanying teams and wagons and men. My sister and

Ada Mary Lyford and the Second Tenor, aboard the "Catherine"
with sailing on the sea of matrimony evidently in mind.

I, together with the hired man's children, would run across the pasture as fast as our bare feet would carry us to catch our first glimpse of the steaming black engine as it gave forth its piercing whistle. We knew that it was good for a week's stay at our place, much to our enjoyment.

What excitement to see mother and some of my aunts prepare the huge roasts of meat, the vegetables, salads, bread, pies, cakes, etc. for twenty-five or thirty hungry men. It was a temptation, indeed, for us children on our curious ventures to the pantry where we sampled the goodies. The big ripe blackberries picked by mother early that morning in the nearby woods were especially tempting.

Corn husking days in the fall and the picking of wagon loads of apples in preparation for the winter months were other fascinating events. I recall the geese honking overhead as Papa unloaded apples into our basement on a frost laden moonlight night.

And then Christmas, the most wonderful time of all. Helen and I usually had a recitation or song to learn for the Christmas Eve program at Fairfield Methodist Church. As our mother finished scrubbing and combing us Papa hitched the horses to the bob sled, never forgetting the sleigh bells, or to fill the box with hay and warm blankets. As we glided along I would risk brief moments of exposure to the frosty air in order to glimpse at the moon sailing by the hedge rows. After a seemingly endless program the rows of us squirming children breathlessly awaited the loud stamping of Santa's boots as he made his entry to unload his pack.

The following morning Papa always good naturedly arose no later than 4:00 or 4:30 to build a fire in the heating stove in order that his eager daughters might open the gifts found on our little cedar tree the minute we awakened. The day was spent with a sumptuous dinner at our house, or at Grandpa Haubergs, or with the Lyford relatives.

Then in February came butchering days. Four or five neighbor families formed a bee and all the pork for the coming year was butchered on the particular day chosen by each family. We usually had the biggest kill—six hogs in all—to provide for generous gifts to relatives and our hired men.

The hostess of the day prepared a great feast for her butchering crowd. During the late afternoon two of the men came to the kitchen to grind gallons and gallons of sausage into wash tubs which had previously been scrubbed for the purpose. The women in the meantime, heated crocks in the cook stove oven to receive the lard that the men "tried out" in immense iron kettles hung over an outside fire.

Afterwards came the curing of hams and bacon in our smoke house. Papa was known throughout the country for his ability in curing meat. He carefully selected hickory wood from the nearby timber and used a brown sugar mixture to rub on the meat.

School days for the first eight grades took place at Lynn Grove, our one room country school. Helen and I traveled the one and one half miles by means of an especially constructed cart pulled by our faithful black horse, Ladyette. The cart not only carried us but the five hired man's children, a neighbor girl, our books and dinner pails.

Oftentimes I drove Ladyette a distance of eight miles to Grandpa Haubergs. I have many happy memories of him and my Aunt Anna and Uncle Louis who were always there to welcome me and my family.

My recollections of Grandma are faint but I do recall the delicious homemade bread and butter and big sugar cookies that she generously gave to me. We often enjoyed Sunday dinners together and occasional canning and sewing days during the week. Helen and I were the only grandchildren who lived near them and I am inclined to believe that we received more than our share of attention.

Time passed quickly and I entered Port Byron High School. At the end of my Freshman year my dear father passed to his reward. That was the first deep sorrow of my life. We had been the best of pals. He was always kind and patient and has often been my inspiration and comfort during the trials of "growing up." Mother held a farm sale the following year and we moved to Port Byron.

During the summer of my Junior year in High School the three of us, Aunt Anna and Uncle Louis motored to South Dakota to visit the Furland families, on to the Black Hills, Yellowstone and Teton National Parks, and to Ward, Colorado to visit my other two aunts, uncle, and Cousin Hazel. At that age I was intensely fond of driving the car and managed to monopolize the wheel most of the way.

The following year, just two weeks before commencement, my Aunt Sue and Uncle John Hauberg announced that I would receive a trip abroad as a graduation gift from them. I was to accompany their daughter, Catherine, who was then attending Dana Hall at Wellesley. How true the popular song of the day "I'm looking at the World Through Rose Colored Glasses" depicted my state of mind those days.

Catherine and I sailed from New York on July 3, with a well supervised party of fourteen Eastern people. I assure you that every moment of the three month trip was a thrill for the girl from "down on the farm."

We visited Gibraltar, Algiers, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland and England. The scenery, the people and their cultural products offered an unending source of inspiration and wonderment to a young lady from the Illinois Prairies. During that summer of 1930 we were fortunate to witness the Passion Play at Oberammergau — a never to be forgotten portrayal of Biblical scenes.

That fall I entered the University of Iowa as a Freshman. The next year I transferred to Augustana College in Rock Island as their School of Music is outstanding and I felt that Public School Music was my choice in the field of teaching.

My greatest source of enjoyment while at Augustana was participating in the famed Augustana Choir under the directorship of Henry Veld. Little did I realize that one of the second tenors who stood back of me during those years was to be my future husband.

After graduation I taught school for four years. During that time I was fortunate to live at the Augustana Dormitory where I continued to enjoy parts of college life.

During the summer vacation of 1932 I joined the Black Hawk Hiking Club in their Big Hike out to Colorado. As per custom the atmosphere of the group left me a permanent enthusiast of the club.

During the Christmas vacation of 1937 the Hiking Club held their Christmas outing at "The House in the Woods" where Mother made our home during the depression years. Jim Burke, whom I had not seen since College days, was with the group that day. Whether or not it was love at first sight, nevertheless, we were engaged the following May.

Due to lack of funds, as is often the case, Jim and I decided to postpone marriage until the following year. We were married at the Augustana Seminary Chapel on June 24, 1939 and took a Western trip on our honeymoon.

We lived in Rock Island for one and a half years where Jim was with his family in the Transfer and Storage Business.

Our first baby, Cynthia Sue, was born on Christmas Day in 1940. When she was two months old we moved to the country. My mother was anxious for us to live on the second farm that she and Papa had purchased during their days of strenuous work. Helen and her husband, Virgil, lived on our home place.

We were happy there but Jim contracted undulant fever in 1943 and the farm work proved too arduous. Thus we moved back to Rock Island in the fall of 1946.

The previous fall Mother passed away suddenly, having suffered from heart trouble for several years. We felt that it was fortunate that she lived long enough to enjoy her three grandchildren.

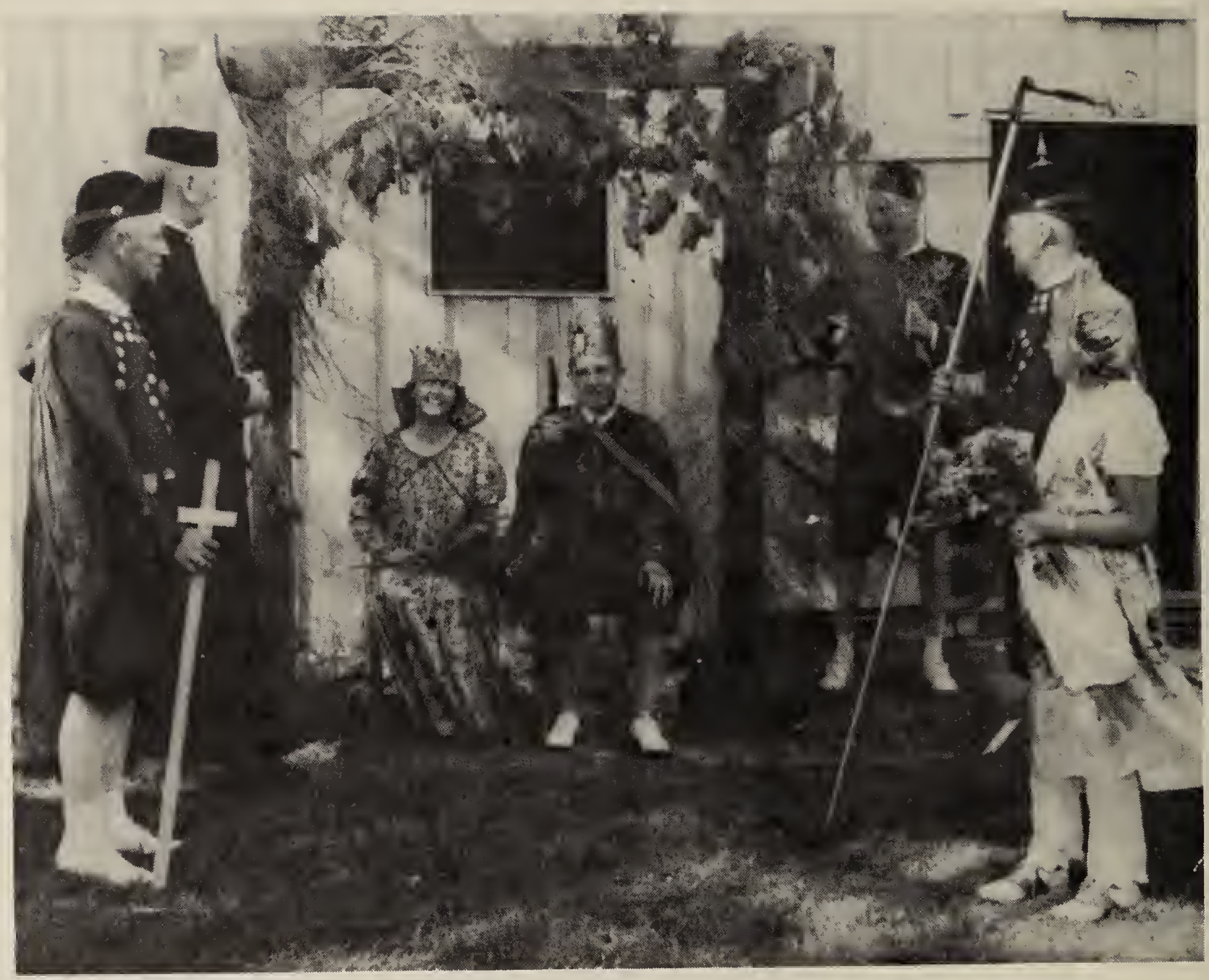
By that time we were blessed by the arrival of our second daughter, Janet Lyford, who was born in April of 1942. The children regretted leaving their playmate, Cousin Edward, pets on the farm, and much of their play environment. At the same time, they learned to enjoy the smooth sidewalks for their tricycles and many new play mates in our new city neighborhood and their new work at school.

During a two weeks summer vacation in 1947 the four of us visited our ever hospitable relatives in South Dakota, toured the Black Hills and drove to the Tetons via the Big Horns and Yellowstone where we camped with the Hikers.

During Jim's vacation this summer we enjoyed a cabin on Lake Winnebago in Wisconsin.

We are now settled for good, we think, in our new home at No. 1434, Fortieth Avenue, Rock Island. It is in a new addition with only new houses about us and we have a sizable back yard for the children and flowers. Since moving here we have had an addition to the family, Frederic James, born September 23, 1948, so we are now five.

We enjoy frequent outings with the Black Hawk Hiking Club. Jim is a director



Coronation of King James and Queen Florence

Like in Biblical days, royalty was created out of men and women of superior attainment. In the case at hand, bringing in a greater number of rings, at Ring Riding. Customs in England of six centuries back were here followed — the "solemn obligation of the King's office" was impressed upon him, and, "A sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by one of the Bishops."

Left to right: Clarence Conrad, "Bishop" Luther T. Hauberg, Florence Walther, James R. Burke (king), Lloyd Walther, John E. Furland and Anne Hauberg. 1940 reunion.

in the Kiwanas Club and holds various offices in the organizations of his business. I enjoy the Fine arts Club, the Augustana Endowment Society, and my work in the Women's Organization of the church. The tri-cities afford many excellent musical attractions that we attend when possible.

Most of all, Jim and I enjoy our children. Our desire is to give them a true feeling of family life in a Christian home with enough inspiration to qualify themselves for useful and happy lives in whatever environment they might encounter in their futures.

JAMES ROBERT BURKE

An Autobiography

Married Ada Mary Lyford, June 24th, 1939

Born to Lola Whittaker and Benjamin Lyman, a son, James Robert at Empire, Michigan; August 6, 1913.

The maternal heritage was traceable to Scotland and England, the paternal, Ireland and England. My mother's parents were from Canada and fathers were from New York state. His forebears were reported to have landed in this country shortly after the pilgrims dusted off the Rock.

B. L. Burke, who had started boat traffic on Lake Michigan at the age of twelve, had moved to Northern Michigan after the rapid decline in lake traffic. The real estate boom was tending toward riches in fruit farming and resorting. Grandfather Simeon S. Burke himself a lakeboat engineer since the 1850's had previously purchased Cedar Springs Lodge on Glen Lake. It was at this time that the stork found the Burke chimney. Then the 1st World War appeared on the scene and the Burkes moved to Chicago where my father worked at the Illinois Steel Co.

My mother, a very energetic person, one day cut a clipping from a Chicago newspaper advertising a transfer business for sale in a thriving Illinois community. Thus the Burkes, (Mother, Father, Charles, my brother, 18 months my senior), and I came to Rock Island in 1918.

My early life was spent in the usual childhood play and summer trips to Grandpa and Grandma Whittaker's farm near Marlette, Michigan, my mother's birthplace. Grandpa (M.C. Whittaker) had with the aid of a compass and his own surveying tools literally found his farm in the brush of the "thumb" of Michigan. Clearing his own land, building his own log cabin, and then bringing his Scotch bride to this Michigan wilderness was his life in a time of true pioneering.

One story that was indelibly imprinted in my memory was his own story of his battle with an imaginary foe. As a bachelor he secured his bakery goods from a neighbor some distance from his cabin. The bread was carried in a pillowcase slung over his shoulder. One moonlit night he was returning home through some brush and cut over land. Suddenly in front of him loomed a large bear. Quickly his bread laden pillowcase beat a tatoo on this critter. To his amazement this "animal" turned out to be nothing but a large stump, which in shadow looked like a bear. Endless repetition of this story never dulled its excitement. Today my own two daughters relish repeatedly its entertainment and I suppose son Frederic will also.

Farming, in this city bred boy's mind, was joy, fun, and *the* life! (This viewpoint with moderation is still maintained.) Summer haying, threshing, sugar beet and navy bean cultivating and harvesting occupied this lad's vacation time.

Summer incidents such as baths in a washtub on Grandmother's back porch, sticking a finger in the cream crock for a taste, churning, eating marble cake in the pantry, pancakes on the wood stove, riding old "Ted" (Grandpa's pre-car horse) with a load of from one to five children aboard, jumping in the haymow, nightly stories by grandpa or the hired man, driving the big Clydesdale horse in from the day's work. All this furnished both Charles and myself with conversation for the ensuing school year and years.

School years through high school for the writer all took place in the Rock Island block housing both Lincoln School (8 grades) and high school. The high school Glee Club and carrying the Daily Times in downtown Rock Island occupied much of my spare time. During my Senior year the Coaches named me as student athletic manager. Writing sports for the school paper was about the limit of my athletic endeavor during high, although during 8th grade our light weight (under 95 Lbs.) basketball team had won the city championship.

Further education at Augustana College was accomplished with graduation in 1935. Studies in Economics, Sociology, Accounting and Spanish were combined to give one a "firm" grip on life in this "tough" world. The late thirties only proved how "tough" times could be.

At Augustana besides working a full week at the Rock Island Transfer & Storage Co. my time was taken with the activities of the Augustana Choir. The Choir was then composed of the Wennerberg Male Chorus and the Orioles, the girls' section.

To go back to 1931. As a high school graduation gift, my parents favored me with a trip to the Teton and Yellowstone National Parks with the Black Hawk Hiking Club. This group did and has taken a firm place in my life as well as many others in this area. Later as a truck driver on their summer trips we visited scenic Colorado and climbed Longs Peak. Another trip to Glacier Park in Montana with 70 miles of hiking and viewing its rugged scenery. Another year found our group at Lake Timagimi in Canada with a visit to the Quintuplets at Calender.

These trips made during either July or August continued with a motor hike to Mesa Verde, Grand Canyon, Zion, and Bryce National Parks. The hike across Grand Canyon was a never to be forgotten experience. Ten of us made the trip including J. H. Hauberg. His life account will probably also contain the story of this trip. The six mile trip into the Canyon ended with our sleeping on a sand bar near the raging Colorado River. Hiking out the 16 miles was accomplished by a friend and myself in time faster than the Canyon mules make. This walking speed will probably quicken with years and repetition of stories.

Still another hike found us on the mountainous and curvaceous roads of Old Mexico. Side trips to Popocatepetl, Cuernavaca, Acapulco on the Pacific, the Mexican Pyramids, and Floating Gardens showed us not only another country but another civilization as well.

In 1932, a boy's dream came true. A summer on a Wyoming ranch. A school chum's uncle owned this sugar beet ranch and gave me the chance of a job for the summer. Ranching was one hard task after another but to the city dude all proved to be fun. Modern farm machinery was just showing its head and it wasn't until 15 years later that I found the same ranch completely mechanized with the only horse on the place then being of the riding variety.

When ranch work became slack that summer another ranch hand and myself spent two weeks in the hills hunting stray or wild horses. We lived in a log cabin with a dirt floor, bed, table, and stove. Our fare consisted of ham, potatoes, flour biscuits, and apple butter. My buddy made "saddle blankets" (flap jacks) for breakfast and their weight held us in the saddle most of the day. We found few strays and our only compensation was a "straddle" look. The trip back to the Mississippi Valley was made via cattle train.

By 1935 school days had passed and the era of work had arrived. Our Company had opened a branch in Rockford for motor freight and here began the initiation in the very competitive field of over-the-road trucking. The industry was still very much in its infancy as far as safety regulation and rate stabilization.

Next stop was Chicago for more "indoctrination." There were no unions, hour regulations, etc., in fact, we were able to run our own business. Working for one's father did not relieve a person from long hours. Meals were grabbed at the corner hamburger stand and lodging was at the Y.M.C.A.

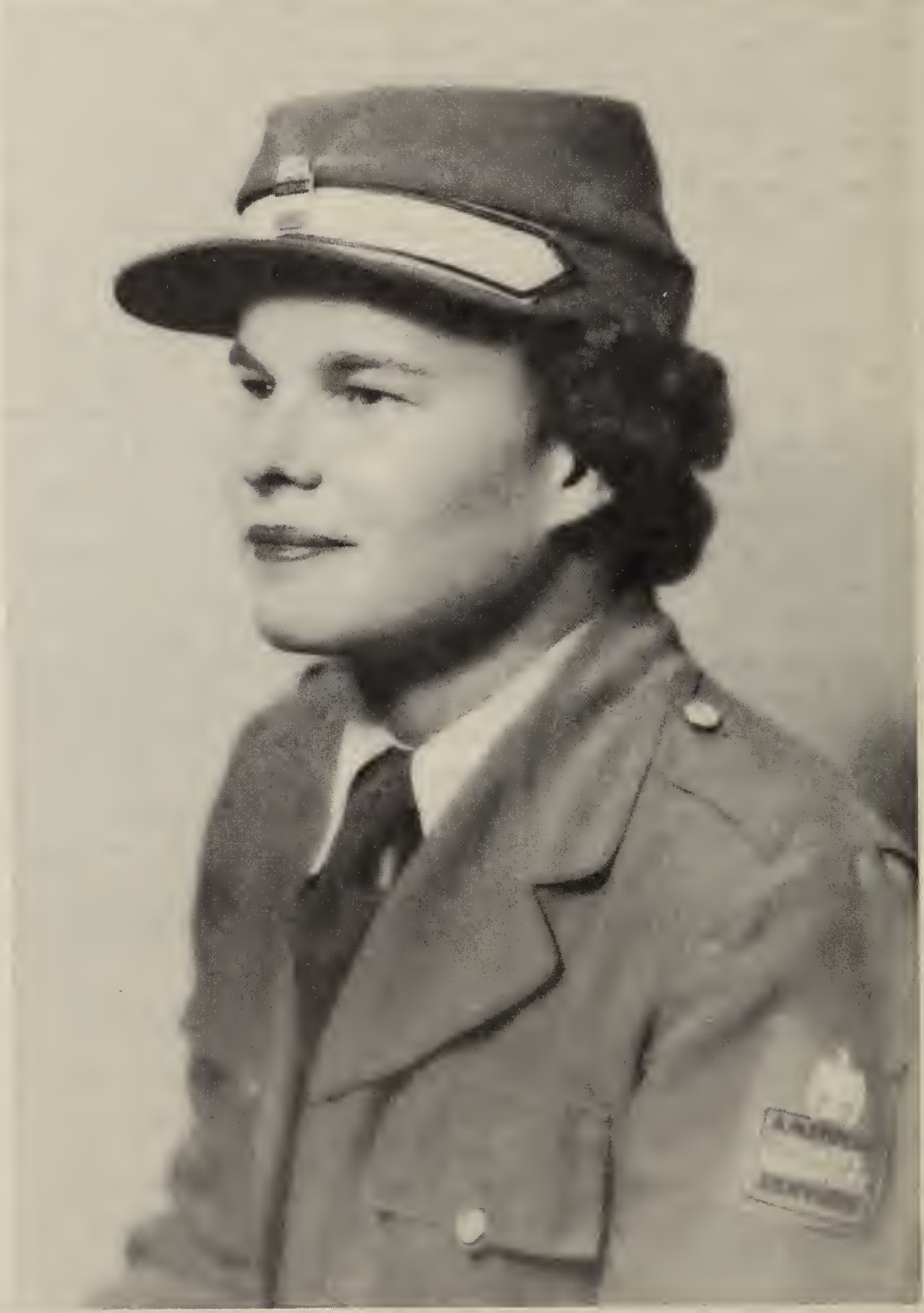
Again back in Rock Island in late 1937 to continue in the trucking and warehousing field.

At a Christmas party of the Hiking Club my future course was set. A young lady, Ada Mary Lyford, was accompanying group singing and there being no other seat available I perched on the side of the piano bench. The following June we became engaged and after squeezing the "Indian and buffalo" for enough to start housekeeping we were married June 24, 1939.

Our honeymoon trip took us to the Ward and Estes Park, Colorado region. The two of us profess a great love for the grandeur and majesty of the mountain areas.

Our early married life was spent in Rock Island and after the arrival of Cynthia, our first child, we moved to the Woodward farm owned by Ada Mary's mother. After gentleman farming for two years while working in Rock Island, we were unable to secure help for operating the farm. We then decided we could farm ourselves.

Luckily contour farming was just starting and the writer's crooked corn rows



Mrs. Catherine Hauberg Sweeney in the uniform of the American Women's Voluntary Services.

bent in the proper places. Farming in the war years had inexperience compensated by increased returns. While living in the country, I enjoyed work with the Cordova High School Board as president.

Our second daughter Janet can claim the country as her birthplace and she grew to enjoy the growing things both animal and vegetable.

After the death of my father in 1946, necessity brought me back to the warehouse and trucking field. We operate a furniture and merchandise warehouse in Rock Island as well as a motor freight line to and from Chicago, Dixon, Sterling and LaSalle areas. My position with the company is secretary.

Our return to Rock Island only strengthened Ada Mary's and my desire to build a home of our own. After much deliberation and delay our home took shape and was completed May 31, 1949. The plans had been secured by our own revision and vision of our wants along with ideas from scores of magazines. Frederic, our third child, was able to join us in our move into what we now truly call "Home."

At present membership is held in the Kiwanis Club and I enjoyed serving as director for the past three years.

We are members of and attend Central Presbyterian Church.

As our children grow in stature and hopeful wisdom, Ada Mary and I both pray that they will have a love for home, those things present, and those things growing in and out-of-doors and above all, faith in Him who made all possible.

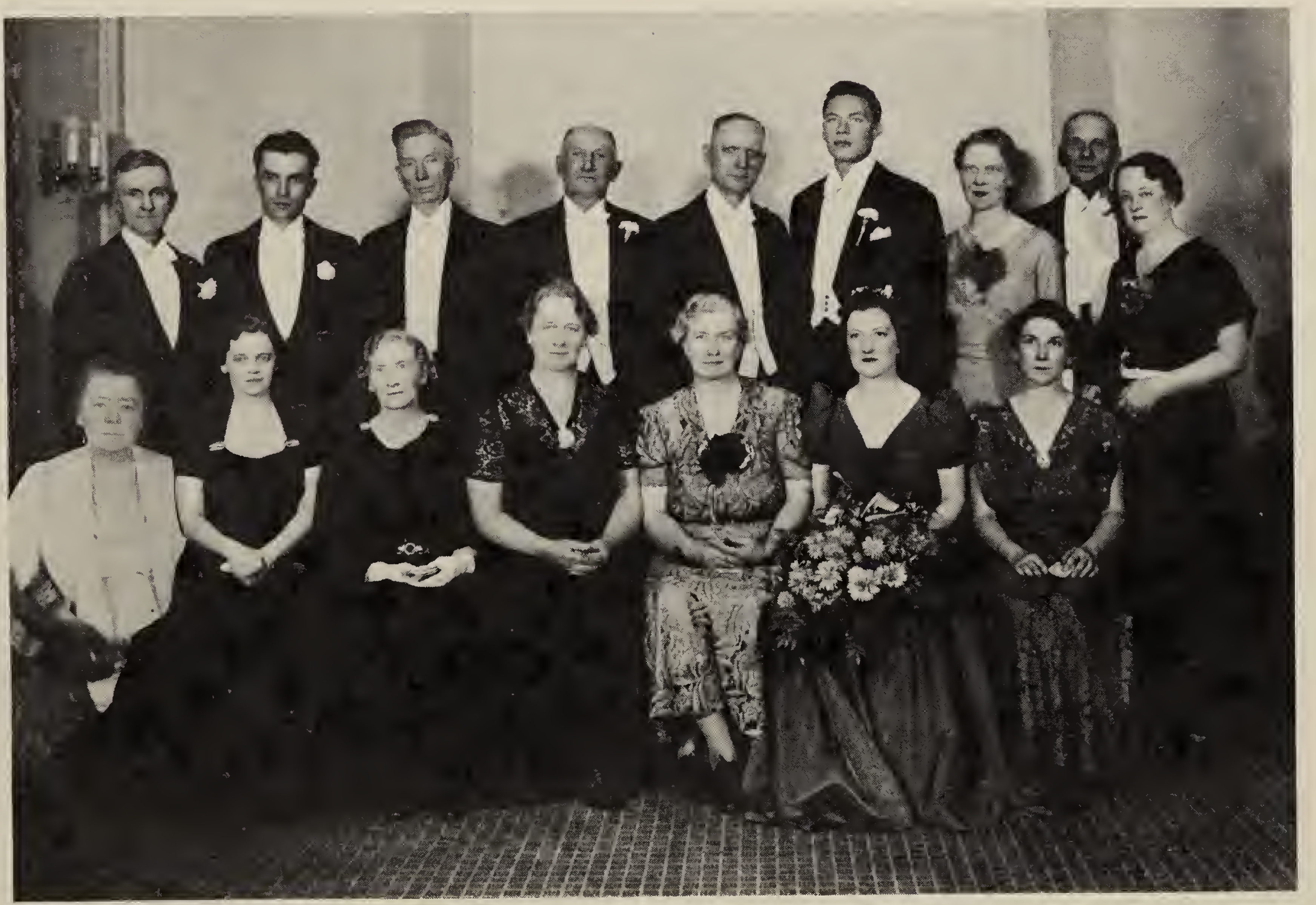
CATHERINE DENKMANN HAUBERG SWEENEY

An Autobiography

MARRIED EDWARD C. SWEENEY, OCTOBER 22, 1938

Daughter of John Henry Hauberg and Susanne Denkmann Hauberg. Born April 11, 1914 in Rock Island, Illinois. The Denkmann family was one of the most prominent families in lumber interests in America, the Hauberg family interested mainly in farming, originally in Illinois.

Attended public school in Rock Island until the age of fifteen, when I attended Dana Hall School, Wellesley, Massachusetts, for three years, graduating in 1932. Having heard that there were three men to every co-ed at the University of Illinois, I went there for the major part of my college work. During three summers, I attended Augustana College, and in 1935, was selected as one of twenty students in the field of natural history to attend the Yosemite School of Field Natural History during the summer. These students were from various parts of the country and had chosen the work of adult education in science, for which this school was noted. In January of 1936, I graduated from the University of Illinois, a semester ahead of the rest of my class. My major subject at that time was geology, with a minor in zoology. However, beginning graduate work during that summer, I changed



Grandchildren and in-laws of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Hauberg.

Seated, left to right: Mrs. John H. (Sue Denkmann) Hauberg, Mrs. George D. (Emma Rydell) Hauberg, Mrs. Wm. T. (Amelia Hauberg) Schmoll, Mrs. John E. (Ada Hauberg) Furland, Mrs. Edward (Elnora Hauberg) Lyford, Mrs. James R. (Ada Mary Lyford) Burke, Mrs. Virgil (Helen Lyford) Simpson. Standing: John E. Furland, Virgil Simpson, Herman M. Hauberg, Louis D. Hauberg, Dr. George D. Hauberg, John H. Hauberg, Jr., Hazel Schmoll, John H. Hauberg and Mrs. Herman M. (Maybell Mahana) Hauberg.

Representatives of the M. D. Hauberg and the Dave Hauberg families, taken at the wedding of Catherine D. Hauberg and Edward C. Sweeney, October 22, 1938.

majors, taking zoology, with a botany minor. My work was under Dr. Victor E. Shelford of Illinois. In the fall of that year, I transfered to the University of Arizona, doing work under Dr. Charles T. Vorhies. However, the mild climate is not conducive to too much intellectual attainment. And I surprised myself by becoming a non-intellectual young woman, however keeping a deep interest in botany.

After a year at Arizona, I planned to study at a horticultural school in England, but instead met a young attorney whose field was international aviation law. He supplied the brains which I lacked. Edward Cleveland Sweeney had grown up in Rock Island a few years ahead of me, and had been a fine lawyer in Rock Island for several years. We took little time to make up our minds. My parents took me on a cruise to Panama, and mother was surprised to discover me kissing Edward's photo one night before I went to bed. We were married in Rock Island on October 22, 1938.

Our honeymoon consisted of driving to Washington, D. C. to make our home. My husband had a new job, as an attorney in the then-new Civil Aeronautics Authority, in the international division. We lived in a small apartment.

Our first child died at birth in 1939. It was a girl. We began again after some time, and the first one to live, Susanne Denkmann Sweeney arrived on March 31, 1941. She is now a curly-haired little girl of seven, in the first grade. Our next child arrived on October 14, 1942, eighteen months later. Edward Cleaveland Sweeney, Junior, now approaching the age of six, resembles his father in every way. At present, he is greatly interested in anything that winds up — a toy airplane, automobile, etc. Following Teddy, as we call him, came Philip Miles, born February 7, 1945. He is now a whirlwind of three, and looks like his grandfather Hauberg. Both boys have blond hair and brown eyes, and are fond of fighting each other. Sister Susie helps also in the tussles. The baby of the family, Harriet Hauberg Sweeney was born January 9, 1948. She has dark hair and blue eyes.

We lived in Washington, D. C. for eight years, in two apartments and two houses. With the advent of the war, I became interested in the Victory Garden movement: in the American Woman's Voluntary Services, and in the fall of 1942 — my first committee meeting was the day before Teddy came — became chairman. This group undertook to organize the District of Columbia Victory Gardens. After this over-all committee was set up, then my special work consisted largely of managing several lecture series on gardening.

With the Victory Gardens set up, I turned my attention to another war emergency, peculiar to Washington — the finding of temporary rooms for the thousands of soldiers and sailors visiting Washington on vacations and weekends. A committee, of which I was a member, listed these rooms, many of them volunteered by housewives interested in the men. The houses had to be inspected, both for cleanliness and for security. One learned all about housekeeping during this

Lt. Comm. Edward Cleaveland Sweeney.

experience. Some places we declined even to enter.

I have done some writing in the field of horticulture, and hope to do more. My articles have been published in THE HERBARIST, the official magazine of the Herb Society of America; in the BULLETIN OF THE GARDEN CLUB OF AMERICA; and in LEAVES OF WESLEY HEIGHTS, a gardening periodical of Washington, D. C.

At the end of the war, my husband was released from the Navy, and for a year afterward worked in the State Department. Therefore, we continued living in Washington until August of 1946. At that time, he accepted a professorship at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, and we moved into a house we bought in Winnetka, Illinois. There, the two older children were in kindergarten, of North Shore Country Day School. I played the piano in the beginners department in the Episcopal Church as there was no Presbyterian Church there.

One year of living in this house, a tremendous one, proved too much to keep up, so fortunately we sold it, moving to "Professors Row" along the Northwestern campus in Evanston. The children have, however, continued to attend Country Day School.

In September, 1949, we returned to our Washington, D. C. home at 3300 Nebraska Avenue, and Edward again took up active work in his special field of aviation, working under the Herbert Hoover commission. We like Washington because there are so many interesting people there. At present, our nursie has returned to her home at Freiburg, Germany, taking Susie along with her for several month's stay.

EDWARD CLEAVELAND SWEENEY

An Autobiography

MARRIED CATHERINE D. HAUBERG, OCTOBER 22, 1938

I was born in Rock Island, August 16, 1906, son of William J. Sweeney and Bessie Cleaveland Sweeney. I attended the public schools in Rock Island, graduating from high school in 1924. My father was interested in the Boy Scouts, and I became an Eagle Scout. After high school, I went East to Williams College, in Williamstown, Massachusetts, where I graduated in 1928. During my junior year in college, the University World Cruise for students took place, and I spent eight months going around the world with them. I had an opportunity of meeting Gandhi, and also Mussolini! After Williams College, I returned to the Middle West and took my law course at Northwestern University, where my father had attended. At Northwestern, under the late Dean John H. Wigmore and Professor Fred D. Fagg, Jr., I became interested in Air Law—the laws that concern civil aviation, the regulation of commercial airlines especially. After graduation, I took an extra year there in order to specialize in this field.

My first year out of school, 1932, I taught in the Law School of the University of Louisville, Kentucky. My father then felt that I was needed at home, so I returned to Rock Island to join him in his law practice. After his death in 1936, I continued to carry on his work, meanwhile writing articles for the Journal of Air Law and Commerce, and serving as an associate editor. Early in 1938, I gave up my law work in Rock Island to become General Counsel and Secretary for Chicago & Southern Airlines in St. Louis.

Fortunately, shortly before I left Rock Island, I met Catherine Hauberg of Rock Island. We became engaged while I was in St. Louis, and were married on October 22, 1938. The day of our wedding I received a telphone call to come to Washington, D. C. and take up a position as attorney in the very new Civil Aeronautics Authority, now Civil Aeronautics Board, in the International Division. Five days after our wedding we started housekeeping in an apartment with a rented bed, two chairs and barrels of dishes, until our own furniture arrived.

During 1940-41, I made a study for the government of Aviation Liability and wrote a long report (490 pages of it, with a 95-page summary). This book served as the basis for suggested legislation in the field of airplane safety.

As a Naval Reserve Officer, I was called to active service in the Navy in the fall of 1941, preceding Pearl Harbor. In March, 1942, I was asked to make a study of aviation facilities on South Pacific Islands for Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, the explorer, who was to make a trip into the South Pacific. Apparently I impressed the Admiral, for he took me with him when he went, as aide, in May 1942. We made a survey of islands on which the Navy was establishing bases, a trip of about three months. This included Hawaii, Fiji, Efate, New Caledonia, New Zealand and others. On my return, I worked in the Bureau of Aeronautics on the advance air base planning, but returned to Admiral Byrd in 1943, to again become his aide, this time for another trip. The second trip, made in a cruiser, at the suggestion of President F. D. Roosevelt, consisted of an engineering survey of the South Pacific toward the East, including Easter Island, Pitcairn island, Tahiti, the Marquesas, and the Tuamotus, for the purpose of laying out a southern air route from Panama to Australia and New Zealand. The trip was made in great secrecy. On our return, I remained with the Admiral for more than a year, then joined the commissioning crew of a large aircraft carrier, seeing action in the far Pacific toward the end of the war—Iwo Jima and Okinawa and the bombing of Japan. When my ship was bombed (USS Wasp), I returned with it for repair (the ship, not me), and, again, Admiral Byrd asked for my return, so I remained with him as an aide and flag secretary through the end of the war and for several months longer, making studies of Arctic weather stations and the like. In addition to visiting so much of the Pacific, I was lucky in my Naval service in other ways, for which I am most grateful — the aviation gasoline on board our cruiser exploded with great damage while we were more than a thousand miles from the nearest fleet unit, and later while aboard the aircraft carrier I was run down by an airplane which had become loose from its moorings.

After leaving the Navy, I entered the State Department in the Aviation Division, and was sent to Europe to negotiate the transfer of U. S. Air Force aviation facilities, airports, radios, etc. to foreign governments in exchange for their agreement to operate them, so that American airlines could begin commercial services. I visited most of northern Europe as far east as Warsaw, Poland—it is a ruined city, far worse than German cities. I remained with the Department until the summer of 1946, when Kay and I left Washington after eight years of residence.

Northwestern University had invited me to join the faculty of the Law School in the fall of 1946. I was to teach half time or more, edit the Journal of Air Law and Commerce, and build an Air Law Institute for graduate students. This seemed like a life's work. My wife and I bought a home in Winnetka, Illinois, and moved back to Illinois. By then our family consisted of three children: Susie, named for her grandmother Hauberg; Teddy, whose full name is Edward, Junior, and Philip Miles, the baby. The State Department, however, still had a job for me, and I took a month off from teaching to go to an International Aviation Law meeting in Cairo, Egypt, in November, 1946.

Our last move has been to Evanston, Illinois from Winnetka, as the home we had bought seemed too large. In January 1948, our youngest child, Harriet, named for my grandmother, was born.

Incidentally, before leaving Washington, I learned to fly under the GI flight plan, and before moving to Winnetka, I bought a four-passenger plane, and Kay and I and a friend flew out to Seattle to visit my brother-in-law, John H. Hauberg, Jr., and then down to Los Angeles and return. I still have a plane and we use it on all vacation trips.

At present I am a full professor in the Law School of Northwestern, and editor of the Journal of Air Law and Commerce. This year I have been on part-time leave from teaching, and have served as legal advisor to the President's Air Policy Commission, and advisor to the Congressional Aviation Policy Board on government organization matters. This summer (1948) I have been making a study of the government aviation agencies for the Hoover Commission. This is the "Commission for the Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government" which is making recommendations for allover changes — changes that the Republicans hope to carry out after the next election. These special assignments have taken me to Washington and away from the family so now Kay and I are contemplating returning to the "glamors" of Washington life.

Captain John H. Hauberg, Jr.

JOHN HENRY HAUBERG, JR.

An Autobiography

Born at Rock Island, Illinois, June 24, 1916. Married Anne Westbrook Gould, of Seattle, Washington, June 9th, 1941. His parents were Sue Denkmann Hauberg and John H. Hauberg, both born in Rock Island County, Illinois.

The 33rd year of a man's life in 1950 is probably no time to write an autobiography. It's too confusing. With medical research extending our life span and with atomic research threatening to shorten it, one hardly knows whether the thirty-third year represents life near its close or life near its beginning. Thus each day of life going by has a different weight of importance depending on whether one be optimistic or pessimistic. One must have some faith, however, and so, in short, let me be brief.

During my childhood the world began to shrink in size at an accelerated pace. This was due not to my arrival but to the arrival of the radio and the airplane upon the domestic scene These had been tested during the first war, and now we were to be afflicted with the results. Each member of our family had a pair of ear phones that could be plugged into the new radio, and if one listened real hard one could hear KDKA Schenectady above the static. Our horse, "Pet," still took Henry Frank and me down to the Sash and Door Works in a buggy to get artesian drinking water in big earthenware jugs, but Pet's days were numbered and the streetcars on the Twenty-fifth Street hill used to scare him so that Frank would leap out and hold his head until the trolley was well past us down the street.

Growing up is a very painful process. Falls, tears, frustrations, spankings, shyness, pimples, adjustments, popularity or lack of it, stage fright, relatives, girls, parents — what problems! However, there was lots of fun. The fun of the Hauberg farms; Sugar Grove the day after Christmas, Aunt Anna's cheerful, hearty greeting, Uncle Louis and Dad taking me hunting or sleighriding; Aunt Nora Lyford's with good-natured Uncle Ed squirting milk into the cat's mouth or putting me on a horse, and Aunt Nora, Helen and Ada such pleasant company; the House in the Woods, so dark and damp (before Annie and I let in the light) but so lovely in its beautiful woods, the home of flying squirrels, 'coon, and 'possum. We went "up to the country" many times behind Andrew Rietz, our gardener-chauffer, who one day struck an enormous hog on the hillsdale road and sent Mother up through the canvas top of our Packard twin-six touring car, whose ising-glass side curtains didn't do much to keep out the winter cold. We went up country many times over the old river road and had to detour in the spring around the flooded miles. And the mud! The big laundry basket of picnic groceries always rested on some shovels which were carried just in case — . And were used more

The famous "Catherine" on the Mississippi at Black Hawk's last battlefield. John Henry Hauberg, Jr. at right, chief cook, while Joe and Dad wait hungrily for their breakfast. — at Victory, Wisconsin, 1928.

Read all about it in the Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society, Vol. 22, No. I, (April, 1929) under the title, "Black Hawk's Mississippi from Rock River to Bad Axe" by JHH, seventy-one pages of it!

often than not, it seems, (and still are today) for the Haubergs have always seemed an adventurous group, pioneers, liking the outdoors, and keen to find out what lies on the other side of a mudhole.

Then a pony from Uncle Will Schmoll and Aunt Amelia in Ward, Colorado. Her name was Lady, but we didn't treat her like one: We rode her like fury for a few years and then overgrazed her to death. She made us cowboy dare devils and circus stunt riders for a short time. May she rest in peace.

Then a boat, the "Catherine," came along. She was a squat, oily, noisy, ugly bathtub, and like other bathtubs, I hated to get into her and then hated to get out. Dad took the whole family on many adventures which were fun, but the best of them went to Joe Meenan and me. We went up to Black Hawk's last battlefield and on to LaCrosse on one venture, straining our eyes for the next bridge across the Mississippi for Dad had a standing offer of a rootbeer ice cream soda to the one who saw a bridge first. Then in 1927 all the way to Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, nine hundred miles one way with a hundred incidents; Eighty mosquito bites on an arm left outside the bedroll; a visit to a speakeasy, with Dad who either was at that time or had been president of the Illinois Anti-Saloon League innocently taken there by a boat repair man in Quincy. (Yes, we had taken a "short cut" on the Mississippi River — a liberty not taken without reprisal — and the old river had thrust up a wing dam to ruin our propeller.) This repair man had said, "You can have any drink you want." And Dad said, "I'll have lemon soda." As I recall, even in my age of innocence, I was disappointed in Dad. Another time the thrill of quick action. I had firmly tied the "Catherine" to a cleat inside a lock on Green River in Kentucky and as they let the water out the front of the boat hung up. I grabbed an axe and severed the line with one blow. Self-confidence grew a notch. We learned how embarrassing it can be to run out of gas in mid-stream of a swirling river; we got soaking wet and bitter cold on windy days; we learned how to work together to make a good landing at a current-swept dock, and to spell each other at the steering wheel, and to get along with the people we met along the rivers who were so different from the folks at home. Yes, that old boat was a wonderful thing.

The Denkmanns were different from the Haubergs, except that they, too, were interested in civic matters, church, and school. Aunts and uncles and cousins were all pleasant to a small boy who loved their big houses, fine linens, beautiful silver, glass, and china ware, their big yards, lawns and trees, their wonderful presents at Christmas and birthdays, their pleasant talk and laughter. The Denkmann sisters and their cousin "Aunt Lonie Sam" Davis divided the holiday dinners among them. Mother always had the family on Christmas day, Aunt Elise Marshall on Christmas Eve, Aunt Marietta on New Years day, Aunt Lonie Sam at Easter, and Aunt Lonie Tom on Thanksgiving. The dinners were all alike to me, none leaving a single individual impression, but a cumulative one of quiet dignity, good taste and pleasant society.

Aunt Catherine Wentworth was a Denkmann who was different. She was a nebulous character who lived in Paris and painted. Of our visit to her in Paris I remember only her Pekinese dog which sat on a silk cushion beside her at the table, and a chicken, cooked, carved, pieced together with toothpicks, and placed before Uncle Ned (who is even more shadowy in memory) as if it were a whole, unsliced bird straight from the oven. He "carved" by removing the toothpicks and taking the bird apart.

Catherine and I went to Audubon School in Rock Island when it was still a frame building, and got to ring the big hand bell that the janitor rang or was supposed to ring, except that he usually passed on the privilege. Mother's good friend. "Aunt Jane" Wilcox, was principal, and the teachers were excellent. School was almost always fun — one time when it was not was when I called Miss Brennan, teaching 4-A, a dirty name I had heard a teamster use and didn't know the meaning of. I got D in conduct for the period and several other things beside. The old Audubon school was moved across 18th Avenue about 1925 to become an apartment, and a fine brick structure arose with a big gymnasium. We boys began to play basketball the year around from then on. One winter Audubon played Longfellow School on a day that was so cold that Billy Robinson, Dick Kennedy and I had to ring doorbells about every other block on the way down to Longfellow and ask to come in and thaw out for a few minutes. We lost to Longfellow 1-0 when Chubby Hubbard made a free throw for them. I don't remember what position I played, but it didn't matter that day. In 6-A Miss Spry read "Treasure Island" to us, about three or four pages at the end of each day. She made it last all semester, and we were thrilled by it, hanging on to every word.

Then to Washington Junior High. Almost my only memories revolve around the lightweight basket ball team. We won the city championship three times in a row, I believe, and our whole team played as the YMCA "Midgets" too, and won several tournaments for the Y. Our greatest thrill at school came when we caught our coach, Mr. Helms, kissing Miss Mitchell, the math teacher, on the stair landing between floors when they thought we were still in the locker room after practice. We didn't know they were engaged, but would have been thrilled anyway.

Mother wanted me to go east to Hotchkiss School in Connecticut where Carl Denkmann had gone. Since I had had almost no Latin, I was sent to Fessenden School near Boston in 1930 to prep for prep school. I roomed with John Good of Moline and was scared to death of most of the eastern boys there for several months. However, I joined the soccer squad for some reason and learned to kick others in the shins as hard as they kicked me.

At Hotchkiss the Fessenden Latin preparation sent me into an advanced class from which I never escaped. In senior year we read the poetry of Horace and Catullus with Mr. "Aggie" Maitland, the teacher of our little class of seven. We met in the luxurious comfort of his private suite, where we played with his silver

Persian cat, "Xerxes," while doing our Latin translating. Occasionally he would get a long letter from his brother in India who was a high administrator of some sort in one of the back provinces. The whole hour would go to reading and discussion of that letter, the tiger hunts, and British policy, while Horace was completely forgotten. (This sometimes took quite a bit of engineering on our part.)

Two things stand out in my mind about Hotchkiss. One was that scholarship was made to seem desirable as well as interesting, and exciting instead of something invented by grown-ups to torture boys. The other was that the teachers, or masters as we called them, lived with us in our dormitories and took a personal interest in us. I got interested in listening to good music on records because we could go into the room of the master on our floor, a very fine man, and make ourselves tea and toast while playing his large collection of records. If food had to be the inducement, who cares? The choir had several privileges, too, so I tried out for it and eventually became tenor soloist, although I'm glad no recordings of my high-pitched quaver exist. From the choir was drawn an Opera Club of about ten boys who went one Saturday a year with Mr. Fish to New York and sat in a box in the fabulous Diamond Horseshoe at the Metropolitan. One year we saw *Die Meistersinger* and got so excited about it that Gus Swift of Chicago fell full length —6′ 5″—down one flight of the grand staircase.

I learned to ice skate and to ski because there wasn't any basketball team, and for the same reason I finally played football on the class team and found it the best game of all. But track was my best sport and I became captain just before the last season when the regular captain left school. There were only a handful of us out for track and we all did at least three events, mine being the high jump, discus, and high hurdles. The four years at Hotchkiss were simulating, but sheltered, very few of us realizing that a great depression was occurring beyond the borders of the clipped lawns.

Those years were the biggest in influence, from 1924 to 1935. There were other great events, but not so influential. Summers on Cape Cod, trips to Europe and Hawaii, jobs in the Sash and Door Works and in the great woods of the West Coast and the sawmills, the years at Princeton where social activities regulated scholarship to a dim corner.

A happy day was hiding around that corner. I found that One and Only Girl, Anne Westbrook Gould, at Vassar, and later in Seattle, and now we have Two and Only Girls — so far — Fay Westbrook born February 4, 1944, Sue Bradford born October 3, 1948 and one boy, Mark Denkmann born, March 21, 1950. Our eight, plus, years of marriage have been very wonderful — enough said.

The war was an intermission. I served in the field artillery and the infantry in the states for two years and in occupied Germany for fourteen months with the Third Army. Then back to Seattle and graduation from the University of Washington college of forestry with membership in Phi Beta Kappa, scholastic honorary, Phi Sigma, biological studies honorary, and Xi Sigma Pi, forestry honorary.

Annie Gould Hauberg

Since college I have engaged in acquiring second growth timber lands for the production of saw logs, Christmas trees, telephone poles, fence posts, and pulpwood. Civic activities include membership on the boards of the Seattle Art Museum, the Arboretum Foundation, the Seattle Symphony Orchestra Association of which I am executive, vice president and Helen Bush School. For further details read my obituary in the year 2016.

ANNIE WESTBROOK GOULD HAUBERG

An Autobiography

Wife of John H. Hauberg, Jr.

This is the story of Annie Westbrook Gould, although I started out as Alice and have ended up as a Hauberg. On arrival these things were not important, as I arrived suddenly in the hospital elevator, going up. I was first named Alice after my mother's mother, Alice Isobell Ober. She was born in 1863 in Beverly, Mass., one of nine children, and she graduated from Wheaton Seminary and attended Radcliffe College. On January 2nd, 1889 she married John Purinton Fay in San Francisco. For two hundred years both families had lived in New England and they brought West with them a strong belief in education and love of the classics and, as well, great energy so typical of New England. My grandfather opened a law office in March of 1889 in the Boston block in Seattle. In June came the great fire that destroyed Seattle. He was in one of the few fire resistant buildings, and consequently he had an office full of cases in short order. He died at the age of 69. My grandmother died at the age of 85.

Apparently I was the 13th grandchild of my father's mother and it was discovered she had no namesake, so my name soon was changed to Annie Laurie Westbrook. This precipitated some family heirlooms to the dismay of others in the family. In 1720 her family came to New York from Amsterdam and like the Goulds stayed near or in New York and participated in the growth of that city. She actively supported all contemporary things musical and literary, but directed her energies primarily to the arts—for she believed beauty was important. She died in 1931 at the age of 87 years at "Suncliff," the family summer home at Tarrytown, on the Hudson. It was here Washington Irving's headless horseman chased Ichabod Crane across the creek, that runs through the place. Her husband was Charles Judson Gould, born in 1833 at Caldwell, New Jersey. The first Gould came to this country in 1664, eight years after the first Fay arrived, and Grandfather Gould always had interesting tales to tell of the family military exploits. He was also proud that he had shaken the hand and spoken to Lincoln as well as every president to his death in 1930 at 98 years. He and his brother inherited a tea importing business and he retired at forty, although the business was grossing a million dollars a year. He devoted himself to his friends, his books, and his riding and at 90 he won his last blue ribbon at the New York Riding Club. He gave his horse Sultan to the sculptor Shrady who used it for the model of the horse that stands in the Grant group at the foot of the United States Capitol. They had seven children and built one of the earliest apartment houses at 230 W. 59th street, overlooking Central Park.

My father was born in 1873 in New York. He went to Phillips-Exeter Academy, graduated from Harvard, and then went to Paris where he studied Architecture for five years at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He then practiced in New York five years, moving to Seattle in 1908. He founded the school of Architecture at the University of Washington and designed many of the campus buildings. He also laid out the general campus plan. His finest contemporary building is the Seattle Art Museum. He was active in many civic organizations, particularly the Fine Arts Society, the Civic Planning Commission and the American Institute of Architects in Seattle. On June 2nd, 1915, he married Dorothy Wheaton Fay. My mother was born in Seattle, one of six children. She was a graduate of Vassar College and has always been interested in our local history. Her book "Beyond the Shining Mountain" was published in 193... My parents had three children. Carl Frelinghuysen Gould, Jr. a year and a half older than myself and John Van Wyck Gould born in 1925.

It is a hard thing to write about oneself when one is thirty-two, as the accomplishments of life seem few and incomplete and then the best years of my life are the last nine with Johnny and the children, and I'd much rather write about them.

I know my youth was a relatively happy one, for our family had many good times together and we were always doing something interesting. But I know too I was painfully shy and polite and was strictly tended. I'm told that till seven I had long golden curls to my waist and china blue eyes. I better remember the year I cut my hair to a boy's bob, wore pants to my mother's dismay and rode horseback.

At our summer home on Bainbridge Island (8 miles west of Seattle) revolve the best memories of my youth. My father had "batched" with five men on "Poverty Flats" for several years before his marriage so it was only natural for my mother and father to start their married life by building a small home nearby nestled among the fir trees. It was made of glass and wood sections at the local mill. The house was called "Topsfield" as it overlooked the cow pasture and beyond to Puget Sound with a commanding view of Mt. Rainier. It was here as children that we had endless tunnels and houses among the bracken ferns, where we gathered blackberries and mushrooms in season, where we fished for cod, sole or even shiners off the dock, or speared dogfish at night; or collected tadpoles soon to become frogs, or read the Wizard of Oz in the tree house in the old Maple tree. Where we dug clams or tried to get a goeduck or made the sea urchin so mad he would turn inside out. Where we had many picnics on the beach and toasted marshmallows close to the fire to keep off the always chilly evenings. The beach was an endless source of discovery, with fossils and logs and sandfleas and crabs and the things washed ashore from ocean-going vessels. A harrowing episode was when my eight foot sailboat, with a red sail, capsized from a freshening southern breeze. I bailed and paddled while my father valiantly waved from shore. About fifteen feet from safety the boat swamped and I was ingloriously pulled ashore. Every afternoon of sunshine we would gather at a swimming pool with all the neighbors. One was a hole dug out of the clay bank and filled with high tide, the other Mr. Nute made by filling gunnysacks with cement and laying them in a horseshoe shape when the tide was low. Both today are covered with a smooth coat of cement and belie their humble beginnings. In fact today we are quite civilized and dim seem the days when we had no road and all was packed in on the back, oil lamps and wood stoves and fireplaces were necessary—and a roaring fire for many hours filled the tub three inches with lukewarm water. And always at night the sheets were cold and the floors icy. Before the roads were developed the high point of each day was putting on fresh togs after swimming and meeting the 5:30 ferry. Even though it meant a mad dash past the bull in the pasture, we were always there to kiss Daddy. The community was made up of about 30 families, so it was a colorful event as each child and mother hugged their respective loved ones. There was always a cheerful greeting to Jake the ticket taker and Charley the Captain. One phase of the summers has never changed and that is the Sunday evening hymns. All gather, including numerous weekend guests, at the old brown club house on the "Hill" and hymns are sung. Each child holds his breath to an amen and usually half a dozen numbers are then called at once. A wonderful feeling always prevails as all ages gather before the roaring fire to sing and then depart into the silent woods for home.

Each spring as the first warm days of May came we would be off to the country. First to find the rusted key, then to inspect the plumbing, then to plunge into gardening. Each year new methods were tried to make the peas and sweet peas grow better; One year I remember it was old tin cans in the bottom of a three foot trench. In the summers was a time for art classes on Sunday mornings. Perhaps 20 neighbors of all ages would join us for painting or sculpture or sketching. When I was older I took on my own art class of fifteen young neophytes, and as a small fee was attached it became a most serious endeavor. Our favorite subject was the big red boats rusting in the bay. They were from first World War, but were completed only in time for the armistice and had never sailed away.

When I was twelve I spent part of the following three summers at Four Winds Camp, situated in the fabulous San Juan Islands. The week-long trips on the "Westward Ho," a fifty foot schooner, camping out and horseback trips of several days were the highlights and the escape from a rather-too-well-organized camp—if one offering many opportunities. Eventually I was counselor for a summer. I adventured with the youngest, sketched with some and helped in the crafthouse, but most amazing I taught tennis. Simply because by luck I beat the tennis teacher at the game—before breakfast.

The Annie Gould - John H. Hauberg, Jr. wedding

I suppose one's education contributes a large slice to what one becomes, but I will be brief as it would be impossible to tell the influences of nine schools. Perhaps it would be worth pointing out that the ability to adjust to new surroundings hardly compensates for the lack of learning one's three Rs. I spent eight years from the third grade to my junior year at the Helen Bush school, then known as a progressive school. We were about seven girls, the first class in the school (Fay now attends the Bush kindergarten). We had very nice friendly teachers and the residue is a love for Egypt, a devotion to Ballet and at the time a passion to be the great actress. The highlights were the lead in the two plays. In one I was Rumplestiltskin, and I recall I had as much trouble adjusting my pillow as playing the part. As Titania the queen, my dreams were fulfilled, and I had no trouble learning the arduous lines in the eighth grade.

In the next years I attended several schools. St. Nicholas in Seattle, Farmington in Connecticut and the University of Washington, where I studied Architecture two years, Vassar and the Smith Graduate School of Architecture in Cambridge. In the summer of 1935 our whole family went abroad for three months, and two of those months we went to school at Fontainbleau near Paris. Each of us took a different course—my father, sculpture; mother, fresco; Carl, architecture, and myself, design. Being sixteen that summer I did have many designs—especially on the bus that each afternoon would take us to a little village to sketch or paint. We "did" eight of the Northern countries and concentrated on seeing modern architecture, and although we missed the Olympic Games it was a most successful summer. In 1937 at Vassar I had all my clothes stolen on a football weekend at Harvard. To the chagrin of my Boston roommate it made the front page of the papers. To my chagrin I had nothing to wear for the ensuing Christmas holidays. I therefore went to Lake Placid as a waitress. I was not fired although I dropped a tray full of dishes under the manager's nose as I was recognizing a Darmouth skier from home. I managed a great deal of fun and skiing after hours and it is still vivid in my mind the butcher waving a large knife in my face and asking me for a date that night. In the end I was glad to get back to college where I didn't have to get up at 5:00 A. M.

On January 4th, 1939, my father died, and I returned from the Cambridge School of Architecture. To June 1941, when married life began, were crowded years. The visits to the World's Fair's in New York and San Francisco were the highlights. The winters as secretary to an architect were arduous and the problems of having my own decorating office for a year kept me pretty busy. In fact it was an extra busy time, as Johnny and I were seeing a good deal of each other—even though he was working in a saw mill at Everett, the 30 miles did little to dampen many good times together.

After we were married we set sail on life that could best be termed nomadic. First Johnny worked in a mill at Klamath Falls, Oregon, then to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and at last we "settled" for a year in Rock Island — when we had a

Mary Hauberg

wonderful experience fixing up the House in the Woods. The army called in 1943 and we were off to ten more homes; already we had settled four times. At the time Johnny was given his commission at Fort Sill I was in Seattle where Fay Westbrook Hauberg was born—February 4th, 1944. We traveled from one army camp to another, and by the time Fay was fifteen months old she had been in 32 states. We lived in Seattle during the 14 months that Johnny was overseas and in the fall of 1946 we were reunited and our first move was to buy a home. For more than three years now we have had a domicile in Washington Park, Seattle, overlooking a fine view of Lake Washington and the Cascade range. It is wonderful to be settled and to get on with living. We have had many good times together and with our friends, and we have both been giving our spare time to various groups. At present I'm most interested in our local Arboretum, which is only 12 years old, and in the Children's Orthopedic Hospital. One year I was president of one of the Orthopedic guilds, and I was in charge of the first "Timberline Carnival" that each year raises a thousand dollars for the hospital. I've also taken numerous photographs for the local Junior League magazine and am still serving on the board of the Seattle Colonial Dames Society. We have had much fun together developing our garden, remodeling the kitchen and planning for the future, which I hope holds many more wonderful adventures. We are now a family of five. Fay born February 4th, 1944, Sue Bradford was born October 3rd, 1948 and Mark Denkmann March 21st, 1950.

MARY HAUBERG

Writes of Y. W. C. A. Motor Hike in National Publication

Appearing in the current issue of "The Bookshelf," national Y.W.C.A. Board publication, is an article by Miss Mary Hauberg, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. D. Hauberg, 918 Twenty-third Avenue, Moline, entitled "A Motoring We Go."

The article described a motor hike taken by 20 girls and four adults last summer under the direction of the Rock Island Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A.

It is arousing interest among the Y.W.C.A. directors who receive the magazine monthly, because of the possibility of their associations conducting similar outings.

Miss Hauberg gave specific information about the good times the group had, sleeping out, cooking all meals and traveling in a Y.M.C.A. truck for 15 days to visit Yellowstone National Park, Salt Lake City and other western tourist wonders. The motor hike covered nearly thirty-six hundred miles.

Credit for the success of the outing was given to Miss Elizabeth Peterson, former Y-Teen director of the Rock Island association, and now a member of the Y.W.C.A. staff in Omaha, Nebraska, and to LaVerne N. Burch, executive secretary of the Rock Island Y.M.C.A.

"Prefacing the 2-page spread article is a note from the editors, asking Miss Peterson if she felt the trip worth the trouble, to which she and others in charge

Ruth Ann Hauberg

were put. She replied emphatically in the affirmative, saying that what the girls learned about living together, as well as what they learned of their country, was extremely worthwhile."

RUTH ANN HAUBERG

Ruth Ann Hauberg prefers to be called "Anne." Now a Junior at Augustana College, but just at present (July, 1950) attending the University of Wisconsin at Madison, for a special course in English. She delighted to swim the Mississippi river at Archie Allen; was literary editor for the 1948 Moline High School year book; is a student also of Spanish; aims to be a teacher; member also of the Writers' Club and "Worked like a turk" as head of properties with the Dramatic Club at Augustana. From present appearances her hobby is hard work!

JESSIE MARY STUHLER

An Autobiography

Jessie Mary Stuhler—born in Rock Island, Illinois on July 7, 1886. Parents are Emil and Helena Stilz Warnecke. Went through the grades and graduated from the Rock Island High School. Graduated from Augustana College in 1907 with a B.A. degree. Then spent a year in Switzerland studying French and German. Came back and taught English and German in the Monticello, Iowa, High School for a year and a half. There I met Dr. Louis George Stuhler, to whom I was married on June 21, 1910. We lived in Monticello for twelve years; When the first World War came Louis joined the army as first Lieutenant in the medical corps. When he was discharged from the army we moved to Chicago, where he was associated with Dr. Louis E. Schmidt for three years. We then moved to Rochester, Minnesota, where Louis became a member of the Mayo Clinic. His specialty was urology.

Our first son, Louis George, was born on June 12th, 1925. He graduated from the Rochester High School as a member of the National Honor Society and was also awarded the Bausch and Lomb science medal. He had two and a half years of premedical training at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota and then entered the medical school at the University of Minnesota where he graduated June 11th, 1949, and on the day following married Miss Adrienne Bullard and started his internship at the Detroit, Michigan, Receiving Hospital where they are at the present time (April, 1950). Their future plans are still indefinite.

Our second son, James Richard was born July 21, 1931. He graduated at the Rochester High School in June, 1949, and is at present a student at Carleton College, at Northfield, Minnesota. His hobbies are photography and target shooting.

After an illness of almost eight years Louis passed away on January 9th, 1946. We are all members of the Congregational church of Rochester. I belong to a literary club called the Tourist Club; which is one of the oldest in Rochester. It was organized in 1902.

Lt. Donald Bracker, April, 1944.

DONALD CLAIRE MARK BRACKER

An Autobiography

The first twenty-one years of my life, beginning on February 23, 1922, were lived in Galesburg, Illinois. My Christian parents were university graduates. My mother was born in Madisonville, Ohio, of English descent, and my father was of German extraction and born in Hillsdale, Illinois.

After two quarters of my junior year at Knox, I was called to active duty. Three years of college R.O.T.C. prefaced a thorough rifle company basic training at Camp Croft, South Carolina. The advantage of R.O.T.C. training secured for me, and later helped me retain, the position of squad leader during my basic. Another quarter's credit was gained at Knox College after basic before leaving for Infantry O.C.S. at Fort Benning, Georgia.

My academic education was general, always keeping a business career in mind. My various jobs served as education in a very practical way.

Starting as a creditoring paper-boy, running an elevator, working in a grocery store, driving a ninety-mile per day newspaper circulation route and assisting my father in the conduct of his general insurance agency, I gained real experience in meeting and serving all types of people. Summer work in a creamery and in a wholesale grocery warehouse was less interesting. Working on a farm owned by my father afforded additional experience.

In high school, I played bassoon in the band and orchestra, and served as drum major of the band in my senior year. I was sports editor of the High School Annual, and contributed some to the school paper. Election to the National Honor Society came in my senior year. Work after school and on Saturdays came at the same time varsity sports practice and competition were held.

Independent basketball offered an outlet for my love of that sport, and I played independent ball for four full seasons. Participation in baseball, swimming, tennis and bowling was enjoyed to a lesser degree.

At Knox, I was pledged to Phi Gamma Delta, played saxophone in the band and bassoon in the orchestra, on varsity basketball team as sophomore, in intramural sports all years, and assistant business manager on college paper.

Twelve active awkward-aged boys in a Sunday School class taught their teacher several worthwhile lessons in the short period of six months, ending with army induction on April 10th, 1943. Experience enjoyed with the class included classes, hikes and other interest-creating activities. Being counselor and "canteen" proprietor in a summer boys' camp also brought rewards not expressed in a monetary manner.

A pay-as-you-go plan was instituted by my father as soon as his son felt the need for some wherewithal. The activities excluded, because of my working, were, no doubt, less valuable than the benefits received in experience and remuneration of money.

Donald Bracker on a hike with his Sunday School class shortly before his induction into the army, 1943. Sunday Schools as we have them are among the very finest Americanizing institutions.

Whether Don had any premonitions as to what was to happen to him in battle, he, before he left home, arranged all his things in perfect order and wrote an autobiography which was found in his desk.

Past experience, and knowledge and training are acting as a background and a preface to imminent and important chapters just unfolding.

(Above written by Don and found among papers in his desk. Probably typed April, 1944 on leave after graduation from Fort Benning.)

A FEW ADDITIONAL FACTS

Donald Bracker was baptized, December 27, 1931 (age 9) First Baptist Church, Galesburg, Illinois.

Before teaching the class of Junior High School boys (while he was a Junior at Knox), he had been secretary-treasurer of our Sunday School.

He was also one of the ushers at church services. While in high school he helped to organize, and was the first president of the local F.F.A. (Future Farmers of America).

He helped win a fine trophy for his fraternity (Phi Gamma Delta) in basketball just a week or so before leaving for active service. Had already won several individual trophies in basketball. He was also elected to Scabbard and Blade, honorary military fraternity.

Don left for service (Camp Sheridan) April 10, 1943. After basic training at Camp Croft, South Carolina, he was sent for a short time to the University of Illinois, then on to Knox College (September 1943) for A.S.T.P. training here until there was room for the group of junior R.O.T.C. men at Officers' Candidate School at Ft. Benning, Ga. The boys were ordered to leave for Ft. Benning December 1, 1943, but after taking exams, received full credit for the quarter's work at Knox.

Don received his lieutenant's commission from Ft. Benning, Infantry School, April 19, 1944. After a short leave at home he reported to Camp Pickett, Virginia. In August he was among the troops sent to Philadelphia at the time of the street car strike. In October 1944, his division (the 78th — "Lightning") was sent overseas. Several weeks of training in southern England followed, after which they were transferred through France to Belgium and the Western Front.

Don was killed before dawn on December 13, 1944, the first morning his regiment was sent into action. He was the leader of the lead platoon (riflemen) in a surprise attack ordered on several German villages (Kesternich and vicinity). Not covered by artillery protection, they were suddenly attacked by enemy machine guns. The morning was cold, foggy and rainy. Don went on ahead of his men, located the machine gun nest and was crawling toward it on the snow when he was fired upon and almost instantly killed. In the words of his commanding officer, "He would not entrust this hazardous mission to anyone other than himself and was killed trying to protect the men under him, and trying to allow them to go forward without being wounded or killed. — Your boy was one of the many unsung heroes of this war. Make no mistake about it, Don is one of the men who have done more than their share to make our road to victory possible."

The published History of the 78th Division — "Lightning" says, "The men suffered quietly from the bitter cold and waited for the battle to begin. In the early morning darkness of December 13 they crawled from wet cellars and foxholes, rubbing the traces of restless sleep from their eyes, and moved forward over an unfriendly landscape which they knew only from maps. Over the slippery snow of the roads, through the drifting snow in the field, in almost total darkness, they crossed the line of departure. — Then they were on their own. The biting cold which had made the night miserable was forgotten as the fear of battle clutched at their hearts."

The attack was "aimed at the very heart of the Siegfried Line." The German pillboxes were solid structures of steel and reinforced concrete at almost every road juncture or curve, cleverly camouflaged to resemble farm houses, etc. "Dragon's teeth and pillboxes, mine fields and concertina wire were cleverly placed in the hilly farmland." It was near the main German route.

Donald was laid to rest "with tenderness and affection" in the Henry Chapelle Military Cemetery, in eastern Belgium, six miles south of Aachen, Germany.

2nd Lt. Don C. M. Bracker, 0-547670, Plot A, Row 12, Grave 6
He was a 2nd Lt. in Co. "A", 309th Infantry,
78th ("Lightning") Division, First Army

In addition to the Purple Heart, Victory Medal, etc. he was posthumously awarded the Silver Star Medal, for "gallantry in service."

Hobbies — Much of Don's hard-earned money was invested in a fine library of good books (over a hundred, including gifts), and in a radio phonograph and over a dozen albums of excellent records — Sigmund Romberg, Jerome Kern and Irving Berlin, being among his favorites. He also had a fine stamp collection and a collection of coins. Photography was another hobby, and he had several large albums of carefully labeled pictures. He had an athletic scrapbook of clippings about games in which he had played, or was especially interested, with pictures; and somehow, during the busy days of training, he had managed to make a military scrapbook. Favorite poems and jokes were also collected.

His chaplain wrote, "Your son was a personal friend of mine, and I have mourned his loss a great deal. He was ambitious and had high standards, and was satisfied with nothing less than the fulfillment of those ideals. Yet he was willing to stick with the army until the present emergency was completed, then he spoke of the things he was dreaming of accomplishing once he was privileged to return home."

"He was a man of fine principles and high ideals. Sometimes the low standard of ideals held by others bothered him and he came to talk with me. He said he always felt strengthened as a Christian having talked with another who maintained the same standards as himself. I remember one day as he left the office he shook my hand and said, 'Chaplain, come what may, I refuse to compromise on standards.' He never did. At the time of his death he was still the fine Christian man he was when he left home. I can't help but feel that his usual influence for good among the men has been strengthened by his passing. — I was with him until the last and can testify that he did not waver under the severest tests. It was good for me to have had such a friend."

His personnel clerk said, "He is the finest man I have ever known, barring none! The personnel officer said to me, 'You can go around this room and ask every man what they thought of Lt. Bracker, and you will receive the same answer from every one'."

In a letter late in January, 1945, his Colonel wrote, "He was a fine officer, whom I knew personally. His manifestations of personal courage, manliness and self-sacrifice give us additional strength and desire to carry on. The regiment has lost an Officer whom I had earmarked personally for advancement."

His captain wrote, "I have never met a finer man, a better junior officer or a man more respected by the soldiers of his command than your son. He had that indefinable quality of leadership combined with knowledge of the problems of a soldier. His military skill was far above the average. I trusted his judgment implicitly. — since Don's death our company and indeed our entire regiment have gone on to an unbroken series of hard-won victories. I am very sure that the spirit and will to win which has inspired this company was in great measure due to the efforts, the example and the inspiration furnished by Don. He was my personal friend and I feel his loss very, very deeply. He was the finest soldier and officer I have ever had the privilege to command."

A Galesburg business woman said, "I never knew a young person who was so well loved by so many people as Don was."

From a marine who used to play basketball with him, "I need not tell you how fine a man Don was. — He was the kind of man we would all like to be."

From the Dean of Men at the high school, "Don was such a fine and splendid example of young manhood."

On a card in the desk in his room were these words:

"For when the one Great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He writes not that you won or lost,
But how you played the game."

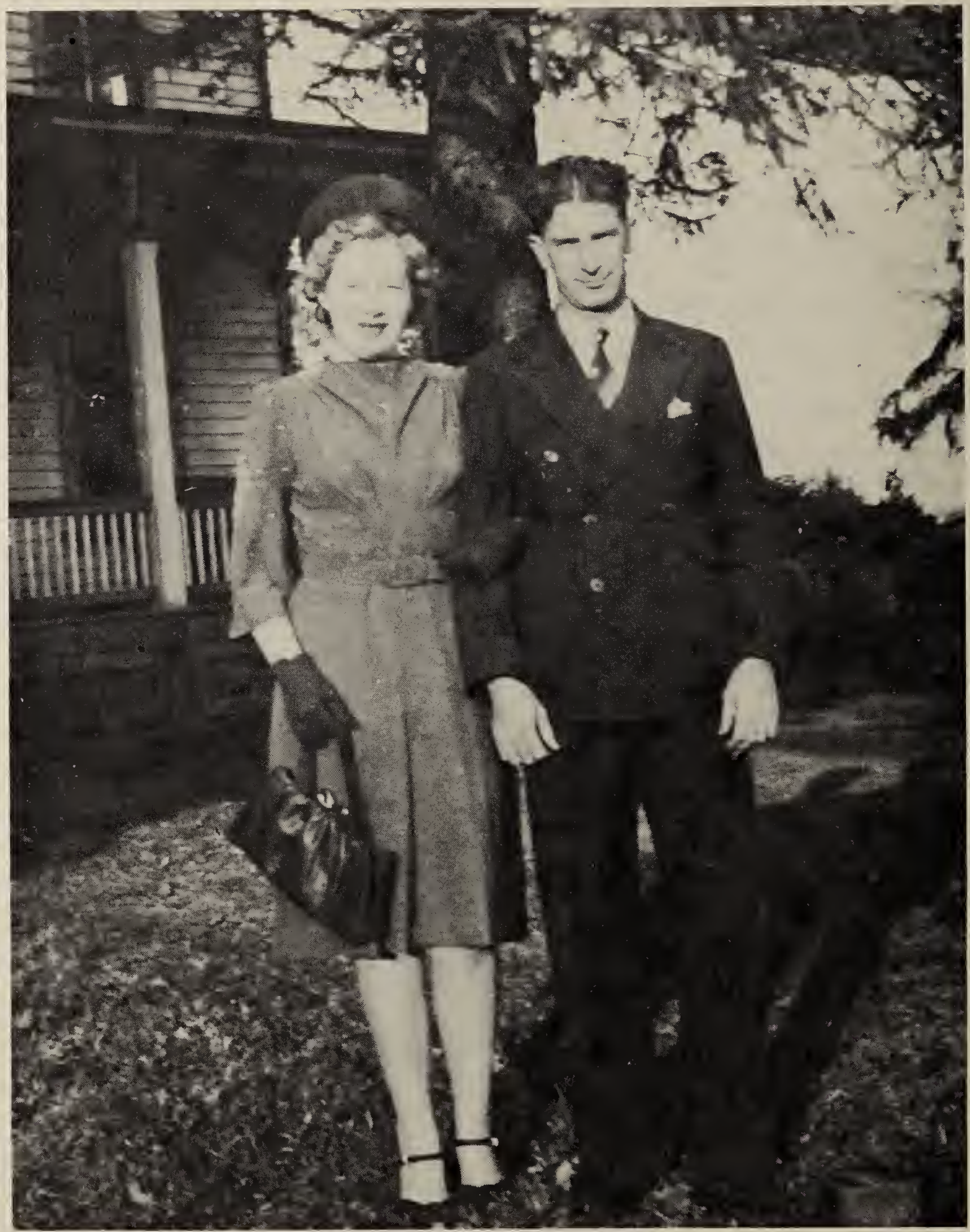
Don's full name was Donald Clare Mark Bracker, but he preferred the shorter "Don C. M." and was registered that way in the army.

Note: Don just lacked a term of sufficient credits for graduation from Knox College with his Class of 1944. Graduated from Galesburg High School in 1940.

FRANCES ELIZABETH JOHNSON SCHMOLL

An Autobiography

I am Frances Elizabeth (Johnson) Schmoll, eldest daughter of Mabel (Bracker) and Lewis Johnson. I am very proud of the fact that I am named after both my



John Schmoll and wife, Frances, nee Johnson, of the D. H. Bracker group. Picture taken 1940.

Their children are (ages as of February, 1950) Frances Claire, 8; John Henry, 7; Donna Marie, 3 and Kathleen Mae, 2.

maternal grandmother, Anna Elizabeth Bracker and my paternal grandmother, Frances Johnson.

On October 13, 1940 I was married to John Sinclair Schmoll in Spring Valley, New York. John is one of five children of Alice (Buckley) and Herman Schmoll.

The first few months after our marriage were spent with my father, mother and sisters, Phyllis and Mabel. After this, we went back to Spring Valley to live until the summer of 1943. We then moved to Piermont where we are still living. Piermont is a small town about 25 miles north of New York City and located on the historic and beautiful Hudson River. Many of the residents are people who commute daily to their places of business in New York City. The chief industry is paper making which is done by the Gair Cartons Division of Robert Gair Co. Inc. John or Tim as he is known to most friends and relatives, is employed as one of the machine operators in the combines department of this company. During World War II this department combined paperboard for the medical, food ration, and ammunition boxes.

Much to our great joy we have been blessed with four lovely children. Frances Claire, our first, was born on June 28, 1941. Frances has beautiful blond hair and brown eyes. She has rather petite features and a wonderful personality. She attends school at the Tappen Zee Public School in Piermont and is in the first grade. Frances likes school very much and has an excellent standing. I believe she enjoys reading, music, and drawing best of all.

John Henry, our only son, was born on August 6, 1942. Johnny, as we call him has blond hair and blue eyes, and is a very good looking boy. The first four years of his young life were very difficult and painful ones as within this time he underwent three operations. The first when only 13 months old was for the straightening of his left eye. When he was nearly three years old he became desperately ill with a serious and rare lung condition which proved to be cysts in the bronchial tubes. It was because of this that two more operations were necessary. During the last one the lower right lobe was removed. His daddy and I can never repay fully in thanks and gratitude for the wonderful attention Dr. Herbert C. Maier of New York City, one of the best lung surgeons in the world, and Dr. Robert Yeager, superintendent of a local sanatorium, gave our son. With the help of God's Divine Power they have been able to make Johnny the strong, husky boy he is today.

Johnny is in the kindergarten at the same school his sister Frances attends. He takes such a fine interest in his school work. His teacher recently told me that he is very conscientious about his work.

Both Frances and Johnny attend church and Sunday School every Sunday possible and already take such an interest in both. I do hope their daddy and I will always be able to give them and their baby sisters the spiritual guidance such as my mother and father gave my sisters and me.

Donna Marie was born on March 12, 1947 and is named for my cousin Donald

Bracker and my sister Phyllis Marie, She is an adorable child with blond hair, big, beautiful blue eyes and the deepest dimples ever in both cheeks. Donna is so very bright and happy all of the time. Right now the different words and sounds she utters and the problem of learning to walk alone are her chief delights.

Kathleen Mae, our youngest, was born on March 21st of this year, 1948. Johnny had the privilege of giving her her first name. He was hoping for a baby brother so to help him feel better we told him he could name her. Mae is my abbreviation for Mabel. Therefore, Kathleen is named for her Grandma Johnson, My sister Mabel and my father's sister Mabel who died many years ago. Kathy as we call her is a sweet little baby and is developing and growing fast. Right now we are hoping her hair will not change as she is the only one of the children who has dark hair.

Frances and Johnny are very proud of their baby sisters and help me a great deal in their care. One of their biggest thrills is to see "Grandma and Grandpa" (Johnson) on the farm. I think they are so very fortunate to have the privilege of knowing their grandparents and being able to enjoy the companionship such as grandparents give. Although I missed this privilege mother and dad have done much to give myself and my sisters a clear picture of what wonderful parents they had.

Our children also have the privilege of knowing their Grandma and Grandpa Schmoll. They, too, are wonderful people to know. Tim's mother is of Irish ancestry and his father of French and German ancestry. His grandfather, Bernhardt Schmoll was born in Germany. Last February 28th Tim's father and mother celebrated their 51st wedding anniversary and his father's 80th birthday. Mother Schmoll will be 78 in September. She was born in nearby Nyack, New York while Father Schmoll was born in Spring Valley. They have lived in Spring Valley ever since their marriage. Tim was born to them on January 16, 1909. He attended the public schools here and was and is very active and interested in sports. For some time he was one of the outstanding pitchers on the school Alumni baseball team.

Tim's father was an engineer of the Erie Railroad until he was forced to leave about 20 or more years ago because of ill health.

I have had a very happy and interesting childhood. Life on a farm with parents such as mine has given me a wonderful background. I attended church and Sunday School in Harpersfield and was for a time a teacher for one of the Sunday school classes. I also enjoyed singing in the church choir. I belonged to the Epworth League, Junior and Senior Granges and several school clubs such as dramatics, Glee Club, etc. I had had for a time hopes of continuing to study at the New York Institute of Dietetics. While I'm sure I would have enjoyed being dietitian I think I have chosen the greatest career of them all, motherhood. True, I do not have much time for church and social activities right now, but I expect to have more time to do other things when my children are older.

Staff Sergeant Phyllis Johnson of the Wacs.
Picture taken shortly after her discharge in 1946.

PHYLLIS JOHNSON

by Frances Elizabeth Schmoll

I don't know if Phyl has written or sent anything concerning herself as a Wac as you suggested, but in case she hasn't, perhaps you can use the following information and the photo of her taken in 1946 shortly after her discharge from the Wacs.

Phyllis has been so very busy for the past month and a half in getting settled both in living quarters and her work in Binghampton, N.Y. that she has had little left for anything else. They have gotten started on a new project there which is a Rehabilitation Center or Workshop for people who are crippled by disease (such as polio) and accidents, also veteran war victims.

The Physical Therapy Department was just started February 1st and Phyllis has had charge of training equipment and material necessary for treatments and has since started giving treatments to patients with all types of physical handicaps.

Phyllis was graduated from New York University in the spring of 1949 and after three months of clinical work at various hospitals in N.Y.C., and then at St. Charles Hospital at Port Jefferson, Long Island, in September 1949 she received a certificate in physical therapy from the State. After this she was employed by the National Infantile Paralysis Foundation at St. Charles Hospital for three months during the polio epidemic last fall. While she enjoyed her work at this hospital and would have stayed there indefinitely, she felt that it was too far out of the way from home, so applied for another position. There is a big demand for skilled physical therapists and Phyllis has had offers of positions from all parts of the United States. The position at Binghampton appealed the most to her as it is a new project and presents more of a challenge to her I think, then too it is not so far from home — about 60 miles.

In the Wacs, Phyllis did much the same work (Physical Therapy) as she is doing now, only in army hospitals and for handicapped soldiers. Two of these hospitals were the Crile General Hospital in Cleveland, Ohio and the Mayo General Hospital in Galesburg, Illinois.

Phyllis joined the Wacs in March, 1945 and had a Staff Sergeant rating when she was honorably discharged in September 1946.

MABEL JOHNSON COLVIN

by Frances Elizabeth Schmoll

A few words about Mabel Rosalind Johnson. We do not have all the story, but Mabel attended the 1940 Hauberg reunion at Archie Allen Camp where she specialized in boating on the Mississippi, often in company with cousins Phyllis Ann and Betty Lou Hauberg of Helena, Montana, and Johnny Hauberg, Jr. of Seattle, Washington, and others.

Lovingly Yours,
Mabel

Mrs. Mabel Johnson Colvin, wife of Donald Colvin

Lloyd Walther

Mabel graduated at Stamford, N. Y. Central School, and was employed at the Nyack office of the New York telephone company. In 1950 she stood up before Rev. Smith, at the Presbyterian Manse at Stamford and was united in marriage with Donald Colvin, an employe in the Syracuse, N. Y. office of the New York Central railroad. He is a graduate of Pulaski Academy.

Following a wedding trip the couple set up housekeeping at Stamford, N. Y.

LLOYD WALTHER

AND HIS WIFE, FLORENCE, NEE PERKINS

Lloyd was the only child of his parents, Edgar and Goldie (nee Ashdown) Walther, and lives on the ancestral farm which his grandfather, Charles G. Walther purchased.

Lloyd attended Augustana College and transferred to the Iowa State College at Ames where he graduated, and there too, he married an Ames girl Miss Florence Perkins, daughter of Mrs. Jeanette Perkins who now lives with them, spending the winters, as a rule, in Florida. Florence served as president of the County Home Bureau, and again, we have the type which sees beyond the home duties and makes herself useful as a servant of the community at large. At one time she was the County Home Bureau director as executive secretary, in Muscatine County, Iowa. This of course, before her marriage.

Patricia Ann is the daughter of Lloyd and Florence. She is at present a junior at the Iowa State College at Ames.

Without going into detail into the lives of Lloyd and Florence we are copying an account of their farm operations printed in the Rock Island "Argus" for September 28th, 1948. This newspaper, one of the finest in the State, was making a practice of selecting an outstanding farmer whom they mentioned as their "Farmer of the Week," and presenting a somewhat analytical account, as follows:

"A leading poultry and dairy man of Rock Island county who has talent for efficient farm management has been selected by The Argus as 'Farmer-of-the-Week.'

"Lloyd Walther, owner and operator of Sunnyside farm near Port Byron has a flock of 1,200 hens and pullets which produce 90 dozen eggs a day. He is shown above with some of his layers. One hotel and five restaurants in the tri-city area are supplied by this year's flock of 700 Leghorns, 300 Hi-Lines and about two hundred older hens. The eggs are gathered three times a day and stored in a cool basement where they are candled and graded. One hundred and twenty dozen cartons are retailed each week to a growing list of city customers.

"Mr. Walther believes best results in the poultry business are achieved by obtaining chicks from a high producing strain, using the best of sanitation methods and attending to details. 'You have to produce a high quality product,' he says, 'if you want to get in the business to stay.'

"A herd of purebred Guernsey cattle, which includes 1-2 milk cows and 15 heifers, was developed from a single foundation cow and her calf, purchased 18 years ago for $120. The cream produced by this herd is sold to the Quality Milk association. Mr. Walther also has two Holstein cows.

"Nine sows with litters and 50 fattening hogs, all Hampshires, are raised away from the old lots and buildings on clean disease-free alfalfa brome pasture. The hog lot locations are changed each year. Contour farming is practiced on the 165 acres where this year Mr. Walther raised 65 acres of corn, 30 acres of oats, 40 acres of alfalfa and 10 acres of alfalfa brome pasture. The farm has been in the Walther family for three generations.

Labor-Saving Devices

"Mr. Walther, who has a knack for planning labor-saving devices, has installed a particularly effective watering system on Sunnyside farm. About a mile of half-inch to 1-inch pipe extends from an electrically operated deep well pump into the outlying plots where he keeps his chickens, cows and hogs. Each spring he plows shallow furrows from the pump to various watering places about the farm. The pipe is placed in the furrow and covered over with dirt.

"Supplementing the piping system are a number of chicken waterers which are simple and inexpensive to construct. They merely consist of 55-gallon barrels, set on wooden frame skids, with a pan secured to the bottom of each barrel. A float attached to the spout controls the flow of water. Mr. Walther says that since these waterers cost only about $3.00 each, he can see no reason for anyone to have to carry water to chickens.

"Another labor-saving device is an invention by Mr. Walther for unloading chopped hay. It consists of a home-built wagon in which a movable ingate has been installed. As the ingate is pulled the length of the wagon by a half horse-power electric motor, it pushes up to one and a half tons of hay ahead of it.

"Mr. Walther, who is also electrician, plumber and maintenance man around Sunnyside farm, claims that a farmer has to be a 'little bit of everything.' His farm shop is equipped with a host of electrically operated tools including a power compressor, air compressor, drill stand, hand drill, table saw and hand saw. There are some 20 electric motors on the farm.

"Both Mr. and Mrs. Walther are graduates of Iowa State College at Ames. Mr. Walther majored in animal husbandry and Mrs. Walther majored in home economics. They have a daughter, Patricia Ann, now a sophomore at Iowa State college, who is following in her mother's footsteps. They are members of the Fairfield Methodist Episcopal church and are active farm and home bureau members."

PART V

The Great Great Grandchildren of John D. Hauberg

Frederick James Burke

Janet Burke *Cynthia Burke*

Edward Simpson

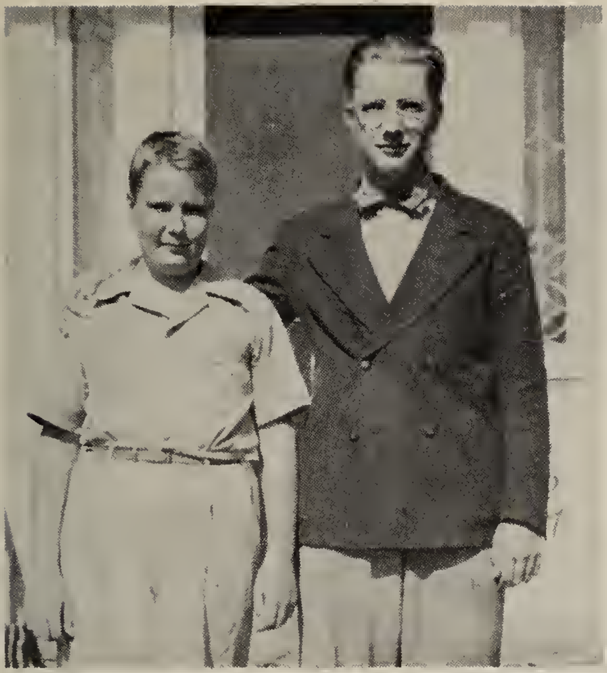
Betty Lou Brence

Phyllis Ann Brence

John Brence and son John

Harriet Sweeney

Edward C. "Teddy," Philip Miles, and Susanne Denkmann Sweeney



Jim Stuhler and Dr. George Stuhler

Patricia "Patty" Walther

Donna and Kathleen Schmoll

Frances and John Schmoll

Subie Hauberg

Mark Denkmann Hauberg

Fay Hauberg

Group taken at the 1940 Hauberg reunion. Upper, Don Kuhn, and Mary Hauberg, graduate of Augustana College and presently — (1950) student at Chicago University. Lower left: Anne Hauberg, student at Augustana College, and Patty Ann Walther, student at Iowa State College, at Ames — also as of the year 1950.

PART VI

War Letters and Miscellaneous

LT. DON BRACKER LEAVES RECORD OF HIS SACRIFICE

The Post presents excerpts from the personal letters which Lt. Don Bracker, who was killed in action on the Western Front last December 13, wrote to his Galesburg parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. D. Bracker, during the last crowded, changing weeks of his life. They are eloquent, telling not only the story of this high-minded soldier's experiences between the shores of his own country and the battlefront in Europe, but also something that represents the best in American character — which alone can give us the kind of victory and the kind of peace worth the price that we are paying.

"SOMEWHERE OUT ON THE BLUE"
OCTOBER, '44

As we were leaving one mode of travel to board his ship that night we were greeted by some jivy and jumpy music furnished by a good sized band playing there on the pier. The Colonel was all smiles, and the commanding general was there looking as though he felt the great responsibility and yet gratified that at last we were doing what he had long looked forward to doing. As we came onto the pier, Red Cross women were bustling around with large kettles of coffee and big baskets of doughnuts — and the men ate it up, in more ways than one. It really helped at a time like that. They were tired of lugging their possessions and a bit worried and bewildered by the strangeness of it all, and the music and eats really hit the spot.

The ocean seemed to change color somewhat as we sailed further away from the good ole USA. It was a kind of sickly green; later a greenish blue, and now it is really a colorful blue with white caps and spray topping it off. At night the inky blackness of the sky and water is interrupted only by the waves as they are cut by the prow of our ship into a foamy froth with unusual fluorescent qualities, really beautiful.

"ON BOARD SHIP" — OCTOBER 22, '44

Was just up on "A" deck, fore and port, and it's really a calm and peaceful sight. The sun is glistening on the water, the sky is clear, the air is fresh and peppy, and you wonder how a war could possibly be going on.

I know better, but this is great while it's lasting. Until a much better set-up comes, so long for now.

"STILL ON THE BLUE" — OCTOBER 23, '44

Just came down from "A" deck — a starry sky, spotted with gray fringed dark clouds. Ole Mister Moon, half lit-up, throwing a golden glow around each intruding cloud — then a treat; a star shot across, as though heading for the moon, only to loose itself in the vastness. The moon sneaking through the floating curtains of clouds and fluff, and sending a yellow ribbed path invitingly across the rippling expanse that separated us. And me, thinking I couldn't ask for better staging, whistling "Make Believe" and saying the words to myself for want of a better audience.

"SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND" — OCTOBER 23, '44

Probably now is a good time to tell you a little about this picturesque country.

The houses are of brick, built close together and with plenty of shrubbery and trees about them. I'm trying to think of some home in Galesburg which is typically English. Off hand, I can't think of any. They have signs with the names of the homes on them, nailed onto the gates. Every gate is flanked by a stone or wooden wall which is topped by well-trimmed bushes. And every home looks like it was lived in.

The streets are winding, clean and well-paved. No one stares out of the windows at you. Frankly, I haven't seen too many people around the homes. Everyone is working or resting as everyone has a job or the government knows why.

The money system is different, as you know. Three pence equals a nickel, twelve pence equals twenty cents or a shilling. Five shillings equals a crown, or a dollar. Half crown is two shillings or six pence or as the English say, two and six. One English pound is twenty shillings. By the way, I weigh thirteen and a half stone. I'm going to let you look that up and if you are still interested — (A stone is 14 Lbs., so he weighed 189 pounds).

Attended an Episcopalian service yesterday. It was St. Peter's Church of the Church of England. There was considerable ritual, and with a short and very good sermon, the entire service lasted an hour and a half. At one point in the service the priest "declared" the intentions of those who wished to be married, bachelor and spinster. They sang "God Save The King" before anything else. The church itself was beautifully constructed.

Lt. Don Bracker's letters to his parents give a straightforward account of the soldier's experiences before and after reaching the western front. Lt. Bracker was killed in action December 13. He was with the 78th, to which Lt. Robert Boyes, who gave his life December 16, also belonged.

NOVEMBER 18, '44

Last Sunday I repeated myself on the Sunday before and went to the Congregational Church and had dinner at the Red Cross Officers' Club. Believe I told you of the lady who, after church, invited me to tea on Wednesday afternoon. She wanted me to meet her daughter, an ambulance driver on the Isle of Wight. She only got home on Wednesdays and Thursdays.

People in England appear to be in a hurry, have their humor, and possess a desire for the finer arts if Municipal Pavilion is any indication. Their Sunday concerts were a high spot with me.

The English have a very strict rationing going on which even includes "hankies." We have rationing on our PX supplies here, too, but although we are short, we are much better off than the English. I gave one little chap part of a chocolate bar — "Here do you want this candy." "Candy, candy, is this candy?" It seemed as though it was something he had heard of but hadn't seen in a long time.

Our food has been good. Some of it has been dehydrated, and it is heralded as the food of the future. Haven't had any fresh whole milk since the U.S. The milk here isn't considered satisfactory and we have powdered milk. Most of the eggs are the same way — seldom have even a cold storage one. The bread here is coarser and heavier but very good. A lot of the men like the change. The cereal (dry) is a lot different, too, kind of a cross between eating corn flakes and rolled oats. It's not bad at all, though, just different.

SOMEWHERE IN BELGIUM — DECEMBER 4, '44

It's Sunday afternoon and, even in Belgium at this moment, I have an opportunity to at least start a letter like I'd like to send.

Weather in England was damp and misty when not raining. France was mud, mud, mud. There was sunshine on the two most desirable days for us — when we arrived and when we left.

We pitched our pup tents on the wet ground early in the evening (France). It rained that night and every other hour thereafter. Straw for under the bed-rolls and stoves (little gas ones) were provided. We got to go to town to take a hot GI shower in a carnival-type tent. The water was hot, the weather cool, the ground cold, the time consumed five and a quarter hours, and the trouble worth it. The town was good-sized, mostly of stone and brick, with buildings and homes right along the sidewalks with no porches. The people use bicycles, two-wheeled carts and the same two limbs the infantry uses. The French have little food and nothing left over, that's for sure. The people around one badly bombed town were walking with loads all along the road. They were carrying everything and anything, lumber and food.

To The Front

After getting washed up in France we entrained in the "modern forty and eight" box cars. We had a sixty-hour ride in cars 24 by 8 and 6 ft. 5 inches high. Thirty-six of us were assigned to each car — us and all of our equipment and clothing in the car. Company managed by using three extra box cars next to us, on the tail end of the train. So we ate, bounced and dozed in there for the entire trip. I can't really describe it but it was sumpin'. Thousands ride this way. One night I went to bed with my helmet for a pillow. The helmet hadn't moved by morning, but I was crowded in about a yard away from it. The next night I waited a little too long to claim my floor space, but managed to get into a prone position on my back. I woke up on my side and unable to change my position.

Given Catholic Medal

I gave away some candy and gum from my "C" and "K" rations on my trip. In one town I gave a little girl a package just as our train was pulling out. Her mother fumbled around and sent a young boy scurrying up with a Catholic medal. I asked some of the Catholic boys if it was wrong or sacrilegious for me, a Protestant to wear it. They said, "No" so I have it with my dog tags around my neck.

The people here speak German and French and Dutch. A very few speak English and they all say "Hello" or Hullo." Wooden shoes, scarves and tams are quite the usual. Churches appear at every turn in the road as do cafes and taverns where they sell Bieren. Cleanliness and courtesy are two other characteristics of the majority here on the continent.

We are now in a Belgian orchard and still getting along fine, with buzz bombs going overhead.

In Holland

Visited a town in Holland last night, which was the most unusual place I've been in. Narrow streets, very attractive window displays, cobble-stone paving and small shops are the first things I noticed. I had to change my Belgian money to Dutch and then had great fun purchasing the cards I'm sending on to you. Everything else I saw that I'd like to have sent home was too big or breakable.

Maybe you can understand, maybe not, but for me, the only thing I want from all this is a memory and the sooner I can get this over with so that it'll be just a memory — the happier I'll be.

December 7, 1944

(December 7 was last date we heard from Don)

Last night I slept in a bed with sheets and a mattress for the first time since I was home on leave.

Sent you folks cablegrams today. The greetings (Christmas) canned, the signature was formal, but I hope you feel the warmness with which the greetings were sent. Just remember that by the time Christmas rolls around, I expect to be in Germany eating GI Christmas dinner. I'd like no better chance than to be part of the fighting forces that once again show the Germans that we want peace, and are willing to fight and die for our way of life.

> Editor's Note: And in such spirit, Galesburg's Don Bracker, tall, clean and ready, met the enemy of all human freedoms and Christian hearted men, and gave his life to protect these things for us and the world.

Don's father, E. M. D. Bracker, can remember his own father explaining that he left Germany as a young man seventy-five years ago, to avoid being drafted into the German military machine and to raise his sons in a peace-loving country. He lived and died in peace here, and raised sons who were not subject to conscription. And now, his grandson has died fighting the same German military machine, still dedicated to world conquest, from which that earlier Bracker escaped.

A LETTER WRITTEN BY JOHN D. G. HAUBERG TO HIS COUSIN JOHN H. HAUBERG

Grants Pass, Oregon, September 22, 1905

Dear Cousin Rover:—

I know I enjoyed what little camping we did this summer going from Grand Junction, Colorado, to Fort Duchesne, Utah. In a way we had a picnic, although the sun was shining through the place where they don't shovel snow. At least it was warm enough, and where rain seldom interfered, so there was no living vegetation, no birds, no reptiles, because there was no water, and when we would see birds and rabbits we knew we were near water, but our longest stretch without water was twenty miles. We had a barrel of water with us but none for the team.

Well, I left Ward August 1st and went to Boulder, and the 2nd I went to Denver and bought a round trip ticket for Portland, good for ninety days. Can stop over anywhere and at any time so I took the first stopover at Grand Junction to register for a homestead on the Uintah Indian reservation in Utah. The registration took place August 1st to the 12th. Drawing commenced August 17th and lasted several days. Filing commenced August 28th and lasted sixty days. They filed one hundred and eleven applications in a day. There are 6,660 claims to file on and I drew No. 12,998 so I was not fortunate.

The road from Grand Junction to Fort Duchesne was very dry, sandy and dusty. Seven of us hired a man who had just arrived from Wichita, Kansas with his family and a pair of skates which weigh 800 each and without a brake on his wagon with the exception of a lock which he used on steep pitches. He was all right. He wasn't afraid of the work, and it was interesting to hear him tell of his escapades. He left his family at Grand Junction. The distance from Grand Junction to the Ft. is 145 miles. It took us six days to drive there. Some of the land which we travelled over will be first class land as soon as they can take out a ditch and get water on it, but it is all very dry at present and some of it will never be any good.

We camped at Fort Duchesne from Friday noon until Thursday morning then two of us got on the stage at 7:00 going to Dragon and got off there about 12:00 P. M., distance 70 miles. At Ouray they changed horses twenty miles from the Fort and there we forded Green river. The river was too low for ferryboats to operate and changed horses again at the *well*, which is 18 miles from Ouray, and had dinner at Bonanza at 5:30. Bonanza is a beautiful place — a stage station consisting of two houses, a barn, blacksmith and wagon shop and they haul their water from the White river which is three miles from the nearest place, and from the toll bridge it is six miles (Fourteen miles to the Well) and there we changed horses again at 7:00 o'clock and then we started on our last eighteen miles to Dragon which was a dry and dusty road with three stages in procession (Two came from Vernal, Utah) and not enough breeze to keep the dust away from the wagon. We got to Dragon about twelve, midnight. My partner and I had our beds with us and we put them down by the side of a new freight wagon which stood near the depot and then went to bed and slept well until 3:00 A. M. when it began raining a little and woke us up and then we put our beds under the wagon and went to bed again and then the wind began blowing and drove us out of our bed again and by this time it was after 4:00 o'clock and we carried our beds and put them under the Depot which is built on stilts but we did not sleep anymore that night.

At 6:45 A. M. we pulled out of Dragon on the Uintah river for Mack which is in Colorado and fifty three miles and got there about 12, noon and there the sun was out to its full capacity, too warm for anything and all there is is a store, depot, hotel and a few other buildings and some under construction, and we stayed there till 6 in the evening, and went to Grand Junction 22 miles.

I left 1:30 P. M. for Salt Lake City (now Dear Reader, if you know your Haubergs' you know you are in for an almost endless letter. We will abbreviate) John describes the Saltair beach where one "Can't sink" and four gallons of water will settle one gallon of salt. On to Ogden; to American Falls; to Baker City, and to Portland where the Fair was very nice, a little better than the Coe and Canoe Creek fair when they were both in full bloom, then south along the Willamette Valley, among hops fields, and finally to Grants Pass, from which this letter was written, staying with the Milburn Knapp family, and says "I think we will begin to placer." "I never knew I liked grapes so well, and grape juice is fine as it comes from the press. Haven't had any cider yet. I went down to DeAmond six miles southwest of Grants Pass. They had 60 acres in hops and about 80 pickers, men, women and children to harvest their crops. The hop picking season lasts about three weeks and they are usually a pretty lively set of people. For some it is a sort of recreation.

"Well, I guess I'd better ring off. Oh yes, I got a letter from Bert and Emma a couple of days ago saying your Father and Mother were up at Ward.

If you see any of them give them my regards, also to Timmermans and others too that might feel interested."

Your Cousin, J. D. G. Hauberg

LETTER FROM A RISING LAWYER — LUTHER T. HAUBERG

Glasgow, Montana, December 20, 1907

Dear John: —

Of course you have been guessing and wondering what had become of us, and to relieve any further anxiety on your part I will tell you we are about as happy as two kids could be. You ought to get into the game.

I was very glad to get your letter of congratulations. I have read it often. I wish you could know your new cousin for you would like her right away. She is a pure Christian little girl with as white a soul as ever lived. How she ever fell in love with me is more than I know. I have been patting myself on the back and wondering "How did you ever do it, old man. How did you do it." Honest and true it is almost like a grand dream. — Almost too good to be true.

We are boarding at present but will furnish up a little flat in the Spring and set up housekeeping for ourselves, that is, if my work does not take me away too much.

You know, I always had a leaning toward law. Well, I get it now. My new position of Special Agent of the U.S. Land Office throws me up against some of the best lawyers in this country in prosecuting land frauds. So far I have had to try only six cases but I feel pretty sure I have won five of them, the case today being too strong for me. The defending attorney is the best lawyer in this part of the country, with a record of 92% of the cases won, and, in the seven years he has been practicing he has lost only six cases before the General Land Office — till last week. I have had four cases against him and won out on three which is not so bad for a starter.

I have a schedule of 52 cases for this winter to try. We examine the land and the Bona Fides of the entrymen during the summer months and hold the hearings during the winter. I hope I can keep up the record I have begun. I find what I know about law very useful indeed in my land office practice, and I certainly wish I knew more for the work is great. I like it immensely.

Next Wednesday is Christmas and of course you are all happy, at any rate that you and yours may have a bright and happy Christmas is my wish, and I hope your sock will be filled to the top with good things.

Nell has been wondering what Santa has in store for her but she has not found out yet. I have got a set of furs for her, something she will be delighted with. We have sent boxes to both homes with "not to open till Christmas" branded all over it or rather them. Santa has me guessing. If he drops anything in my sock it will be a surprise. Naturally I will be disappointed if I do not find something but what it will be I do not know.

We hear from John D. G. occasionally and he always reports that he is "working."

George seems to be making good progress at Iowa U., for which we are all duly thankful even if he does touch us occasionally for a few Sheckels. He has got mixed up with a Frat already.

Herman was my best man when I was married. He is still somewhat of a cynic but not so violent as he used to be — seems to be doing well.

Did I tell you my annual allowance is now $2300.00 a year? It strikes me that it is not so bad for a kid of 26. What do you think about it? That is more than I could hope for for years in an office and pleasanter work too.

With best Christmas wishes I am

Your Cousin,
Luther T. Hauberg

(Helena, Montana)

WAR LETTER FROM EDWARD AND CATHERINE HAUBERG SWEENEY

Philip Miles Sweeney was a war time baby and his advent got a lot of people stirred up including Admiral Richard E. Byrd of Antarctic exploration fame, Commander Slattery of the "Wasp," to say nothing of Lt. Commander Sweeney himself and Grandma Sweeney and Grandpa Hauberg. Philip's mother Catherine Hauberg Sweeney wrote as follows:

March 13, 1945
(Washington, D. C.)
Dear Dad: —

Mother Sweeney thinks you would be interested to have a copy of a letter the admiral sent me. You remember that we tried to send Edward a telegram and couldn't. The Admiral offered to get word through and then he wrote me, saying that he had. This is that letter. Actually, since Edward was transferred to another ship two days before, he has never received the telegram as, of course, it went to his old ship, not to the new one. He will get it later when the mail exchanges are made. I am also enclosing a portion of Edward's letter, written on February 27. Thought you might be interested.

He has, however, gotten word of the new little boy through his present commanding officer, Commander Slattery, a friend of the Admiral. Slattery's wife was in Washington while I was in the hospital and tried to reach me. When she couldn't she called the Admiral and he told her about the baby, so she wrote her husband not knowing that Ed was by that time on the same ship.

Commander Slattery has been on that same ship now for a year. He was on the first ship to the Pacific that Edward was on and they have been friends since. Edward heard through "Slats" as he is nicknamed, on March 4.

We have put in 185 roses. Teddy went to his first party the other day. I couldn't go as Mrs. Slattery was in town again and asked me to have luncheon with her, and one doesn't refuse the commanding officer's wife.

(Philip was born February 7, 1945)

Much love, Catherine

United States Fleet
Headquarters of the Commander in Chief
Navy Department Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Edward C. Sweeney
3300 Nebraska Ave.,
Washington, D. C.

12 February, 1945

Dear Mrs. Sweeney:

I was away until Saturday. Otherwise you would have heard from me long ago about the fine news. When I got the information about Philip Miles I sent it on to Ed. This is wonderful. You ought to be proud and I know that Ed is.

Ed is the kind of a fellow who, the longer you know him the more you are impressed with him. He is loyal and true and a gentleman in every sense of the word. As I see it, loyalty is the finest and most attractive of all traits. There are few people who are *really* loyal. Most people are loyal only when it suits their convenience to be so. The kind of loyalty that Ed has is very rare. When one has that kind of loyalty, one is, as a rule all right in every respect. It is something that comes from within.

As you can see, I think very highly of your better half. I have to see a good deal of a man before I can really admire him. I am very slow to give my deep admiration because my experience has been that there are so few who don't disappoint you in one way or another.

I am sure that Miles is going to grow up to be like his Daddy, and if he is like his Mother, then he will be just as fine a citizen.

With all good wishes and warmest congratulations,

Sincerely, Richard E. Byrd

(Edward Sweeney was on two cruises of the South Pacific, with Admiral Byrd. On the second trip, he served as "Aide to the Admiral" in which connection he was very close to him).

On March 3, 1945, Catherine Hauberg Sweeney wrote and included part of a letter from Edward, viz: —

Dear Dad: —

We have a new address for Edward. He has been transferred to another ship with an old friend of his who is second in charge of the ship. He — Edward — is in charge of the air intelligence & Co-ordinating section, under his friend Commander Slattery, one of the men who was on Edward's first trip with the Admiral (Byrd). It is the same kind and size of ship — another air craft carrier.

Edward has written three letters from the new ship and from what he said it is obvious that he was in on the bombing of Japan. Of course, he stayed on the ship. Let me give you the description he wrote:

"Beforehand, I and everyone else was apprehensive. From previous strikes this one seemed daring to say the least. It turned out to be a pushover. The weather was all in our favor. Topside we nearly froze and it rained and sleeted continuously. I was glad I had the warm vest you gave me as well as a lot of other warm clothing I drew. Of course, when things go well like they did this strike the pilots are the real and only fighters. After it is over you get together with them and learn what really happened.

I thought we would be very uncomfortable, confined to our G. Q. Stations (battle stations in case of fire or Jap bombing-chs) and no sleep. It wasn't that way at all. It might have been of course. We got up between 4 and 5 each morning and believe me, I have been ready to go to bed at night. It was not possible to serve meals except breakfast, but sandwiches and coffee were available. What more can you ask?"

The new ship, we think, is with the 5th fleet which has been doing the bombing not only of Japan but in the present fight.

His address is: U.S.S. Wasp, C-V-18 (Air Dept)
c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California

Catherine

PILCHUCK RANCH TO BECOME TREE FARM

THE ARLINGTON WASHINGTON TIMES

Mr. John Hauberg, a recent graduate of the University of Washington, College of Forestry, has purchased the Pilchuck Ranch, consisting of about 1,467 acres, and is planning to enter into quite an extensive tree farm project.

The property was logged by the Parker-Bell Co. years ago, and Mr. Hauberg states that there are about 700 acres of second growth timber about 45 years old.

Hauberg comes from a long line of foresters, his great-grandfather having been a forester in Germany, and his grandfather and father both having been foresters in the Southern States.

Mr. Hauberg is now engaged in a survey of all woods on the property and will practice the Danish system of thinning in the second-growth.

He also plans extensive planting of much cleared land.

WAR LETTERS FROM FIRST LIEUTENANT JOHN H. HAUBERG JR.

15 May 1945
Germany

Dear Dad:

Listening to more combat talk from a Ranger Captain McBride from North Dakota and a Lieutenent Dean — a tank destroyer officer, both of whom are on the way back home after long years over here. Dean said he had children as young as four years old shoot at him with 22 rifles. McBride says he's shot French and German women who pulled guns from under their dresses, and a French woman, mistress of a German officer, who whipped out a machine pistol "burp gun" as they are called.

The Captain just told about moving into a village, going up to the burgomeister and threatening to burn his house and the rest of the town unless he surrendered it immediately. Shortly after there were white flags in every window in every house.

Every German city I have passed through is very close to 100% demolished. Maintz, Frankfort, Wurzburg, Asschaffenburg, Nuremburg, etc. These were the places the Jerries chose to make a stand against our armies, and before that, had had their railway yards and factories only bombed out. The total destruction was the result of one hour of air bombardment. In the last stages of this campaign the orders were to destroy a town completely if so much as a pistol shot was fired from it at our troops. This order was so effective that almost without exception every small German town below 10,000 population is absolutely intact, with white flags still hanging out the windows.

I am housed at present in what used to be a Hitler Youth Vacation center, or something like that. Immediately before we took over it housed the foreman in charge of the slave laborers from France, Belgium and Poland. Needless to say, there are bullet holes all over it and a roof off here and there. It is a tremendous place with quarters for over a thousand. . .

We arrived here just as the engineers got the water going again. It seems some crew out for practice picked the water tower of the nearby city for a target and the result was six waterless days for this establishment, not to mention the Germans in the city, and to improve our luck there was also *hot* water, so I got a good shower after our all day truck ride over the Bavarian countryside — very rough road due to bombing and the enormous flow of traffic — unbelievable supply system all moving at reckless speed both to front and to rear.

And this part of Germany does match in beauty anything I saw in France. Lovely fields and forests and very picturesque villages. The villages of course are far above the French.

What a shame that the ancient monuments of the large south cities are no longer standing. But I can't help thinking of the great opportunity to build the most beautiful of modern cities which these people can now grasp as they will. However for the great cities of Germany to return to order, organization, and reconstruction will take an absolute minimum of 20 years from the most optimistic viewpoint.

These people are paying an eminently just price for the chaos they launched. Do not allow anybody you know to start feeling sorry for them. Too many of us are still being shot each day — today and tomorrow by children, the women and old men who are in their homes. The horrors of the concentration camps are still to immediate to be discussed by the officers here, who were in on the fights for them.

Well, of course, there is very little personal news. I've swapped my francs for marks — 5 for 1. For two marks (20c) I got a bar of soap, a tube of tooth paste, one candy bar, a roll of life savers and a stick of chewing gum. That is my ration for one week except for a pack of cigarettes (which I don't buy) and another stick of gum per day.

With love John

John's address is:

Lt. John H. Hauberg Jr., 0-1185623
Co. G. A.P.O. 15925
%Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Saturday 23rd June 1945

Dear Dad: —

Haven't had any mail yet so I don't know whether you are getting any mail from me.

Went into Linz yesterday where the 65 division C P is, to get some information about my dear S Ps — 8800 of them! Also took an SS trooper to the SS camp at Linz and four Italian soldiers — D. P's to the Lager set up for them. The D. P. office in Linz shipped 7000 Italians Thursday and 4000 yesterday, with thousands left, packed into every square foot of the Lager as far as I could see. Since May 26th over 136,000 displaced persons have been sent home from our office in Linz. There are about 50 Companies in the Division. Our Company has over 8000 D. P's which is typical, so you can figure it out for yourself how much of a job there is in getting rid of them.

Linz is still a very beautiful city. I took several snapshots of the beautiful churches and sketched one steeple for Annie. Also saw several ultramodern steel-and-glass factory buildings which reminded me that some of America's most modern architects and decorators are Austrian by birth and education.

The Stadt Pfarrkirche is a very ancient church — quite small but famous because Anton Bruckner played the organ there for years and because of the richness of the chapels and altars. Memorial slabs of marble set into the walls outside are worn almost smooth in many cases but I got dates in the 1500's from two.

Love John

2 July '45
Lembach

Dear Dad: —

Have received your letter of 25th June — the first one from you since the boat left Boston. The others will probably catch up over a period of weeks. Needless to say these moments are big ones for me — Last Thursday Ann's first letter since the 28th of April came in. I had also decided to put off writing today so for once procrastination was a virtue.

The news from here is very slim — as the war recedes more and more people begin to sift into the homelands confident that they can survive whatever terror the Russians might bring them, just so long as they can see "Home" once again. But great fear of the Russians still remains — that the refugee men will be sent to Russia to work; that the Russians will let them starve, etc. All we can do is to be hardboiled and tell them they fought on the losing team or supported it and that when we tell them to go home they must go.

Last Saturday at Sarleinsbach we had to force people to leave 75% of their junk in order to get them all on trucks — 114 of them — and that "junk" was in most cases all they owned in the World. It took persecution, threats, and finally shooting (in the air) to get them loaded.

The Russians themselves will allow us no information as to how they will handle these people, so we are maybe sending these folks to a dismal fate, however there can be very few Russian soldiers per thousand acres so that if these folks can get past the control points to their homes they will be all right. Our Russian friends play a rather sneaky game.

Lts. Walker, Maunsdan and I went deer hunting again last night, driving along the country roads in a jeep and looking into the corn fields near where they meet the woods. Deer can be easily seen that way and when we see 'em we dismount and stalk the deer trying to get within 20 yards. One man walks around on the road near the jeep to keep the deer's attention or to take a shot if he starts to run while the other two of us separate and try to get an approach to him via a route he cannot see. It works pretty well. However last night we surprised a deer not over 15 yards from the road — drove right up to it and shot it. A miss would have ruined Lt. Walker's reputation. Tonight the 115 men and Officers will have a venison dinner on the seven deer that have been shot during the last three or four days. They are all very small — not over three feet high and probably 20 to 30 lbs. apiece.

You mention Obernzell (on the Danube river) — we're not over twelve miles from there — across the boarder, of course. Some of these castles you saw from the river between Linz and Obernzell were Schloss Marsbach and Schloss Falkenstein, both of which are in our area. I picked up 65 Russians who were housed in the former. Obernzell is right on the river and my map does not show Engelhartzell.

People are still plowing with oxen — cows actually, for it's the only exercise their milk cows get. They do not put their cattle out to graze here — lose the manure; lose the cattle to Hungarian or Russian looters, and don't have the pasture in the third place.

Glad to hear the Big Hike and the Hauberg reunion are still going on as per schedule. Your letter so full of news was the finest bit of morale booster. Everybody over here—French, Austrians, etc. has boxes full of money, and yet for a candy bar I can get my laundry done. For five cigarettes I can get a haircut and a shave.*Ownership*, not money, is wealth and nothing proves it like Europe's condition today.

Much love John

Sunday 26th August, 1945
Hebertshausen

Dear Dad: —

Another week gone by — and a very odd one too:

Due to Tegler's flunking out of the Job of Battalion Information and Education Officer I became the goat — last Monday, with the first mission of setting up a SCHOOL Immediately within our provisional battalion which comprises:

Headquarters Company;
Service Co.,
Anti tank Co.,
Cannon Company, and
the school which was to teach such subjects as:
German,
Beginners radio.
Electricity,
Machine shop,
Live stock production,
Business law,
Bookkeeping,
Welding,
Algebra, etc. etc.

I found chaos to be the order of the day and took full measures to get straightened out. Instructors were trained — thank God, they'd already been found — and text books were forthcoming in some of the courses, not in others. Materials and tools to be used in the school room were for the most part not available, BUT, last Friday we had sixteen courses which looked almost certain to begin!

Then came the flood! The program of discharging soldiers caught up with us. Instructors and students were shipped out by the dozens as 66 points became the critical score for transfers to a Division on its way to the States.

Now I could begin three courses next Tuesday but more soldiers are coming in to our Regiment to replace those leaving, so I'm cancelling the whole shebang. A week's work for nothing!

Party for the Swedish Prince
Seated, left to right: Mrs. D. M. King, Sue D. Hauberg and Mrs. G. A. Andreen.
Standing: Dr. G. A. Andreen, Prince William, J. H. Hauberg and Col. David M. King, Commandant, Rock Island Arsenal.

The week of October 1st, I am going to attend I & E school in Ober Ammergau. It will cover every phase of the program, and will be about time for me, since I've struggled along with very little information about fundamentals of my job. Dad, will you send me all the pairs of ski boots you can find on the third floor. The other officers don't have any and can wear mine. I expect to get home some time next Spring or Summer (He actually arrived home July 10, 1946).

JOHNNY'S LETTERS FROM GERMANY, AUSTRIA, etc.

3 October, 1945
Ober Ammergau

Dear Dad:

Here deep in the Bavarian Tyrol it is snowing already, all day, all the time (apparently). Ober Ammergau has grown according to my memory with a big army caserne backed up against the mountain wall and a huge factory hollowed out of the mountain itself, where Messerschmidt jet-propelled planes were built.

There are new houses everywhere, and Anton Lang's home is now on a side street. The old man died, but his children still the most prominent family in town — and good nazi's too. The G.I's have bought up all the wood carvings and the artists have enough orders to keep them busy for two years. Even post cards are scarce.

I'm here for a school for I & E personnel learning how to run an ORIENTATION program.

Discussions,
Lectures,
Panels,
Symposiums
Quiz programs, and finding out how to set up and operate a unit school.

It is very interesting to be in a place where ideas are foremost — where the latest developments of the World's efforts to construct peace are discussed in detail so that we here can go back to our battalions and Companies and keep our troops alive to the issues — WE, from privates to Lt. Cols. — are all amazed at how little we knew; how far behind the vital problems we have fallen while we've been working to get settled in Germany.

This morning we learned about and discussed the details of the United Nations Charter; how it is supposed to work; whether it will work.

My idea is that it will work for a little while because we are weary of war, and then perhaps when the weariness wears off it will continue to work because we have learned to consider ourselves as part of one World — not just as Americans or Russians. But if we go back to thinking ourselves in America or in Britain as superiors to all others and in blinding ourselves to other Nations' necessities; to hiding behind high tariff walls; to considering America as insulated against events in other parts of the World — then causes for another war may thrive and overthrow peace again. Do you want to see an atomic war? The darn thing *must* work.

This afternoon we enjoyed a trip in the snowstorm to the mad King Ludwig's gorgeous, if tiny, palace at "Linderhof." Never have I seen such luxury; such a masterpiece of beauty and richness. The castle could not have been more than 75′ square and only two stories high, but with exquisite gardens, again tiny but perfect, and with a tiny theatre built into the hillside to resemble a cave — stalactites and stalagmites made of concrete and steel, and a tiny replica of the Taj Mahal for a teahouse. Our guide said the bill was ten million dollars. I can easily believe it, for the marble fireplaces, crystal chandeliers, tapestries, mirrors, paintings and limitless quantities of gold paint dazzled the eye. Everybody cheered when the guide said the furniture in one little room was of California red wood.

Such is the end of my day. I'm ready for the winter here, even though it will be hard to keep cheerful around Christmas time.

Love, John

12th, November 1945
Dachau, Germany

Dear Dad:

Back at last from Maneuvers — nobody killed or hurt amazingly enough. One tank destroyer caught fire out there — a $140,000.00 blaze, with flames 50 feet in the air and high explosive ammunition going off inside it for over an hour! Well, buy more war bonds.

This morning I hiked up the road a couple of miles to a carpenter shop in Ampermocking. I've got to get a bed long enough for myself, and also need some coat hangers. The carpenter is also making a box in which I'll send Fay's doll to her for Christmas. Tomorrow I'm driving to Vierkirchen where a shoemaker is making two pairs of boots for me.

Last week I sent requests for catalogs to Wisconsin, Yale and Cornell regarding their forestry departments. My idea on my future is to get a detailed knowledge of forestry methods with the view toward the active management of a fairly large tract or tracts of timber as the evidence piles up that labor and management are squeezing out shareholders.

Next Saturday I'm taking leave to the Riviera for seven days. I hope it's warm down there so I can do a little swimming, play tennis and sail (if someone will teach me). None of the other officers want to go because they are holding out for leave to Switzerland.

Well, if you go to Washington for the Christmas holidays, tell your congressman I want to get out of here.

Drove through Nurenburg on way back here Saturday. It's a badly beaten up place and will be miserable this winter. Snow is already flying, in fact we drove down the autobahn in a blinding blizzard.

Lots of love, Johnny

27th November 1945
Cannes, France

Dear Dad:

There are some wonderful things about the army — not many, but the "Rest center" set up on the Riviera is one of them. Only a great writer can do justice to the fabulous beauty of the Cote d' Ozar, as it's called. The skies are almost always a deep blue matching the Mediterranean. Weather here is bright and cool — but warm enough for swimming & boating. The hotels are grand. We stay at the Carlton, the Air Corps at the Martinez, and the female officers at the California — all luxurious places, only a cut or two under the Waldorf-Astoria. We pay a dollar a day for room and 25c a meal. Of course my greatest and most constant thought is how wonderful it would be to have Anne here with me.

Hope all's well with you, Love Johnny

ANTARCTIC MOUNTAIN RANGE IS NAMED AFTER ROCK ISLAND FAMILY

SUNDAY DEMOCRAT & LEADER
Davenport — January 25, 1948

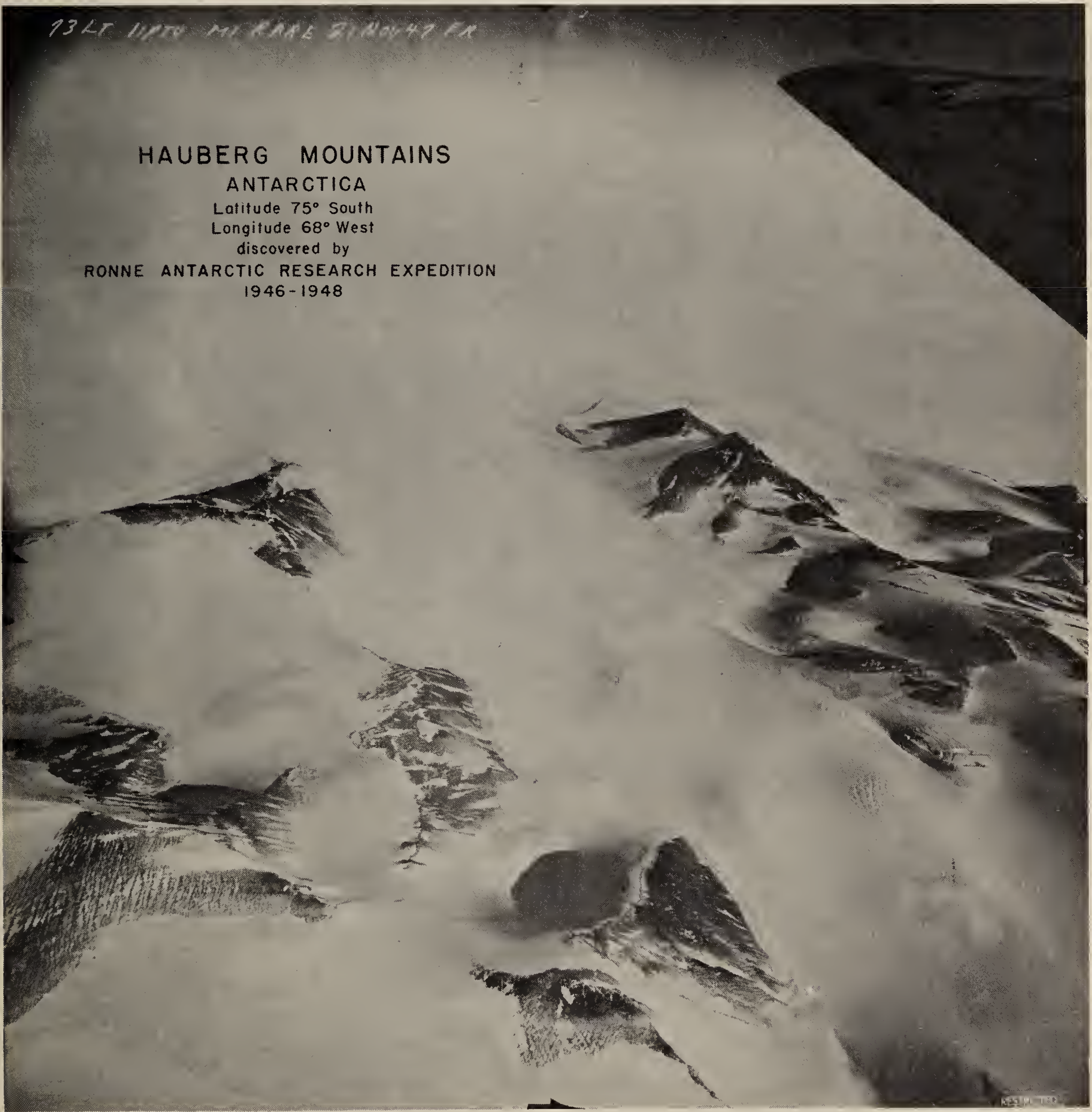
In the southernmost part of the world there towers a mountain range that has been named after a Rock Island family.

Located east of Little America, the cascade of mountains has officially been called the Catherine Sweeney range, with the highest peak named Mt. Hauberg.

The official naming of the mountains was made by Commander Finn Ronne, polar explorer and friend of the John Hauberg family of Rock Island.

Commander Ronne, who is currently conducting scientific surveys in the Little America area, explored a year ago by Admiral Richard Byrd, promised the Haubergs that if he found an extensive new mountain range, he would name it after them.

The Haubergs, the army and other private interests are helping finance the arctic explorations.



73 LT 11,000 MI RARE 21 NOV 47 FR
RESTRICTED

HAUBERG MOUNTAINS
ANTARCTICA
Latitude 75° South
Longitude 68° West
discovered by
RONNE ANTARCTIC RESEARCH EXPEDITION
1946-1948

SUE D. HAUBERG ENTERTAINS A SON OF THE KING OF SWEDEN

All Augustana College and Theological Seminary was in a state of excitement. A prince of Sweden was to come to give a lecture at the college. The Prince was a great hunter; had written a book about pygmies of Africa; he would tell us all about it in the lecture. Augustana was the center of the world, for the time being at least, so far as he was concerned.

On March 17th, 1927, at 4:25 P. M. a great crowd met the Prince at the Thirty-first Street Station; he had just come from Des Moines where he had lectured. Of course the college band was there, playing its hardest; all the "Whos Whos" from the college and others. Sue and John were craning their necks while Johnny Hauberg, Jr. was taking movies. Then all off to Fort Armstrong Hotel where the Wennerbergs of the college were singing their throats out, and Mayor Walter A. Rosenfield turned the city over to the Prince.

There had been much excitement at the Hauberg home too for when Dr. G. A. Andreen, President of Augie was asked if we could help in any way, he replied, "Yes, we would very much like it if we could have a reception for the Prince at your home."

Sue promptly called in a force of housecleaners, got all the silver polished up and also, since we had but one entrance from Twenty-fourth Street side, it was thought best to open another way, and Sue had Evans Brothers cut a way through the playground, beside the Reservoir Park line — all especially to help put on the Prince's reception. Then, too, the house was filled with flowers as it had never been filled before, and so far as the Haubergs were concerned, we were all set.

But first there was the lecture at the Augustana Gym, and hand-shaking. It was 10:30 when the party arrived at Haubergs. We turned our own bedroom suite over to the Prince. He weighed himself on our scales and measured his height — weight, 154 lbs., height six ft. four in., and, since he had eaten sparingly before his lecture, Sue now had a very fine, full sized supper set before him but not until there had been the required reception — the Prince, Dr. and Mrs. Andreen and Sue and John in the receiving line, while Victor Stibolt, nephew-in-law of Sue's did the introducing of the guests.

Then the supper for the Prince and the free-for-all refreshments and general visiting. Of course it was not to be expected that we could remain silent about the Black Hawk Hiking Club and its annual "Big Hike," to which the Prince responded, as does every normal person, with the questions: "What do you do when it rains?" and "What do you do about mosquitos?"

We presented his Highness with a fine Indian belt but after his departure it was still hanging in the cloak room. Well, thought we, he doesn't care for little things like that, but next morning one of his secretaries came, quite concerned, saying the Prince had forgotten to take the belt, and that he said he had left it at just such and such a place, and we would find it.

Among the guests that evening were M. D. Hauberg, Anna and Louis Hauberg and Dr. George and Dell Hauberg. In time it occurred to us that since the new driveway had been cut especially for the Prince, it should henceforth be known as "Prince William Drive."

AT THE FAIR

Chicken, cold meats, potato salad, baked beans, sour beets, sandwiches, pickles, pickelily, jam and jellies, home made bread and butter, cakes and pies, jugs of coffee, apples, pears, peaches and melons, candy and pop corn; aunts, uncles, cousins and city friends; acres of top buggies, democrats and lumber wagons; whinneying horses, bawling cattle, gobbling tur-

6 September '45
Hebertshausen
Bavaria (Germany)

Dear Dad: —

News is scarce. The C. G. Brig. General Ladd was around today for a command inspection. I didn't see him but a Division Ordnance team inspected the howitzers and .50 caliber machine guns which were my responsibility. My gang had done a fine job and we passed with a perfect score.

I'm sending home some prints from Lembach, Linz and other places in Austria. Since moving here I've taken no pictures as I didn't have any film. Now Anne has sent two rolls along, so I'll get started.

I had a seamstress make me an American flag for the Company as flags are not regular issue — why, I don't know. I had to have this material dyed, then show the lady how to cut out the stars on which she nevertheless did a rotten job, drew up a design with measurements in centimeters, and, after much conference she produced an American flag for which we paid her 2 Lbs. of coffee and a Lb. of sugar. She was delighted and so were all of us. We have lost all our enlisted men with 65 points or more. By a new count I have 45 — that's still good for the winter here. Send along my best pair of ski boots which are, I believe, on the 3rd floor. The weather is already beginning to chill and reports from Garmisch-Partenkirchen say the skiing is already excellent.

Love John

---

23 September 1945
Sunday — raining

Dear Dad: —

This is my new typewriter — never been used before and this is the first letter on it. It is an Olivetti, an Italian make, in wide use here in Germany with all the extra German letters — a, o u. I shall keep it until I can find some text books and an instructor, My work in the I & E program is just a little over a month old but I can point with pride to a school with seven subjects going, and another to start. They are:

Spoken German, 2 classes,
Electricity for beginners,
Photography,
Auto mechanics,
High school math.,
Physical sciences.,
Welding to start next week.

The class in auto mechanics is going to be held in an air raid shelter which was actually used during the war as a school room to teach the same subject to Hitler Jugend! It even has cut away motors, a complete chassis, and theatre seats for twelve persons. You might laugh at my seriousness over a little school like this, but to put over even a small project under army conditions — one must fight hostility on all sides from various commanding officers, lethargy on the part of the very men for whom the idea is intended, and lack of readily available material. Classrooms are difficult to find because of the presence of the soldiers and the D. P's who occupy the suitable buildings, so I use air raid shelters, the game room of a former Nazi's residence, and the dining room of a Gasthaus. Textbooks are scarce in popular subjects, and are available in subjects that would insult a moron's intelligence, or baffle Einstein's. Instructors must be taken only from non essential personnel, which limits me to the very young soldiers who ought to be attending school instead of teaching it, and yet the thing is going!

The dismal inertia of the human race has made a deep impression on me. This paragraph refers to the sad fact that the favorite pastime of American troops is bunk-fatigue. The men would rather do nothing than anything requiring a greater push than the basic instincts of hunger, thirst and sex.

At The Fair

keys, crowing roosters, screaming geese and noisy ducks; horse races, brass bands, prize packages, cream candy, peanuts and lemonade; "Right this way, peepul;" "The cane you ring is the cane you get;" "Only a nickel, a half a dime;" incessant drone of the grind organ in the merry-go-round; quilts, wax flowers, hair flowers in a glass frame, lace work, fancy work, canned fruit, and more jam and jelly; blue ribbons, red ribbons, white ribbons; swains hand in hand; ponderous farmers wearing a star, with a big stick, look very important as they patrol the grounds and keep the peace, with an eye on the bootlegger who has his illicit goods cached in an adjoining cornfield; others with big ribbons: "President," "Director," etc.

Now it's the balloon. Volunteers hold her down until it's popping hot; the "Professor" in pink tights rubs powdered resin on his hands; the band stands by. Then the aforesaid Professor shouts at the top of his voice, "Everybody let go," and the balloon shoots above the tree tops, the professor swinging on the trapeze and the band playing "Up in a Balloon, boys; up in a balloon sailing with the little stars all around the moon," and the boys start cross-country across fields to be on hand when the parachute drops.

At four in the afternoon the long procession starts homeward. It's time to be getting the cows in from the pasture; hogs are squealing for feed, and from all quarters of the barnyard come reminders that the "independent farmer" is something of a myth, for he cannot possibly miss the chores. Tomorrow, maybe, if it doesn't rain, he will go back for another day at the Fair and when it's all over and quiet again reigns what a void there is, but, Oh, how refreshing to have all the noises over with.

PIONEERING IN NEBRASKA, 1879

A letter from Christina Hauberg Broady will be of interest to show how things were going there in 1879. The "Edward aged 4," with wife and daughter from Nebraska, attended our centennial reunion, 1948.

Tecumseh, Johnson Co. Neb. Feb. 16, 1879

Beloved Uncle and Aunt:

For a long time it has been our duty to write you, but it has always gone over. We are now all pretty well and hope that my writing will find you likewise. Dear Uncle and Aunt, we thank you heartily for the honor you showed us and invited us to Margaret's wedding which was celebrated May 14th, 1878. We would gladly have come but the times are bad, and besides, we had no time. If Katie will wait a couple of years, and we are invited, we will come if it is possible to do so. Father said too, at the time, that if he had the money he would go. I think he had about enough to take him if he had gone, and he would have certainly had enjoyment, and now he has nothing.

I suppose you have heard that Henry's house burned. All of father's and mother's things burned up with it, and $20.00 in money of father's burned. Father is ageing rapidly. He says his one side is becoming lame, and Mother is also somewhat sick. How is the weather with you? It was pretty cold here for five weeks this winter, and then we got fine weather. Last week we had again very cold days, and today it has been snowing almost all day.

Frederick still has about fifteen acres of corn to pick. Henry and John are helping him, for school has closed this winter. For the last two years Henry has had to work right along in the field. He will be twelve years of age next summer. John herds the cattle on the prairie through the summer. He will be 10 years of age; Willy attends school in summer, is 7 years of age; Edward will be 4 years, he was lately very ill, and our Ludwig was one year of age the 2d of February. He has 8 teeth, and has been able to walk for about four weeks. When all these are grown up I guess it will not be necessary for Frederick to pick corn all winter.

The harvest was not entirely good last year. We had 340 bu. wheat; 315 bu. barley; 275 bu. oats, and 180 bu. rye. Corn was good. We had 50 acres in corn, and 20 acres of

Ribbon Falls, away down deep in the bowels of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, snapped as ten of our Black Hawk Hikers were walking the twenty-one miles across, from the South Rim to the North Rim, the latter being over six thousand feet above Colorado river in which we had a swim and a night's camp beside it. James R. Burke and Louis and John Hauberg were in the party. Above, Louis is at your left. Harold Wenos at the right. 14 members of our clan are or have been members of the Hikers.

it we had picked. Frederick has sold about 700 bu. corn and got 16 to 18 cents per bu. Hogs are now $3.20 per hundred lbs., butter 10 cents, eggs 10 cents. I could make considerable butter this summer as we will have 12 cows if all goes well; but rather let the calves run with the cows, as butter doesn't bring anything in the summer.

With this I will close for this time, and I hope I may soon hear from you. Greet Marx and his family heartily from us, and tell Margaret I will soon write her, and not to believe that on account of not writing to her, that we do not think of her, for it is on account of negligence and sometimes it is on account of lack of time.

Greet Detlev and his family; Dietrich and his family; Margaret and her husband; Greet Katie heartily from us, and Gottlieb and his family. With hearty greetings from Father, Mother, Frederick, myself and our children, I remain your niece, CHRISTINA BROADY (do not look at my penmanship, one knows a bird by its feathers).

BLACKHAWK INDIAN MUSEUM

The "Argus" Town Crier, by George Wickstrom, for July 22, 1950. "The register for visitors to the Hauberg Indian Museum at Black Hawk State park, Rock Island, has a place for remarks after name and address. . .

"The other day I looked through the register sheets . . . almost every day at least a hundred persons sign the guest book and some days as many as 500 register. . . This is what guests write . . . Fine, very nice, beautiful, very good, impressive, very interesting, beautiful scene, magnificent view, wonderful, great. Some teen agers limit their remark to 'O.K.,' 'fair' and 'will do.' One frank visitor said the exhibits are 'scrambled.' A young fellow wrote 'The same old stuff.'

"Every summer week ten to twenty states are represented in the register of guests. Mr. Grenenger made a count last year and found that from the middle of May to mid-August the Black Hawk State park visitors had come from 24 states and 22 foreign countries.

"A Los Angeles visitor wrote in the register 'The most beautiful park I have seen.' A Pekin, Illinois woman gave as her opinion 'Best kept park in Illinois.' A girl from Vienna, Austria now living in Chicago reported she had heard about the Indian museum while she was in Europe and that her first trip, after she came to live in Chicago was therefore to the park in Rock Island. A girl from China also remarked that she had read about the museum in her country. Mrs. Grenenger . . . estimates that only one in four or five visitors signs the guest book. On a busy Sunday the number of museum visitors is 2000 she estimates. 'We had 175 yesterday,' she said, 'It was a very quiet Wednesday'."

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